LYDIA,

OR

FILIAL PIETY.

A

NOVEL.

By the AUTHOR of

The MARRIAGE-ACT, a NOVEL.

AND

LETTERS on the *Engliſh* Nation.

Shebbeare (J.) K

Virtutis eſt domare quæ cuncti pavent.

SENEC.

VOL. I.

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LYDIA.

Mr. WILLIAM BERROW,

MERCHANT in IRELAND.

SIR,

I Address this little Performance to you, from a much better Motive, and from a more intimate Acquaintance with your Heart and Understanding, than Dedicators usually are actuated by, in their Addresses. Prejudice.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Indeed, I could not ... the Light of the latter, nor, myself in that of the former, but as Friend to Friend; and this Epistle arises from an Ambition, that my Name and yours may be seen thus publicly united ... that

VOL. I.

... the World find in me, as a Writer, as many Excellencies and Virtues as I know exist in you as a Man. I shall feel no Pain for the Reception ...

... Fair ... ADDISON.

TO

Mr. WILLIAM BERROW.

MERCHANT in *Briſtol.*

SIR,

I Addreſs this little Performance to you, from a much better Motive, and from a more intimate Acquaintance with your Heart and Underſtanding, than Dedicators are uſually actuated by, in their Addreſſes to their Patrons.

INDEED, I neither conſider you in the Light of the latter, nor myſelf in that of the former, but as Friend to Friend; and this Epiſtle ariſes from an Ambition, that my Name and yours may be ſeen thus publicly united together.

IF the World find in me, as a Writer, as many Excellencies and Virtues as I know exiſt in you as a Man, I ſhall feel no Pain for the Reception of what-

whatever may be contained in the following Sheets.

But leſt I ſhould deviate from the Path of Friendſhip and Intimacy, into that of Panegyric; and my Impulſe, and Love of doing Juſtice to your Character, carry me beyond what you will like to ſee; I here conclude myſelf,

Your moſt obedient Servant.

London, May 30, 1755.

JOHN SHEBBEARE.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

CHAP. I.

THE Beginning of this Hiſtory. Strange Folks in ſtrange Lands. Patriotiſm, Heroiſm, fainting, dying, loving, Sentiment and Generoſity, all amongſt Indians *in* America. Page 1

CHAP. II.

Men and Women amongſt the Indians, *much like thoſe amongſt the* Britons. Garangula's *Opinion of the Joys of Love, very different from thoſe of* Yarico. *Firſt Riſe of drawing Faces in* America, *perhaps in every other Place. Love in ſeveral Shapes, and a whole Day's Journey.* 33

CHAP. III.

Cannaſſatego's *Journey to* New-York. *The deſcription of the honourable Captain* Charles Bounce; *with a ſlight Sketch of the noble Earl his Father.* 54

CHAP. IV.

The happy Union of Courage and Prudence exemplified in the Behaviour of the honourable Captain Charles Bounce, *together with a diſcrete Preſervation of his Majeſty's Ship and Subjects: A Chapter to be ſtudied by all Captains in thoſe perilous Times.* 61

CONTENTS.

CHAP. V.

A Diſſertation on Courage in quite a new Way, which we hope will prove ſatisfactory to many a warlike Outſide in this Kingdom. Page 68

CHAP. VI.

The Deſcription of Phelim Mac Valor, *firſt Lieutenant of the* * * * *and Mr.* Probit, *the ſecond; their different Diſpoſitions, together with the Deſcription of Parſon* Pugh *the* Welch *Chaplain, and* Sandy Macpherſon *the* Scotch *Surgeon; the like of which four are not to be found in any other Hiſtory.* 84

CHAP. VII.

Two Ladies of very different Shapes and Degrees of Beauty, as well as Diſpoſition of Soul, are introduced to our Male Readers to take their Choice of. 94

CHAP. VIII.

The Stowage of the Paſſengers a-board Ship. A ſmall Sample of Mrs. Rachael Stiffrump's *ſerving the Lord in Prayer. The Author acknowledges his want of Genius in certain Deſcriptions, in which Dr.* Swift *delighted and excelled.* 108

CHAP IX.

A ſhrewd Obſervation. The Effects of Diſtance in Matters of Love and L——— in an Indian *and a Captain of a Ship. A new Species of Attraction diſcovered, which operates different from Electricity or Magnetiſm.* 110

CHAP X.

Lieutenant Mac Valor's *Story of his Couſin* Phelim Macbrogue, *in which there is not a Word of———* 115

CHAP. XI.

Mrs. Rachael Stiffrump's *Devotion grows very ſtrong; ſome pious Reproofs of that Lady's. A*

Letter in the godly Style. A Spark of Love drops on Mr. Probit's *Heart; and a Queſtion of great Conſequence to the Nation, whether a Boatſwain or an Archbiſhop would be moſt liſtened to at Sea.* 125

CHAP. XII.

Lieutenant Probit's *Story much approved of by Mrs.* Rachael, *who compares it to* Suſanna *and the two Elders, with ſeveral Similies and no Similies to prove the Reſemblance.* 131

CHAP. XIII.

Miſs Fairchild *feels a ſort of ſomething about her Heart, like the firſt Shiverings of an Ague-fit. A melancholy Accident befals a* China *Bowl and the Captain's Breeches.* Macpherſon's *great Sagacity makes its firſt Appearance in this Chapter. A general Laugh.* 148

CHAP. XIV.

The Journal of a Saint on Earth introduced with much Piety, and concluded with the true Reaſon of its being inſerted. 151

CHAP. XV.

Introduced by a moſt magnificent Simile, which is followed by a very learned Debate, which drives two different Stories out of two very indifferent Heads. 160

CHAP. XVI.

The melancholy Story of Parſon Pugh *moſt melancholily related, with a melancholy Song, ſung with no leſs melancholy a Tune.* 166

CHAP. XVII.

Indian *and* European *Sentiments on the foregoing Story. One ſmart Obſervation of Lieutenant* Mac Valor. *A Compariſon between Wind and Wind. An unlucky Diſcovery for a Saint, ſet to rights by the Art of Canting.* 190

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XVIII.

Surgeon Macpherſon's *Story, with an Introduction of the excellent School of Phyſic at* Edinburgh; *with Mrs.* Rachael's *Remark at the End of it.* Page 196

CHAP. XIX.

A Scene of Altercation between the Captain and Mrs. Rachael Stiffrump. *The Author makes a ſhrewder Remark than* Machiavel. *Mrs.* Rachael's *pious Diſpoſition appears in a true Light. The Captain begins and ends his Story in a very ſhort Space, and ſhews his Courage, his Cunning, and another thing beginning with a C, to the End of the Chapter. Surgeon* Macpherſon *appears like Honour in* Falſtaff's *Opinion, with no great Skill in Surgery.* 202

CHAP. XX.

A Diſſertation upon the Honour of old England *to the Honour of Miſs* Fanny M * * *. 215

CHAP. XXI.

A moſt pious Agreement between Mrs. Rachael *and the Captain. Mr.* Probit *grows more in Love with Miſs* Lydia. *The Effects of good Diſpoſition in a Woman, on* Indian *and* Chriſtian. *A wicked Attempt on Miſs* Lydia Fairchild, *with a ſhort Obſervation of the Boatſwain's Mate. The Chapter ended with a Curſe.*

CHAP. XXII.

A Quarrel between the Captain and ſecond Lieutenant, which ends to the Honour of the latter. Miſs Lydia's *Tenderneſs.* Mac Valor's *Honeſty. The Sailors Contempt of a Coward.* Probit's *Friendſhip for the* Indian *Chief. Mrs.* Rachael *and the Captain's Deſigns; with a Remark of deep Penetration; all in one Chapter.* 236

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

A Diſſertation on Chaſtity, in which, after a candid Examination, that Virtue is decided in favour of the Male Sex; and then fixt, to the Honour of England, *on a* Britiſh *Hero.* Page 243

CHAP. XXIV.

Mac Valor, *the Parſon, and Lieutenant* Probit, *differ from* Macpherſon *in Opinion, with reſpect to their Behaviour to the Captain. A very ſubtle Debate on the Nature of a Rape, which ends with a gentle Rebuke to the* Scotch *Nation.* 255

CHAP. XXV.

Parſon Pugh *appears in his true Light, as well as Surgeon* Macpherſon, *the Captain, and Mrs.* Rachael. *The Parſon quits the Company in ſome Wrath.* 267

CHAP. XXVI.

Mrs. Rachael *cured of her Dropſy, by an Operation more common, more certain, more ſafe, and more natural than Tapping.* Macpherſon's *Advice followed, and Miſs* Lydia's *Humanity exhibited.* 272

CONTENTS
OF THE
SECOND VOLUME.

CHAP. XXVII.

A New Comparison between Army-Taylors, and Authors of true History. Page 1

CHAP. XXVIII.

Indian *Observations on a certain Species of free* Britons. *Parson* Pugh *and* Popkins *the Excise-man's friendly Rencounter.* Cannassatego *the* Indian *Chief taken for the Pretender's Son. Mr.* Popkins *disposes of the Reward for apprehending him before he receives it. The Cause of Loyalty in the Exciseman and most Whigs. The* Welch *way of nursing Children; and the Beginning of Mr.* Popkins's *Journey to* London. 6

CHAP. XXIX.

Mr. Popkins *continues his Journey on Foot. Many Adventures on the Road, religious, amorous, theatrical, political, and friendly.* 20

CHAP. XXX.

More Adventures on the Road; together with a Scene of the Humbug; which, thro' Variety of Fortunes, brings a Player and Exciseman a great way on the Road to London. 35

CHAP. XXXI.

A Dispute between a Landlord and an Exciseman about a Piece of bad Money. Reasons for naturalizing the Jews *infer'd from that Dispute. And an Argument in favour of the present M——y.* 54

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XXXII.

The Journey continued. A ſudden Thought of Mr. Cook's *rather prematurely conceived. The Manners of* Londoners *to Strangers; and a moſt ſorrowful, theatrical, pathetic Parting, taken by Mr.* Cook *of Mr.* Popkins. 61

CHAP. XXXIII.

The old Story of the Aſs and the two Bundles of Hay, newly applied to the Author. The different ways of Starving in Wits and Miſers; and the Opinion of the People conſulted, in Imitation of our Betters, and followed; which is not in Imitation of them. 65

CHAP. XXXIV.

A deciſive Letter, where the Truth may be gather'd from the Poſtſcript. Mr. Popkins's *civil Reception at his Couſin* Griffith's, *civilly returned by by that Gentleman.* 67

CHAP. XXXV.

Mr. Popkins *waits on a Member of Parliament. A Diſcovery of an Invaſion by the Pretender's Son, a* Scotch *Surgeon,* Iriſh *Lieutenant, and* Welch *Parſon, almoſt as dreadful as* B——w's *Rag-plot. The great Man conſults another greater Man, and a Deciſion on that Head; which may make both Whigs and Tories, who are not in the Secret, ſtare a little. A M——r in great Diſtreſs, relieved from not quite, yet almoſt ſ——g his Br——s.* 72

CHAP. XXXVI.

The Patentee and Player are preſented to the Reader's Eyes. A Chapter very neceſſary for all who intend to ſtudy the Stage, as far as it relates to one Theatre. 79

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XXXVII.

A Return to the Ship * * * * * *, *the Honourable Captain* Bounce, *Miſs* Lydia, *Mr.* Probit, *and all the Crew. A ſmall Sketch of tender Parting. Mrs.* Rachael *infected by another Dropſy; happily cured in the ſame way with the former.* 85

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Miſs Lydia *arrives at* London. *The Character of two honeſt Merchants; and Diſtreſs of a virtuous Woman; with ſome Paſſages which all People may not read with dry Eyes.* 88

CHAP. XXXIX.

The Honourable Captain Charles Bounce *tried for Cowardice, and honourably acquitted.* Mac Valor *diſcharged, with the Reaſons in a Dialogue between a M——r and two other Men.* 95

CHAP. XL.

Lydia's *Misfortunes commence from the Source of quaking Probity; her filial Piety and Reſolution to ſupport her Parent, manifeſted in Converſation with Mr.* Probus. 101

CHAP. XLI.

A ſhort Chapter explaining the Reaſon of Lydia's *Reſolution to become a Servant to a Lady. Not unnatural in her State.* 107

CHAP. XLII.

New Company. A Viſcounteſs not overjoyed at being a Lady, in the firſt Month. Farther Proof of the Utility of the bleſſed Marriage-act, exhibited in Guardians and their Wives. A Lord humbugs and bribes a Merchant's Wife at the ſame time. 108

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XLIII.

A Chapter fit to be written in Letters of Gold, being the true way of educating a young Nobleman in Literature and Travels; to be ſtudied by all tender Mothers, adviſing Friends, and Swiſs *Bear-leaders. The Folly of* French *Behaviour to* Engliſh *Politeneſs.* 119

CHAP. XLIV.

A Chapter with more Truth than Wit, more Utility than Flouriſh; which we foreſee will be ill received by more than one Man at Paris: *With a Touch to diſtinguiſh private Characters.* 133

CHAP. XLV.

The Lord Viſcount Flimſy *conducted thro'* Europe, *in which his Gallantries and Virtu are juſt touched upon. His Character compleated.* 136

CHAP. XLVI.

Mr. Muckworm *conſults his Wife on the Article of Miſs* Thrifty's *Marriage. Two Letters exhibited as two excellent Samples of mercantile Wit and Politeneſs; different Senſations in different Boſoms, occaſioned by thoſe different Epiſtles. A tender Separation.* 140

CHAP. XLVII.

Much Wit in my Lord and Mr. Muckworm. *A Silver Lamp and Tea-kettle make no ſmall Appearance, and produce no unfavourable Effect. My Lord inclines to the Humbug, which Mr.* Muckworm *receives as a Hum ſhould be.* 145

CHAP. XLVIII.

Miſs Arabella Thrifty *and Mr.* Muckworm *dialogize on the Nature of a Father's Inclination. My Lord makes a very powerful tho' not a pleaſing Impreſſion on the Heart of Miſs* Thrifty.

The

The great Advantage of Travelling. Stories for the Humbug. Which Chapter we hope will be well received by all good Proteſtants, and Friends to the Germantic *Intereſt.* 152

CHAP. XLIX.

Mrs. Muckworm's *and Miſs* Thrifty's *different Opinions of Nobility and Gentry; with ſome Touches on a Noſe, as it is or is not the Characteriſtic of Nobility. Mr.* Sweetwood's *Love and Love-letter, anſwer'd by Miſs* Thrifty's. *Artifice of a Merchant and an old Maid, prevail over the Inclination of Miſs* Thrifty. 160

CHAP. L.

Lydia *becomes a Servant to the Viſcountiſs* Flimſy; *more filial Piety and true Chaſtity in that Maid, than in many Ladies of the firſt Quality. A Meeting of old Lovers decently conducted. The Viſcount commences an unprofitable Amour. Blunders of an* Iriſh *Captain, Terrors of an* Engliſh *Lord, and Tricks of a* Briſtol *Bunter, end the Chapter.* 170

CHAP. LI.

Peggy's *Generoſity in her Preſent to my Lord. His Lordſhip's Honour, and Intent on* Lydia; *together with the pious Aſſiſtance of* G—— B—— *and* W—— R——, *a Preſbyterian and Quaker; with a ſmall Specimen of the Sentiments of the laſt Gentleman.* 191

CHAP. LII.

The Viſcount's perfidious Behaviour. Lydia's *Impriſonment. The true Picture, Diſcernment, and Impartiality of an Alderman, with the Character of a Gentleman, who, tho' few People will believe it, actually reſides in* Briſtol. *The Effects of Virtue in* Lydia, *on the Minds of Proſtitutes in* Bride-

Bridewell. *Lady* Flimsy's *Behaviour not quite free from Sarcasm, tho' free from deserving it.* 201

CHAP. LIII.

Lydia's *Letter to Mr.* Probus. *The Friend of Virtue frees her from Prison. Her Return to her Parent in* London. 215

CHAP. LIV.

The Present which the Viscount received from Peggy, *wants a little rectifying. His Lordship falls to Pieces in the mending. A magnificent Funeral, a pompous Monument, a fashionable Epitaph, and a Widow's Sorrow, all in a Chapter.* 219

CHAP. LV.

A Lesson to young Marriage-act Widows, exemplified in the Lady Flimsy's *Behaviour. Hard, but necessary Obedience in Mr.* Sweetwood. 224

CHAP. LVI.

In which, if our Readers do not weep, whoever will may write the next true History for the Author. 226

CHAP. LVII.

Promising Appearances soon clouded by Calamities. A warning Piece to Maids, who intend continuing so. 232

CHAP. LVIII.

The Success of a Bawd's Embassy, and a Dialogue between her and Squire Rifle, *useful to unfledg'd* Bucks. 236

CHAP. LIX.

A Dialogue between Lydia *and* D——s, *and a providential Rescue of Virtue in Distress.* 240

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. LX.

Mrs. D——s *Speech better than my L—d* * * * * *in Favour of the* B——l *W——ch B——ll.* 251

CHAP. LXI.

Lydia *and her Mother perſevere in that Virtue which can only raiſe Mortals above Humanity.* 256

CHAP. LXII.

Lydia *viſits the Houſe of Lady* Flimſy; *is well received by the Servant; returns with aching Heart to her Mother.* 260

CHAP. LXIII.

The Humanity of a Child, and Brutality of a Mother; in which may be ſeen the Difference of Women. Diſtreſs, which gives us Pain to relate. 266

CHAP. LXIV.

Farther Inſtances of Misfortune purſue the virtuous Parent and Daughter; with a little Illuſtration of Mrs. Clinch's *manner of Thinking, and that of two other Females.* 273

CHAP. LXV.

A Scene of what Virtue may ſuffer. Lydia *leaves her Mother, and reſolves on Suicide.* 276

LYDIA.

CHAP. I.

The Beginning of this History. Strange Folks in strange Lands. Patriotism, Heroism, fainting, dying, loving, Sentiment and Generosity, all amongst Indians *in* America.

ON the Banks of the great River *Catarakui*, near the Cataracts which fall with foaming Thunder from the Cloud-capt Mountains deep embosomed in the eternal Woods of *America*, dwell the ancient Nations of the *Onnondagans* and *Cayugans*.

No People are equally renowned thro' all the Western World, from the most

Northern bleakeſt Track which Human Feet have trodden, to the moſt Southern Point of all this habitable Globe.

THEIR Names pronounced with Terror by the Nations round, their Valour recognized beyond all other People; the Tributes annually received from different Kingdoms, evince the Superiority of their military Fame; nor in the milder Parts of legiſlative Knowledge, are their Souls deficient. Elocution, Reaſon, Truth and Probity, are not leſs the Characteriſtics of this People's Genius.

IN all the oral Hiſtory of this ancient Race delivered down from Sire to Son, no Inſtance is to be found of broken Faith with other Nations, no Anecdote of Friends betrayed, or Allies deſerted in the Hour of Danger and Diſtreſs; their Words are ſacredly preſerved, their Lives offered up in Battle the Proof of it.

AMONGST theſe Nations, ſo ſuperior to the other *Indians*, ſhone forth two Natives eminently ſuperior to their Fellow-Countrymen. *Cannaſſatego* bleſt the *Onnondagans* with his Virtues; the *Cayugans* rejoiced in thoſe of *Decaneſſora*, Rivals in Glory, Friends in military Action, unenvying and unenvied, that

that Fiend-like Paſſion had not touched their Breaſts, each to the other's Arm and Valour ſtood indebted for his Life, ſnatched from the Hands of their implacable Enemies alternately by mutual Proweſs.

Cannaſſatego had now reached his thirtieth Year, in all the Bloom of Manhood; *Decaneſſora* but two Years elder, warmed with equal Vigour; no human Form was ever ſeen more graceful, than that of *Canaſſatego*, his Perſon was as ſtrait as the Arrow which his Hands directed from his fatal Bow, his Stature ſix Foot, the moſt perfect Height in Human Nature; on his large Neck his Head ſtood erect and bold, his Face was animated with Features that ſpoke Senſibility of Soul, high and open was his Forehead, from his Eyes flaſhed forth the Beams of Courage and Compaſſion, as each Paſſion at different Moments animated his Boſom, within which his Heart beat with honeſt Throbbing for his Country's Service; ample were his Shoulders, yet falling off with eaſy Grace, his Body all diſtinctly muſcular, his Hips united his upper and lower Parts with perfect Symmetry, his Thighs and Legs completely formed for Strength and Agility. The Air, Attitude and Expreſſion of the beauteous Statue of *Apollo*, which adorns the

Belvedera Palace at *Rome*, were ſeen animated in this *American* the Inſtant he had diſcharged his deadly Shaft; and tho' the fair Complexion of the *European* Natives was not to be found in this Warrior, yet his Shape and Countenance hindered you from perceiving the Deficiency: the Perfection of his Form, and Expreſſion of his Viſage was ſuch, the *Grecian* Sculptors of the famed Statue of *Laocoon*, or the fighting Gladiator, might have ſtudied him with Inſtruction and Delight; ſuch was the Figure of *Cannaſſatego*.

On his Feet were laced Sandals made of the Stag's Hide, whoſe rapid Flight had been ſtayed by his own Hands; his Legs were clothed by Stockings formed from the Beaver's Skin, his Veſt and Breeches made of the ſame Materials, o'er his Shoulders faſtened on his Breaſt by the Fore-paws in a Knot hung the brindled Skin of the ſhaggy Wolf, which reached like a Mantle to his Waiſt, the Head of the ſame Animal formed his Caſque that grinned dreadful on his Forehead; on the left Side of it ſtood a graceful Ornament, the tufted Plumage of the Eagle's Tail, which his fatal Arrows had brought headlong from the Clouds; his ſable ſhining Hair hung platted to his Waiſt behind.

AROUND his manly Neck ſhone the beauteous Beads of *Wampum*, compoſed of ſhining Shells of variouſly reflecting Hues; his Arms were ornamented with the ſame Decorations; around his Middle yet a broader Belt held in its varying Girt his fatal War-ax, and his pointed Ponyard; acroſs his Shoulders hung his Bow and Quiver for the Chace; his Arms for War were the Fire-arms of *Europe*; active as the bounding Roe, courageous as the generous Lion, ſagacious as the provident Beaver; ſuch were the Dreſs, Arms, bodily and mental Powers of *Cannaſſatego*.

Decaneſſora was formed in ſomewhat a different Character, he reſembled more that Figure which *Glycon* has given the *Farneſian Hercules*; his Limbs were broad and brawny, Strength rather than Agility characterized the whole Frame; his Eyes ſpoke fixt Reſolution more than ardent Courage, Juſtice more than Humanity marked the Outlines of his Features.

ON his Head he wore a Caſque formed of the Bears's black Skin, which he had ſlain with his War-ax, a Fox's Tail decorated the Left-ſide of it, a Mantle of the ſame ſhaggy Hide faſtened on his Breaſt

like that of *Canaſſatego*'s covered his Shoulders to the Waiſt; beneath, the Otter's Furr enwrapt his Limbs and Body, his Feet were defended from Injury like thoſe of the other Warrior; his Arms, his Ornaments the ſame.

THE *Onnondagan* ſwifteſt of Foot, like the Bird of *Jove*, overtook his Enemy with fatal Speed; the *Cayugan* ſlow like the *Britiſh* Maſtiff, reſiſted with Fatality his oppoſing Foes: each expert alike to draw the fatal Yew, or ſpeed the mortal Bullet to its Goal, to whirl the War-ax at the diſtant Foe, or uſe it in the cloſe Engagement, ſecret and ſkilled to lay the fraudful Ambuſh, daring and valiant in the open Field; no Warriors in all the Nations of the Continent could juſtly boaſt ſo many gallant Actions, old Men heard their Stories with Amazement and Delight, the young with Rapture and Inſtruction.

FROM Tales of ancient Warriors delivered down from Father to Son, from one brave Sachem to another, *Cannaſſatego* had been much ſmitten with the Accounts of former Times; before the *Europeans*, theſe faithleſs Invaders, had reached the Shores of *America*, it was then the *Onnondagans*, *Cayugans*, and others of the Five unconquerable Na-

Nations, reigned ſupreme over all the Weſtern World.

He beheld the *Indian* Chiefs wrapt in *European* Manufactures, as Men bearing the Badge of Slavery, he deteſted the Day which brought them that intoxicating Fluid which had enervated their former Strength and ancient Valour; in reality he conſidered the Natives of his Country ill-treated, deluded, and deſtroyed alike, by *Engliſh* and by *French*, and lamented the fallen Condition of his native Land; in Conſequence of this manner of thinking, he had never clothed himſelf but in the Skins of thoſe Beaſts which he had ſlain with his own Hands, nor taſted that enebriating Liquor, which totally deprives Humanity of Reaſon.

Determined from his early Youth to viſit that Country from whence the *Europeans* came; he had learnt the *Engliſh* Language from a Miſſionary who had dwelt among them: with this Intent he had attained the Knowledge of Reading and even Writing it; notwithſtanding this, he had always refuſed viſiting the Plantations and Cities, of the *Engliſh* eſtabliſhed on the *American* Continent; he deteſted them for broken Faith, and fraudulent Treaties, for their Perſuaſions of his Countrymen to arm

and engage in their Defence, and then shamefully deserting them at the Moment of their Necessities; their Wives and Children borne off to Slavery, or murdered by the Hands of their Enemies, were the Consequences which he conceived to have followed from the faithless Behaviour of the *English*.

NOTWITHSTANDING all these convincing Proofs, he was eternally dinned by the New Comers amongst his Nation, with the Virtues, Courage, and Magnanimity of the great King who lived enthroned in Splendor; the Purity of the Lives of those People who professed the Christian Religion in the Regions under him, and of the Millions of brave Men over whom he reigned, and who trembled at his Nod.

THIS Story, from innate Honesty induced to believe, he imagined that those who had landed on the *American* Coast were Exiles from their native Land, doomed to that Punishment for Crimes which they had committed, unworthy the Presence of so great a Monarch, and therefore were no longer suffered to breathe their native Air, and tread the Soil which nurtured them.

THIS

THIS he was ſecretly convinced was true, from what he had known of their Deceit and Treachery; he therefore determined to viſit the Source from whence theſe Evils came, to paſs the Ocean, and be aſcertained whether that King and People anſwered to all the grand Accounts which he had heard concerning them; he knew perfectly from Tradition, that, before his Time, *Indian* Chiefs had paſſed the Ocean to the *Britiſh* Kingdom, and returned; he therefore entertained no Terror of the Voyage, he could not fear to undertake what had ever been accompliſhed by Man.

FILLED with this Reſolution, which he had long concealed within his Boſom, at length, like the hidden Store of ſome Vulcano taking Fire, it grew too impetuous to be reſtrained; he therefore ſummoned together the *Onnondagan* Chiefs, and thus, ſtanding with decent Grace, and becoming Action, opened his Deſign.

"Fathers and Sachems of the *Onnondagan* Nation, hear the Voice of Youth, and approve me if my Council find Favour in your Hearts; it is my Zeal for this ſinking Nation, which prompts me

" to the Undertaking, it is the great Spi-
" rit which animates my Soul.

" Too long have the *Onnondagan* and
" other warlike Nations been held a Prey
" to *Engliſh* Perfidy, our leſſened Num-
" bers, our Country ravaged, our Wives
" borne off in Slavery, our Children maſſa-
" cred, have too frequently followed the
" deluſive Belief of their Promiſes, and
" the Neglect of their fulfilling them.

" Each tufted Spring brings forth with
" its Leaves freſh Vows of Friendſhip and
" Alliance; before the naked Winter ſhews
" its hoary Head, all theſe have been re-
" peatedly broken, and foregone.

" Driven from the Ocean's Shores
" our ancient Territories, what are we but
" their Slaves? for whom have you Sa-
" chems and this right Arm ſo often con-
" quered, but for them and their Advan-
" tage? the very Garments which we wear
" are Teſtimonies of the Truth, of how
" ſmall Account an *Indian* Chief, and his
" Exploits, is deemed amongſt them;
" theſe Coverings, if theſe Men may be be-
" lieved, are the Productions of the loweſt
" People, the Price of Metal dug from
" the Bowels of the Earth, the Toil of
" ſix Days only, by Hands which never

" wield

" wield the Ax, or meet their Foes in " Battle; these are the Purchase of an *Indian* " Warrior's Arm, his Fame, his Family, " his Being, and his Country.

" LONG have my Eyes beheld our Si- " tuation with afflicted Heart, the autum- " nal Blast has not scattered more Leaves " than I have uttered Sighs, the rushing " Cataracts of the *Catarakui* poured more " Drops of water, than I have shed Tears " in surveying our abject State; each Day " treads on the Heels of another, loaded " with fresh Marks of Perfidy.

" WHAT are we but Slaves, who tra- " verse the wide Woods of *America*, in " search of Furs and Skins, which are bar- " ter'd for Fire-arms, Powder and Bullets, " to be used and wasted in their Defence, " and for their Service? Why are we " doom'd to fight the Battles of our Rava- " gers to our yet farther Ruin? Are not " their Soldiers rewarded to defend them- " selves, their own Properties and Posses- " sions; whilst we, who are unallied to " them by Nature, Name, Nation or In- " terest, are engaged in their Quarrels, and " waste our Days and Vigour in Defence of " what, alas! no more belongs to us, un- " paid and unrewarded?

" ALAS!

"ALAS! their Power is become too great "to be oppoſed by our exhauſted Nations; "their Hearts too harden'd to feel Compaſ- "ſion at the Tales of Woe and Sufferings of "our *Indian* Race; in vain we have ſmoak- "ed the Calumet of Peace, and planted deep "that Tree, whoſe Branches, blaſted on their "Side, yields not a Covering for an *Indian* "Chief; which on ours, ſhelters all theſe "foreign Comers. Has the Chain been "brighten'd, which was to paſs between us "and them, by their Tranſactions? Has "the ſacred Wampum Belt held them one "waneing Moon to their Engagements? "Alas, I weep for our Condition!

"THEN hear me Warriors, Sachems, "Fathers, this my Soul ſuggeſts: Theſe "Violaters of our juſt Poſſeſſions are all "the exiled Caitiffs of the Land they came "from; or elſe the boaſted Greatneſs of "the Realms they have quitted is but a "ſpecious Tale of well-imagined Falſhood.

"IF their great King poſſeſſes the exalted "Greatneſs which they give him; if their "Religion teaches all the Virtues which "they aſſert it contains; are they not Exiles "from their native Lands? Could Men "thus perfidious be initiated in that Faith

" which preaches Peace, Humility, Juſ-
" tice, and Mercy?

" FIRED with my Country's Good, if
" you approve, I will croſs the vaſt Ocean;
" paſs beyond the Riſing of the Sun; and
" viſit the Regions of the great King; I
" will lay the Story of our Woes before
" him: If true Greatneſs dwells within his
" Boſom, if his People are the brave and
" humane Nations thoſe Invaders promiſe,
" Juſtice ſhall teach him to recall theſe dire
" Deſtroyers, or his Word ſhall bid them
" to be juſt to the Engagements which they
" ſhall hereafter make.

" WITH him *Cannaſſatego* will ſmoke
" the Calumet of Peace, and brighten up
" the Chain between the *Onnondagans* and
" the *Britiſh* Nation; the Tree of Friend-
" ſhip, which we will plant together, ſhall
" put forth freſh Shoots, and ſhield us with
" its Leaves; and the hoſpitable Wampum
" bind us for ever in one Cauſe.

" IF this Succeſs ſhould not prove the
" Event of my Voyage, we may then boil
" the War-kettle, and renounce Alliance
" with a faithleſs Nation.

THUS

"THUS on whatever Part we then turn our "Eyes, ſome Advantage muſt accrue from "this Voyage; either Peace ſhall bind us "in a mutual Intereſt, or War ſhall teach "us to truſt theſe perfidious Men no more.

"ON my Account, let no Anxiety at-"tend you; if the Ocean is filled with "Dangers, they do not intimidate me; can "you conceive the great pervading Spirit "will waft thoſe Ravagers in Safety to our "Deſtruction, and prove fatal to me who "ſeek but Peace and Juſtice?"

HAVING thus concluded his Speech, a general Murmur of Applauſe ran thro' the Audience; and the eldeſt Sachem replied and approved his Reſolution.

THERE remain'd only that he now conſulted his deareſt Friend *Decaneſſora*, and acquainted him with his Reſolution: He had at firſt intended to deſire the *Cayugan* to accompany him in the Voyage; till recollecting his being married, he imagined his Abſence would be improper, and even detrimental to his Wife and Children, he therefore determined to take his Farewell from this dear and faithful Friend.

WITH

With this Intent he began his Journey to the Town where *Decaneſſora* reſided; in fact there was yet another Cauſe which conduced greatly to this Viſit: In the ſame Dwelling reſided the beauteous Siſter of *Decaneſſora*, whoſe captivating Form had ſecretly ſubdued the Heart of *Cannaſſatego*; nor was the Boſom of *Yarico* deſtitute of tender Feelings for the *Onnondagan* Chief.

No Beauty of the five Nations was in Perfection equal to *Yarico*; her Eyes, vivid as the Diamond's Rays, and black as Ebony, ſhone like the Stars amidſt the duſky Sky; her Noſe was aquiline; her Mouth was little, encircled by the plumpy Lip, within which her Ivory even Teeth ſhone with amazing Whiteneſs; her dimpling Cheeks bequeathed a ſmiling Grace to every Feature; her Forehead was high and ample, from which the jetty Locks, ſhining with ſilky Luſtre, fell gratefully behind in Ringlets, or neatly braided; her Neck was long and large, from which her Shoulders fell off declining with the eaſieſt Grace; her Boſom hard as Wax, and form'd like the Statue of a *Grecian* Sculptor, where no unnatural Reſtraint has ſpoiled their Shape and Situation: No Form was more complete; no Limbs had more Gracefulneſs or Beauty, though her Com-

Complexion could not boaſt the Lilly and the Roſe, which adorn the *European* Ladies; her Shape was ſo exquiſitely finiſh'd, like the Productions of *Pouſſine*'s Pencil in his fulleſt Powers of Painting, it with-held every Eye from remarking that Deficiency of Colouring; her Soul had every Tenderneſs which renders Woman the moſt amiable Object and Delight of God's Creation; and where that Charm is not beſtowed, the fineſt Limbs, the whole Powers of Beauty, in one waneing Moon, compoſe but Deteſtation and Abhorrence.

NEAR the *Cayugan* Caſtle, in which *Decaneſſora* reſided, a Stream rolled along its livid Waves between the Margins of living Turf, and Lillies of the Valley that delight in Shade; over-head the tufted Pine-trees uniting their topmoſt Boughs, excluded the Sun-beams from below. This Stream, each Morn before the Riſing of the Day, received the beauteous Form of *Yarico*, from which, like *Venus* from the Ocean, ſhe roſe with freſh Beauty.

ON her Feet ſhe wore Sandals, which, like the *Roman* Buſkins, reached half way up her Legs; a Petticoat of Skins of Sable hung from her Waſte to that Place; her Veſt was made of pureſt Ermin, which in-

wrapt

wrapt her beauteous Bosom; over all a Mantle form'd of the grey Squirrel's Skin, adorn'd with Tails of Ermin, fell from her Shoulders, reaching below her Middle.

AROUND her Neck the Beads of Wampum shed their varying Dyes; her Ears were ornamented with the same Decoration; her Arms surrounded with Bracelets; each variegated Bird had shed his willing Plumes to deck her Head, where intermix'd with Flowers, the platted Locks received the glowing Ornament; in this Manner was *Yarico* habited, the most beautiful of the *Cayugan* Race.

SUCH being the Person of this *Cayugan* Dame, it was no Wonder that her Charms had made deep Impression on the Soul of *Cannassatego*; nor that *Yarico* had conceived an equal Passion in her Bosom in Favour of the *Onnondagan* Hero. In this Country the primæval Laws of Nature still hold their native Sway over human Hearts; the Views of Heaven have not yet been violated by the pernicious and impious Schemes of corrupted Men; those Charms which Nature bestow'd on the human Race to bind with mutual Joy the Sexes in the Wreaths of Love, still render Lovers happy; each sympathetic Power darting from the Soul, is received

ceived and foſtered by that which is congenial to it: Gold, the Bane of *European* Lovers Bliſs, poſſeſſes no Eſteem among theſe uncontaminated Natives; the Perfections which Heaven has given to Mortals, only influence the virtuous Boſoms of the *Indian* Nations.

From the riſing Dawn *Cannaſſatego* had travelled towards the Habitation of the *Cayugan* Chief; his Bow hung acroſs his Shoulders, his War-ax within his Belt.

It was now the Approach of Evening in the Spring Seaſon; the Weſtern Sky was ſtained with various Dyes, the Sun-beams ſhot their ſlanting Rays thro' various Parts of the Foreſt, in ſome the crouding Trees prohibited their Paſſage; thro' the upper Branches the Wind juſt moved the topmoſt Boughs with lulling Sound; beſide their brooding Mates, the Birds ſat warbling forth the Songs of Love and Conſtancy. *Cannaſſatego*'s Mind was deeply employ'd in contemplating the Objects of the moſt celeſtial Paſſions which Heaven has deign'd to Man, Love and Friendſhip: *Yarico* and *Decaneſſora* poſſeſs'd his Soul alternately.

"This Evening (the Impulſe preſſing the
"Words from his Boſom) brings me to the
"Preſence

" Preſence of all my Heart ſupremely loves;
" with what Joy will *Yarico*, tho' I have
" never yet declared my Paſſion, meet theſe
" Eyes ſwimming in Love; how will the
" Arms of Friendſhip preſs me to the Bo-
" ſom of *Decaneſſora!*"

It ſeems that *Yarico*, liſtening to the Dangers which *Cannaſſatego* had eſcaped, when he deſcribed the War-ax juſt thundering on his Head, the level'd Arrow or the flying Bullet, that had mark'd his Boſom as it flew along, had often ſhrieked involuntarily for him ſhe loved; her Soul forgetting that the Cauſe of this Senſation was at that Inſtant free from Danger, recounting the Stories of his own Eſcapes.

Whenever he painted his own Proweſs, driving his Foes before him, his up-lifted Ax falling on their Heads, his Victories and Valour; her Eyes glowed with Tranſport and Approbation; Love and Delight darted thro' every Feature, and ſpoke her Soul was abſolutely devoted to the Charms of *Cannaſſatego*.

These Appearances the *Onnondagan* had joyfully remarked, yet to this Hour he had never breathed one amorous Accent to the Boſom of *Yarico*; he conceived her Charms

ſo

ſo much tranſcending all the Race of Women, that he had vow'd this Voyage to make his Fame yet greater, and himſelf more worthy of that Perſon, which his Paſſion had painted ſo ſuperior to the feminine World.

THERE remained now but little of the Road untrod which would bring him to the Dwelling of the *Cayugan* Chief; his Heart elate, animated his Steps; his Boſom throbb'd with Expectation of his coming Bliſs, in Love and Friendſhip.

IT ſeems alſo that the Soul of *Yarico*, which was ever inclined to paint the Image of *Cannaſſatego* living in her Boſom, had this Day been more warmly animated by his Preſence than uſual.

IN this Land of yet unalter'd Nature, the Hearts of Lovers, ſentimentally touched, are conſcious of theſe attracting Powers at greater Diſtances than *European* Natives conceive it poſſible; in conſequence of this, the Boſom, which is much actuated with the Image of that Object which is deareſt to it, like the electric Amber put briſkly into Motion, throws forth its Fire at amazing Diſtances, attracting and attracted by its

moſt

moſt favourite Object, from this inviſible Influence.

BUSIED with the Thoughts of Love, which ever inclines the Poſſeſſor of it to Paths of Solitude, unknowing where ſhe ſtray'd, *Yarico* had wandered ſome Diſtance from her Dwelling, thro' that Part of the Foreſt which leads to the *Onnondagan* Nation; the two Lovers were not far diſtant from each other, and indeed if the Path had not winded in that Part, each had been in Sight of the other.

AT this Inſtant a gaunt and hungry Wolf ruſhing thro' the Woods to ſeize the lovely *Yarico*, a ſudden Shriek caught the Ears of *Cannaſſatego*; he ſaw the ravenous Beaſt ſweeping to his Prey; he ſaw the trembling Maid, unknowing who ſhe was, fall proſtrate on the Earth, Fear had depriv'd her Limbs of Motion; Pity ſeiz'd his manly Breaſt; Courage animated his Arm to ſave her: His Bow was unſtretch'd, the Time too ſhort to ſtretch it; quick then as Lightning, juſt as the Devourer croſs'd the Path to ſeize his dying Prey, the artful Hand of *Canaſſatego* whirl'd his War-ax to his Breaſt; faithful to its Maſter's Aim, it pierced between the Ribs, and cleft that Heart, which never beat another Stroke.

WHAT

WHAT Joy warm'd the Heart of *Cannaſſatego* at this Succeſs, in ſaving a Fellow-Creature! he ran to ſuſtain the fainting Maid; but when he beheld in his Arms the Female he had reſcued was his deareſt *Yarico*, his Lips grew dumb with Joy unutterable; then preſſing her to his Boſom with juſt recovering Senſes, he cried, "My *Yarico*, my Love, is it thee this happy Arm "has reſcued? My Soul, is it to this right "Hand thy Life is owing? Behold thy "*Cannaſſatego* free from Danger:" When recovering at the known Voice of her Lover, ſhe cried, "Am I yet alive? Do I "behold my *Cannaſſatego?* Is it by thee "this Body is preſerved from the Jaws of "that devouring Beaſt? How did the "great Spirit waft thee to my Aid, my "Saviour and Deliverer, the ſole Joy of "my Soul?" Thus they interchanged the ſenſe of their Conditions.

AT this Moment *Cannaſſatego* felt a Sickneſs ſteal upon him, like the Shades of Evening. It ſeems, in ruſhing to the Safety of his fainting Maid, a Rattle-Snake, which lay in the Path, had ſtung him; this the Joy of ſaving *Yarico* had effaced, till the Pain had reminded him of it. "Alas! my "*Yarico*, he cried, I die. The fatal Rat-

" tle-Snake has darted its envenom'd Fangs
" into me, as I ruſh'd to ſave thee: The
" Poiſon creeps upon my Blood; I go;
" happy even in Death to have preſerved
" what is ſtill dearer to me than Life."

At theſe Words the Breaſt of *Yarico* was diſtracted, ſhe ſtripped the Covering from his Leg, and applying her Mouth to the Wound, ſucked the deadly Liquid from the Part; this Poiſon tho' ſubtle as the Flaſh from Heaven in the fatal Influence when received thro' a Wound, is yet harmleſs if ſwallowed into the Stomach.

Having done this, ſhe ſearched that Herb, which is known to all the *Indian* Nations, which, ſuddenly applied, cures the fatal Effects of this peſtiferous Fluid; this ſhe bruiſed and applied to the Part which was wounded.

" My Soul," ſhe cried, " do you re-
" cover, does Life return to animate my
" deareſt *Cannaſſatego*? Speak to thy *Ya-*
" *rico*, ſave me from the Horrors which
" my Soul conceives on thy Account."
Alas! with Lips all trembling, his Eyes extinguiſhed, his Looks all haggard, he faintly ſaid, " I go, happy in Death, to
" have reſcued thee from Danger," his

" Head

" Head fell on one Side, againſt the ri-
" ſing Ground where ſhe had placed him.

It was now, that *Yarico* no longer believed the poiſonous Effects could be expelled; ſhe therefore making bare her Boſom, cried out, " braveſt, and beſt-be-
" loved of thy Race, ſince thou art denied
" to live within theſe Arms, my Soul ſhall
" fly with thine, Companion to Worlds
" beyond the diſtant Hills where happy
" Lovers dwell in Bliſs inſeparable. Muſt
" my Preſervation prove thy Death!—the
" Life you gave, I ſacrifice to follow thee."

She then drew an Arrow from his Quiver, and taking it in her right Hand, ſhe placed herſelf on the riſing Ground beſide him, ſhe with her Left encircling his Neck, preſſed her Lips cloſe to his Clay-cold Cheek; " this" ſhe cried, " the Eye
" of Virtue muſt behold unblaming," when extending her Arm to plunge the Shaft within her Boſom, ſhe ſoftly pronounced, " I come, I follow thee my Love," at this Inſtant *Cannaſſatego* a little recovering, lifting his heavy Eyelids, faintly pronounced " my *Yarico*."

The unexpected Sound reſtrained her Arm, yet not with ſuch ſudden Power, but that

that the Dart had first drank her purple Blood, tho' the Wound had nothing fatal.

At these Words the Arrow fell from her Hand, "do you live" she cried, "or "am I landed with you in some distant "Region? say my *Cannassatego*."

"I do, I do," he answered, "the An-"tidote is now prevailing, would that *De-"canessora* were present to assist me." At these Words, swift as the Swallow skims along the Meadows, her Feet bore her to the House of *Decanessora*, Love winged every Step in *Yarico*, Friendship gave Swiftness to the brave *Cayugan*, he came and bore his best-loved Friend to his Dwelling.

Fresh Application of the same Remedy to the wounded Part, the Juice prest from it and poured down his Throat, prevailed at last upon the Poison which had been mixed with the Blood, before the *Onnondagan*, ravished with Delight at preserving all he loved from Death, had attended to the Sting.

The next Night was past in sleepless Anguish by *Yarico*; her Bosom, like the Ground lately torn with convulsive Earthquakes, had not yet forgot its Tremblings; she loved

too well to be at Eaſe, till the dawning Morn told her that *Cannaſſatego* was totally recovered from the Effects of the Poiſon.

If the Paſſion which poſſeſſed the Souls of theſe two Lovers, was great before this late Accident, how much muſt it be increaſed, by the Thoughts of owing the Preſervation of their Lives to each other; Love and Gratitude darted inconceivable Delight from their Eyes, ſcarce a Moment interfered in which they did not gaze with Rapture upon each other; no longer withheld from Diffidence or innate Modeſty, their Vows of Tenderneſs and Truth burſt forth ſpontaneous, like the Flowers blowing in the New-born *May*; what is Pomp, Equipage, and Splendor, compared with ſuch ſeraphic Senſations, dwelling in the Human Heart?

Will the Blaze of Diamonds atone for the Deficiency of this Paſſion? Will the Gold of *Ophir* melted into one Maſs, weigh againſt the Raptures of uniting Hearts, warmed with Sentiment and Truth?

It was now that *Yarico* conceived herſelf the happieſt Being in all the wide extended Foreſts of the *Indian* Nations; Joy revelled in her Heart, and ſparkled in her

Eyes, the Anxiety ſhe felt from the Fear of *Cannaſſatego*'s not being inſpired with a mutual Paſſion, was diſſipated, her Limbs were animated with more than uſual Grace, her Words were dreſſed with more than common Sprightlineſs.

YET alas! ſuch is the unſtable State of Human Felicity, *Cannaſſatego* pined away in ſecret Anguiſh; the frequent Sigh ſtole from his Boſom, the living Luſtre of his Eyes was all obſcured, and the big Tear ſtood trembling, ready to find its Paſſage down his wan Cheek. It was now he repented of that Reſolution, which he had taken to viſit the *European* Climes; Love had obtained full Poſſeſſion of his Soul; as he wandered alone and lifeleſs thro' the Foreſt, he often cried, "why did I vow "to undertake this arduous Taſk, and rob "my Soul of all Felicity, I might have "reſted here in Peace, no Tongue had "dared to blame my ſtaying in theſe happy "Realms; what malicious Being prompted "me to this Adventure?"

THUS incapable to violate his Word, or leave his deareſt *Yarico*, his Soul knew no Peace in this dire Suſpence.

WHEN he was ſecluded from the Company of her he adored, he would cry, "What is this Honour which is ſo incompatible with Love? Muſt I be deprived "of all my Soul holds dear, in Obedience "to a raſh Propoſal, ſpringing from Vanity, and uſeleſs to my Country? It muſt "not be."—Then pauſing he would ſay, "Shall it be ſaid, that *Cannaſſatego*, enthralled by Love and Woman, renounced his Country's good, and broke his "Reſolutions? Shall I become the Jeſt of "Boys, and all my Fame in War and "Victory be drowned in Female Arms, "the Scenes of Softneſs and Effeminacy? "Alas! how will *Decaneſſora* deſpiſe my "Weakneſs if I refuſe to go, or *Yarico* "ſuſtain my parting? Oh Boſom, torn "with Anguiſh; ſome Power ſuperior to "Man, ſupport thee in this trying Minute," he cried, lifting his united Hands to Heaven.

THESE Symptoms of a Mind diſturbed, did not paſs unnoticed by the Eyes of *Yarico*, ſhe ſaw he regarded her with the utmoſt Tenderneſs, accompanied with ſtifled Sighs, and Tears that trembled on his Eyelids as he gazed upon her; She feared and

yet

yet ſhe wiſhed to know the Cauſe of this Diſquietude.

ONE Day as *Cannaſſatego* wandered in the Woods alone, *Yarico* followed him unperceived; he placed himſelf beſide a Rock, over-hung with ſhady Pines which waved to the hollow Wind, by the Side of which fell a ſmall Stream of Water in dripping Rills; to this Place ſhe came and ſtood behind him undiſcovered.

"CRUEL Fate," he cried, "to love "and be beloved, and yet denied to gaze "upon the Charms of her my Soul adores, "for countleſs waxing waning Moons! is it "not more than Human Nature can ſuſ-"tain and live? Oh Honour! falſe deluſive "Bond of Human Minds."

AT theſe Words, *Yarico* imagined, that the Heart of *Cannaſſatego* had been engaged by ſome former Paſſion to a happier Female, and her Abſence had preſſed him to this Exclamation.

BANEFUL as the Blight from Heaven theſe Words reached her Soul; ſhe immediately ſtept forward, when *Cannaſſatego* ſurprized at her Preſence, ſtarting from the Rock, cried, "my *Yarico*," and claſped her to

his Boſom, " my Soul, what brought you " to this Place of Solitude and Woe? Is " there a Spot on Earth where Solitude " and Woe can dwell, and yet contain my " *Cannaſſatego*? Oh tell me, why you ſhun " my Eyes that die to gaze upon thee, " why did you utter thoſe Heart-felt Sighs, " thoſe boding Words which eſcaped your " Lips, the Moment before you perceived " me, tell me I implore you.

" BELIEVE me, if my Love is the " Cauſe of all this Miſery, tho' Death muſt " be the Conſequence of my Reſolution, " I give you freely to my Rival's Arms; " for know, my dear Deliverer, that *Ya-* " *rico* can taſte no Joy but in reciprocal " Affection. You gave me Life, I give " you Liberty."

" WHAT means my lovely Maid, what " means my Soul's Ambition and Delight? " Alas! I feel no Pain but what proceeds " for you alone, my more than Life and " Liberty. Shall I declare, I dread to tell " thee," replied the *Indian* Chief.

" OH tell me all, what cannot *Yarico* " ſuſtain, if you are ſtill but mine alone," ſhe anſwered.

" KNOW then, before I had revealed my " Paſſion to thy Heart, prompted by Love

" of

" of more than mortal Glory, I had reſolved
" in the Aſſembly of the *Onnondagan* Sa-
" chems, to viſit the *European* Regions; this
" whilſt my Honour urges me to execute,
" the exceſſive Love which throbs within
" this Breaſt for thee my beauteous Maid,
" would chaſe as viſionary Phantoms that
" haunt me to my Ruin; from this
" Thought ſprang the Words you heard
" me utter: Oh *Yarico*, how ſhall Love
" and Honour be at once obeyed, how
" ſhall I preſs thee in theſe Arms inſepa-
" rable, and yet not loſe my Glory? How
" fly beyond the riſing Morn, and leave
" thee in theſe Realms behind? Thence
" ſprings my Woe, this is the ſole Cauſe
" of ſecluding myſelf from thy Sight. To
" behold thee with Exceſs of Fondneſs,
" and think of quitting thee, is more than
" I can bear".

" MAKE me the Partner of the Voy-
" age," ſhe cried, " theſe Limbs ſhall
" tread the long and dreary Road, this
" Heart ſupply me Courage in the Jour-
" ney, my Tales ſhall ſweeten thee to Reſt,
" my Arms ſhall ſhield my Love from
" Danger."

" ALAS! my *Yarico*, thou art too deli-
" cately formed to dare the Undertaking;

" 'tis not to waſte whole Moons in weary " Marches, to dread the inſiduous Am- " buſh of our Foes, that makes the Terror " of this Voyage; the wide extenſive Wa- " ter which Heaven in vain has placed, to " ſecure us from the Invaſion of our *Eu-* " *ropean* Oppreſſors, muſt be traverſed; " Dangers unknown to me, beyond a Fe- " male's feeble Frame to bear, compoſe " the Horrors of this Undertaking; let us " appeal to *Decaneſſora*, let him determine " what ſhall be my Fate, ſhall I be thine " this Day, or waſte whole tedious Revo- " lutions of the Sun, to make me yet " more worthy of thy Beauties and Accept- " ance."

HAVING thus diſcourſed together, ſhe hung upon his Arm gazing often on his Face; his Soul became lighter with the Declaration of his Feelings and Situation, her's felt Diſquietude and Pain of loſing him. Stock-Doves and Turtles cooed amongſt the Branches as they paſt along, a conſcious Approbation of their Conſtancy, innocent and beauteous as the firſt Human Pair in the Garden of *Eden*, thus they directed their Steps to the Abode of *Decaneſſora*.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Men and Women amongſt the Indians, *much like thoſe amongſt the* Britons. Garangula's *Opinion of the Joys of Love, very different from thoſe of* Yarico. *Firſt Riſe of drawing Faces in* America, *perhaps in every other Place. Love in ſeveral Shapes, and a whole Day's Journey.*

BEING returned to the Houſe of *Decaneſſora*, *Yarico* was impatient till the Appeal was made to him and his Wife, whether or not *Cannaſſatego* was engaged by his Honour to croſs the Ocean to viſit the *European* Dominions? She knew *Decaneſſora* was of a martial Diſpoſition, who held the ſofter Senſations which attend the Paſſion of Love, as mere Ridicule and Degradation of Human Nature; a ſenſual Appetite, which like Thirſt requires to be ſated, and which like ſtrong Liquors alſo is apt to intoxicate by too large Potation; he ridiculed the Feelings of the Soul, and the Notion of its being concerned in ſuch Propenſities; he always averred that Men like Deer, ſhould never be the Companions of Females but at certain Moments, and gave up every Thing of that kind, to Ambition and Glory in military Atchievments.

FROM him *Yarico* had but little Expectation of Assistance, in prevailing on her lovely *Cannassatego* to decline his intended Voyage; however, in *Garangula* the Wife, she hoped much Advantage might be derived to her Cause.

SHE imagined, that the Bosom of every Female was animated by the same Tenderness, that *Garangula*'s Sensations resembled her's, and that their joint Intervention might effectuate all her Desires in this Moment of Suspence.

BUT alas! so unlike is the Frame of Woman thro' the whole Creation; the Forests of *America* contain Females as different from each other, as the *Ephesian* Matron from *Penelope*: It seems this *Indian* Dame resembled a Species of Women called Widows, with the Appellation of Buxom added to it, who inhabit a certain Island not more than seven Leagues from the Continent of *Europe*, and which, whatever was its ancient Name, is now known by that of *Great Britain*.

THIS Woman therefore, like the aforesaid Widows, had but one way of considering a Man, which is exactly as the Dealers

in

in Timber do that Commodity, that is according to the Length and Square Inches which he contains, with ſome Attention that there is no Mark of Rottenneſs within. If the Plant appears thriving without Signs of Decay, one young Man of equal Size and Vigour, is thought by this Kind, to be very like another young Man of the ſame Qualities, and it is not the Value of a Pinch of Snuff difference, which is to be taken, provided there be no Delay in coming at one of them.

Garangula was of this Stamp in Nature, ſhe had never conſulted the Feelings of her Heart on the Occaſion of her Marriage, but taken ſpecial Pleaſure in obſerving that *Decaneſſora* had the broadeſt Pair of Shoulders, of all the *Cayugan* Nation, a Matter of more Conſolation to her ſenſual Appetite, than all the ſentimental Senſations of refined Love, culled from Ten thouſand *French* Romances and poured upon one Heart: In fact, tho' not at all ſuſpected of being a Philoſopher, ſhe was greatly inclined to Materialiſm, and preferred the Fleſh and Blood of a Huſband, to all the refined Touches of Metaphyſics in Love, a true *Engliſh* Taſte in that Paſſion; one ſolid Surloin, in her Opinion, was worth a hundred

dred Ragouts, which only tickled the Palate, but did not ſate the Appetite.

THIS Evening *Cannaſſatego* propoſed to his Friend *Decaneſſora*, the Situation he was in between Love and Honour: "This "lovely Maid," ſays he, "by the Acci- "dent of preſerving her Life, and being "preſerved by her, has too effectually "bound my Hands and Heart, in the "willing Bands of Love; tell me then, "my deareſt Friend, how ſhall I appear "before the *Onnondagan* Chiefs, if, relin- "quiſhing the Reſolution I have vowed of "ſeeing the *European* Kingdoms, I give "up Glory to the Joys of Love?"

AT theſe Words, the Heart of *Yarico* panted like the new-caught Dove, it trembled in her Boſom with unſpeakable Anxiety for the Anſwer.

"APPEAR before the *Onnondagan* Chiefs "and violate thy Honour!" replied the *Cayugan* with a ſtern Expreſſion, "can it "be imagined, that violated Honour can "be received among the *Indians* with Ap- "plauſe? will not the Sachems pronounce "that none but *Europeans* are guilty of "that Meanneſs? The Reſolution of thy "doing more than other *Indian* Chiefs, was

"great

" great indeed, which is thus annihilated
" by a Woman's Fondneſs; it is Vanity
" not Glory which has prompted thee to
" this Offer; the Heart warmed with
" Ambition for his Country's Good, can
" never be changed by Love and ſoft
" Effeminacy."

" BUT conſider," anſwered *Yarico*, with Looks of Tenderneſs and Tears.

" I NEVER waſte my Words in prating
" with a Woman," anſwered the *Cayugan*;
" if *Cannaſſatego* loſes himſelf with you in
" Love and Softneſs, let him renounce
" all Thonghts of War and Glory; ſtill I
" may hold him as my Friend, and wonder
" how a Soul formed for the greateſt Dar-
" ings, can quit Ambition for a Woman's
" Arms."

THIS pierced the *Onnondagan* to the Soul, he cried, " Oh, my *Yarico*, what will
" the great Spirit do with me now?"

AT theſe Words *Garangula* ſaid, " that
" ſhe did not ſee any Difficulty in the
" Affair, that both Parts of the Subject
" might be eaſily complied with; if *Can-*
" *naſſatego* and *Yarico* be only made thus
" uneaſy by not having taſted the Joys of
" Love,

" Love, as he ſaid, that may be eaſily ac-
" modated; let this Night be the Com-
" pletion of their Nuptials, and in a Month
" perhaps, the Difficulty may be leſs in
" parting from each other, than it is at
" preſent."

At theſe Expreſſions the Soul of *Yarico* was ſtung to the Center, ſhe replied with ſome Warmth, " that the Joys which ſhe
" entertained in paſſing her Days with
" *Cannaſſatego*, did not conſiſt in Ideas of
" libidinous Delights; for know," ſays ſhe,
" that I would rather chooſe to dwell with
" him unknowing of the bridal Bed for
" ever, than live with any other Man of
" *Indian* Name, indulged with every Thing
" your Imagination may ſuggeſt."

This *Garangula* conſidered as ſpring-ing from falſe Modeſty; ſhe imagined that all Females were compoſed of the ſame Prin-ciples, and did not believe that any Woman could differ from another, ſo much as this Speech would ſeem to intimate that *Yarico* did from her.

Yarico cried, " yes, thou ſhalt go, my Paſ-
" ſion ſhall not blight thy blooming Glory,
" thy Flame ſhall thus ſupplant all other
" Feelings in my Boſom, and *Yarico* con-
" tinue

"tinue thine till thy Return; or if the "Immortal Spirit denies thee to theſe Na- "tions, my widowed Arms ſhall never "claſp another Lord."

URGED to this Declaration by the Impulſe which ſhe felt, on the Apprehenſion leſt his Paſſion for her ſhould eclipſe his Fame amongſt his Countrymen, the above Words found Paſſage.

IT was now too late for the *Onnondagan* Chief to retract; he muſt obey the Dictates of Honour, tho' his Heart ſhould break with Affliction, in Abſence from his beauteous Maid; it was reſolved that he ſhould tarry a few Days with *Decaneſſora* and *Yarico*, and then depart for the Nation of the *Onnondagans*, and prepare for his Voyage to *Europe*.

DURING this Time, the enamoured and and faithful Pair ſtrayed to that Rock, where *Yarico* firſt diſcovered *Cannaſſatego* lamenting his unhappy Situation; Retirement and Solitude fitted the preſent Diſpoſitions of their Minds, and this Place had ſomething peculiar in its Caſt for the Reception of Lovers, whoſe Souls bear the leaſt Tincture of Melancholy.

IT was here with Sighs contradicting the Expreſſions of their Lips, this Pair endeavoured to give each other Conſolation to ſupport the Hours of Abſence: He told her, "his Intent, was to ſave the Remains of "the *Onnondagan* Race, and obtain ſome "Conſiderations for the Fidelity and Uſe "which his Nation proved even to the In-"vaders of their Country.

"WITH what Rapture ſhall I return "to my deareſt *Yarico*, when I have under-"taken this Voyage for my Nation's Glo-"ry, to claſp thee in theſe Arms honoured "and beloved by my Country; then wor-"thy of thy Reception by Exploits beyond "the moſt exalted *Onnondagan* Chief?

"OH that the Hour was come," ſhe cried, "that I might feaſt my Eyes upon "my dear returning Lover, when my full "Heart would throb for Joy, at poſſeſ-"ſing the braveſt and moſt amiable of Men; "may every Cauſe that can give thee "Swiftneſs wing thee to thy intended Pur-"poſe; may the Waves be ſtill, the Winds "blow propitious, to waft thee to my "Arms filled with ripened Honours.

THIS

THIS Converſation, however glowing it may ſeem, came yet from Hearts that would willingly have ſunk in Obſcurity and Happineſs together; Love has nothing of the daring in its Nature, but in the Preſervation of that Object which is deareſt to it; Glory is a different Charm: melting Hearts, languiſhing Eyes, wreathing Arms, Words of ſofter Raptures ſequeſtered from Interruption and the World, make the ineffable Delights of raviſhed Lovers.

ONE Day in this favourite Solitude, interchanging Vows of Conſtancy and Truth, *Yarico* ſitting by the Side of her adored *Cannaſſatego*, poliſhing a Shell of Pearl to form a Wampum Bracelet; turning her Eyes on the profile Face of him ſhe loved, which was diſtinguiſhed by the Blackneſs of the Rock on the other Side, imagined, that from cloſely obſerving the Out-line, ſhe could with the Point of an Arrow prick ſome diſtant Reſemblance of her favourite Warrior. Love inſpires the Human Breaſt with every happy and exalted Thought.

SHE therefore, whilſt he was muſing on the deſtined Voyage, ſtole an Arrow ſecretly from his Quiver, and with its Point marked the Out-line of *Cannaſſatego*'s Face

on

on the varying Shell of mother-of-Pearl; Love directed this Arrow with as much Pleasure, as he had guided that which wounded her Bosom from his Bow; the Resemblance was distinguishable, she prest it to her Lips in Rapture, "happy Image "of my Love," she cried, "thou shalt "be my constant Companion, whilst the "dear Object from whence thou art de-"rived, shall be far distant from my Arms "and my beholding, over distant Waters "beyond the Rising of the Sun and Moon.

THIS Ejaculation, spoken in Rapture, called the Eyes of *Cannassatego* on what she had been doing: The Performance to his Eyes exceeded all human Conception; Love and Novelty had exalted this Work above all the Productions of human Nature.

"HAPPY should I be, could I possess "an Image as much resembling thee, as "this is to my Features, to be my Com-"panion in my Voyage, to gaze upon "whole Days, and tell it, tho' deaf and "inanimate, how much I love the dear "Original," says the *Indian* Chief.

THIS *Yarico* would have gladly pleased him in; for Lovers ever chuse to give their Likeness to those they love.

ONE

ONE Day, as she came to the usual Stream just at the rising Sun to wash her beauteous Limbs, she observed her Image in the glassy Surface of the Water. All was hush'd as Death, as if Nature had conspir'd to offer this Opportunity; this threw the Thought of her possibly being able to take the Outlines of her Face, from this Shadow in the Water.

LOVE assisted her Attempts; the Resemblance was visible; she then, without mentioning one Word of it to *Cannassatego*, form'd a Belt of Wampum, which reaching round his Neck and one Shoulder, was so contriv'd, to let this Piece which hung from it, and bore her Image, to rest upon his Heart.

THIS then she presented him: With what Rapture did he receive and press the Image to his Lips and Bosom; then turning to *Yarico*, he would cry, "'Tis she; tho' no "Distance can eraze thee from my Mind, "yet this Figure, the Work of thy Hands, "is even dearer to my Soul than all the "Charms of Glory."

FOR the Resemblance which she had made of *Cannassatego*, she form'd a Bracelet, and wore it on her left Arm.

EVERY

EVERY Day led them to this ſequeſter'd Scene, to breathe the ſofteſt Vows of Tenderneſs and Truth; which *Garangula* and *Decanaſſora* had conſtrued to another way of paſſing Time, not unuſual amongſt leſs enthuſiaſtic and ſeraphic Souls in Love.

DURING this Time, ſhe made him a Veſt of Ermin; and the very Wolf, which he had kill'd, had been ſtead, and an upper Garment or Cloak made of his Skin; around its Edge *Yarico* had inſerted the Tails of Ermin, in a grey Border of Furs of Squirrels: His Cap was made of Sable; a tufted Plume of all the gayeſt Feathers which adorn the Birds of *America*, united to form an Ornament for this Part of his Apparel.

WHEN ſhe had made this Plume, ſhe placed it in his Cap; where admiring for a Moment the graceful Air with which it became him, ſhe forgot that it was finiſhed, and that he muſt now depart: That Thought diſapproved the whole Deſign; ſhe fanſied it might be alter'd more becomingly; ſhe changed the Form often; and, like *Penelope*, in this Work, ſhe had been as inventive of Delays to detain her Lover yet longer with her, as the *Grecian* Dame was to keep her's

her's from her Arms. At length the Evening arrived, which was only to divide their Parting.

WHATEVER Reſolution was feigned on each Side by theſe enamour'd *Indians*, when in Company with each other, to ſupport themſelves at the approaching Hour of Separation, it totally deſerted them when the Shades of Night deſcended on the *American* World.

YARICO had a thouſand Times exclaimed againſt that pernicious Principle of Glory, which delights in War and Slaughter: She conceived it the moſt unnatural Idea which can enter into the human Heart, that Rage and the Deſtruction of Mankind ſhould prevail over the ſofter Paſſions of Love and Friendſhip, and Fame obtain'd by what ought to be the Horror of Humanity.

THIS Night was too replete with Anguiſh to let her Boſom enjoy the Sweets of Sleep; ſhe therefore roſe, to prevent the Reſt of *Cannaſſatego* from being diſturbed, and was preparing to tread the ſolitary Paths of Night, to give Vent to her Anguiſh amidſt the Foreſt, and eaſe her loaded Heart by pouring forth the Story of her Woes.

HERE,

HERE, leſt ſome wanton Imagination in ſarcaſtic Smiles ſhould ſuggeſt that this metaphyſic Pair of Enamerato's had riſen from one Bed, it is neceſſary to let them know, that the *Indian* Maids need no Bars nor Doors of Separation from the Youth of that Country: Honour in the Breaſt of Man, is their Protection; their own Boſoms, warm'd with the Rays of Chaſtity, are uncontaminated with polluting Ideas. Hear this ye refined and polite Nations of *Europe*, and learn purer and more exalted Notions from the ſimple and uncorrupted Manners of *Americans* loſt in Woods!

YARICO then, who was ſtealing ſilently away with the Intent which we have above mention'd, was ſoon follow'd by *Cannaſſatego*, whoſe Heart had been in ſecret Tears pouring forth its Anguiſh.

SILENT as the Midnight Hour which reign'd around them, they walk'd along together, neither had Reſolution to ſpeak thro' Fear of betraying the Senſations of their Souls; the Moon ſhone in full Power thro' the Foreſt; the Trees ſtood without a quivering Leaf; the Breath of Heaven was ſuſpended; as if all Nature had been huſh'd

and

and attentive to gaze upon and liſten to this Pair of afflicted Lovers:

At length the Boſom of *Yarico* could no longer contain the Flood of Anguiſh which pour'd upon it, ſhe cried out in Sighs, "To be divided from all I love by interpoſing Worlds—Never to hear one ſweet Accent which may tell me thou art well —To dread a thouſand Dangers, and to taſte no Relief—Can I bear this?—Oh! *Cannaſſatego*, teach me to ſupport this Anguiſh."

To theſe Words, which ran thro' his Soul, he replied, "Indeed in that Reſpect we are more unhappy than *European* Lovers: They, ſays he, have Power to communicate their Thoughts by a moſt inimitable Invention, and tell the Secrets of their Souls at a thouſand Miles Diſtance."

This he explained to *Yarico* to be effected by Means of Letters, "which, ſays he, I have learnt, to make myſelf more fit for this Voyage: If you, my *Yarico*, knew this Secret, we might then communicate our Sentiments to each other, whilſt I am on this Voyage: There are,

"I am

" I am told, frequent Opportunities of " ſending Meſſages of this Kind."

YARICO ſeized this Occaſion to requeſt his tarrying with her till he had taught her this excellent Art.

" It is cruel, ſhe cried, to ſuffer me to " paſs whole Years in Anguiſh, without " knowing what befalls the Being that is " dearer to me than my Life, when a few " Moons, nay perhaps Days, may inſtruct me " in this Secret of communicating what we " feel for each other. I am conſcious, that " with you I ſhall quickly attain all that is " neceſſary for this Intercourſe of Love; " tarry I implore you to inſtruct me in " that Art."

Nothing would have been more pleaſing to *Cannaſſatego*, than ſtaying in this Manner with the favourite Object of his Soul. No Bliſs is ſo delightful to the human Heart, as the State of that Lover, who inſtructs the Mind he adores in any Art or Excellence; Love improves every little Progreſs into ſome miraculous Appearance of a ſuperior Soul: Trifles, light as Air, are by Lovers Minds improved into Proofs of moſt celeſtial Knowledge.

How-

However pleasing this Thought might be to the Heart of *Cannassatego*, he had given his Word that the Morning-light should lead him to the *Onnondagan* Nation: *Decanessora* was to be his Companion on the Road.

It was therefore impossible that he could tarry to gaze on her he loved, without suffering greatly from the biting Ridicule of his *Cayugan* Friend. To impart some Consolation, he told her, he would endeavour to prevail on the *English* Missionary who had instructed him, to teach her; that then by this means Letters might reach her Hands from the Kingdoms he was travelling to, and afford her some Support during his Absence; and by this means she might make him happy, by thus imparting the Sentiments of her Soul to him.

This she was determined to pursue.

It was now time to draw towards the Dwelling of *Decanessora*; the grey Light appear'd in the Eastern Sky; the Morning-Breeze played amongst the Branches of the Forest; the feather'd Tribe began their Morning's Song, which never till then sounded so much like the Voice of Sorrow and

Complaining in the Ears of this parting Pair; all Nature ſeem'd to wake from the ſoothing Stilneſs of the Night, to Pain and Suffering.

Love gives new Tinctures to every Object of the Eye; ſaddens and exalts every Sound which breathes from the Voice of Art or Nature, according to the Senſations which fill the Boſoms of thoſe who behold or hear.

They were now return'd to the Abode of *Decaneſſora*. *Yarico* was determin'd to put on every Appearance of heroic Fortitude; ſhe brought the Ermin Veſt which ſhe had made for her Lover; the Collar of ſhining Shells to which her Image was affix'd; Bracelets for his Arms, which her own Fingers had poliſh'd; and that Cap which at once imparted Grace and Manlineſs.

With theſe ſhe array'd and decorated her dear *Cannaſſatego*; during which Time, ſhe requeſted him a thouſand Times to ſend her all he ſaw and heard by means of that *European* Secret of communicating Thoughts to each other. "I ſhall ſoon learn the Art, "ſhe cried, and ſend thee all the Feelings "of my Soul."

During

During this Converſation, ſhe forced a Smile, and admired his Ornaments and Dreſs; yet in her Eye the ready Drop ſtood trembling, her Face, like *April* Days, compoſed of Rain and Sunſhine. She conſider'd him deck'd as a Sacrifice, more than a Bridegroom.

Cannaſſatego ſtood beholding her with Eyes that beſpoke more Senſibility of Pain, than he could have felt if his Soul had been then quitting his Body; he was ſilent with Exceſs of Sorrow. In all their Converſation, they had never utter'd the leaſt Suſpicion of Infidelity in Love; the Fear of changing was unimagined by this ſuperior Pair.

He muſt now go; when attempting to ſpeak, his Affliction ſuppreſt his Voice: They ruſh'd into each other Arms; *Yarico* pronouncing, "Then go, thy Coun-"try's Glory, and my Soul's Delight:" At which, preſſing each other to their Boſoms in Silence, they unclaſp'd their mutual Arms. *Cannaſſatego* turn'd, and with his Friend walk'd away without Power of uttering one Word.

With Looks of infinite Tenderneſs *Yarico* purſued her departing Lover: It was

with the utmoſt Pain ſhe with-held her Lips from ſaying, "Turn my *Cannaſſatego*; let "me view thy Face; once more pronounce "the terrible Adieu."

The *Onnondagan* Chief walk'd ſilent and ſteadily away, not daring to turn or caſt a Look behind on her he loved, leſt his Reſolution ſhould deſert him, and all the Powers of Tenderneſs return.

In this Manner, with Eyes glittering in Tears, *Yarico* followed her lovely *Onnondagan* till he was ſecluded from her Sight by the winding Paths of the Foreſt: She then cried, "He is gone, he is gone;" then Nature failing, ſhe ſunk fainting into the Arms of *Garangula*, who ſtood near her.

From this ſhe ſoon recovered, and with Life return'd all that Senſe of Anguiſh which ſhe had ſtifled from her Lover's Obſervation. She then beat her Boſom, and complained that every *Cayugan* Maid was happier than ſhe. "Why muſt the no-"bleſt Being that ever graced the human "Race, be thus exiled from his Country? "Deteſted Iron Whip of Glory, ſhe cried, "that ſcourges the human Heart to Un-"dertakings fatal to Love and Happineſs:

"fatal

" fatal to me and my adored *Onnondagan*.
" Other Maids are permitted undiſturb'd to
" taſte the celeſtial Sweets which Nature
" ſhowers on Boſoms mutually in Love;
" I, only I, am not permitted that Feli-
" city."

In the mean Time, whilſt *Yarico* was thus complaining, *Cannaſſatego* walk'd towards the *Onnondagan* Town, accompanied with his Boſom-friend *Decaneſſora*, during the Journey.

The *Onnondagan* was a long while ſilent: *Decaneſſora* ſaw his Struggles, and did not attempt to interrupt him in his Grief, till it was a little moderated.

At length *Cannaſſatego*, waking from the deep Reverie in which he had been involved, ſeized the Hand of *Decaneſſora* with great Earneſtneſs, and ſuddenly exclaimed,
" I charge thee by our Friendſhip, be thou
" a Father to the lovely Maid I have now
" left behind me; be more than Brother;
" ſoothe her Soul with every conſoling
" Idea that can make Life eaſy: Tell her
" I go to reap full Harveſts of Renown,
" to pour into her Lap: Tell her my
" Heart ſhall beat for her alone: Tell her,
" Oh! *Decaneſſora*; forgive my Weakneſs;

" tell her, I could with Joy renounce all " future Glory, to waſte my Life in Soli- " tude with her."

Decaneſſora did not oppoſe him in thus diſcharging his Anguiſh, but ſoothed him with Anſwers which were agreeable to his Situation. The ſetting Day brought them to the *Onnondagan* Caſtle; where being fatigued with the Journey, we ſhall leave them to take a Night's Repoſe and the Reader alſo, as peradventure he may be by this Time tired, by being led thro' the Woods of *America.*

CHAP. III.

Cannaſſatego's *Journey to* New York. *The Deſcription of the honourable Captain* Charles Bounce; *with a ſlight Sketch of the noble Earl his Father.*

AT this Time there lay at *New York* a Man of War ready to ſail for *England*; this the *Onnondagans* had learnt from the *Engliſh* Traders who were lately come amongſt them: It was therefore reſolved that *Cannaſſatego* ſhould embark on board this Ship, and proceed to ſmoke the Calumet

met of Peace, or boil the War-kettle with the great King.

THE *Onnondagan* therefore, after having performed the Ceremonies which are neceſſary to be paſt, to diſcover whether the Undertaking would prove auſpicious or not, having ſupped with his Companions, according to the Cuſtom of his Country, accompanied with *Decaneſſora* and others of his Friends, ſet forward on their Journey to *New York*.

AND here, as lying under one great Tree, or in a Wigwam, in one Part of the Foreſt, is very much like lying under another great Tree, or in a Wigwam, in another Part of it, we ſhall not give a Journal of their March, or trouble our Readers with what paſt during that Time.

YET notwithſtanding this, if we had the leaſt Inclination to fill this Journey with marvellous and ſurprizing Adventures, we might indulge our Readers in killing Lions, Panthers, Leopards, and Elephants, Animals unknown to theſe Countries, every Day, like many other Writers of true and authentic Travels. And indeed we apprehend, that like thoſe Map-makers, who adorn with theſe Beaſts the Continent of *America*,

rica, becauſe Cities are wanting to fill up the unknown Parts of it, we have a Right to lard our Hiſtory with Rencounters and Conqueſts of theſe voracious Animals, thro' mere Sterility of Subject, in the large Foreſts of *America*, which, to the great Mortification of an Hiſtorian, afford no Inns on the Road, Scenes of much Delight for thoſe who deal in Invention void of Truth; but as that is an Affair of quite another Nature from our Deſign, we ſhall therefore take the Liberty to ſtep before our *Indian* Chief, and bring the Reader a little acquainted with the Commander of the * * * * * *, lying at *New York*.

THIS Gentleman's Name was the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, the third Son of the Earl of *Braggard*, Viſcount *Puff*, and Baron *Bounce*, which was alſo the Name of the Family.

THIS young Gentleman had always been conſidered, by the noble Lord his Father, as a Lad that would make his way in the World, he always inſiſted that *Charles* had Parts. When a Boy, he had never ſhewn the leaſt Inclination or Capacity in learning any thing; notwithſtanding which, he had vaſt animal Vivacity, this is often miſtaken for Wit in Boys and Men, and

in

in that Light had been considered by his right honourable Parent: He had ever a Disposition to beat the younger Boys of the School, whom he kept under him, which gained him the Character of Courage; being at the same time most extremely civil to those whom he had Reason to believe were his Equals, or what is generally stiled in the School Phrase, a Match for him, which was put down to his Cunning and Civility. Added to this, he had a natural Assurance, that in Times when Modesty was much in Fashion, might have been stiled Impudence; which Attribute, tho' none of the Virtues, is in Fact worth them all for Preferment in this World: A Remark made by Lord *Verulam* as an undoubted Truth in his Time, and which has been verified in Millions of Instances down to the Present, in Ministers and others. At School there was nothing which he dared not to propose; whenever an Orchard was to be attacked, he made the Speech which moved them to Action; but then his Valour was wisely tempered with Prudence, and he modestly declined leading the Way, thinking it too much to make the Speech, and lead the Van, like ancient Heroes in former Stories.

From these Accomplishments, which were mistaken for Parts and Courage by his

Father, ſuch is the Diſtinction of parental Fondneſs, and noble Capacity, *Charles* was from his Youth deſtined to be an Admiral; in Conſequence of this Deſtination, being no more than twenty-five Years of Age, he had already been ſome Time a Captain: Indeed there was another Part in his Son's Conſtitution, which his noble Parent built very much upon; this was, that *Charles*, at fifteen Years of Age, was ſurprized by his Lady-mother between a Pair of Sheets with her Waiting-woman; which latter Part of the Appellation, we humbly conceive in this Inſtance to be more juſtly uſed than that of Maid, by a true Hiſtorian, who examines what he delivers; and indeed we apprehend it is from ſimilar Inſtances of this kind, that Ladies have lately agreed to call thoſe Females, who have the Honour of being near their Perſons with Combs, Pins, Pomatum, Rouge, Bruſhes, black and white Lead, by the Name of their Women, as being a Denomination in which they are much leſs likely to make Miſtakes, than in that of Maid; which being ſynonimous with Virgin, is ſomething too ſacred to be ſported with on dubious Occaſions, whereas that of Woman anſwers to Maid, Wife, or Widow bewitched, or otherways.

This Accident then, of being ſurprized in Mrs. *Chambers*'s Bed, was a Matter of great Conſolation to the right honourable Peer; he boaſted of it in all Companies, and ſwore that all the clever Heroes of Old were damn'd whoring Fellows; I was juſt ſuch another. "Your *Alexanders*, ſays he, "as I find in Mr. *Handel*'s *Alexander's Feaſt*, "ſet a Town on Fire to pleaſe his Wench; "and I doubt not, adds his Lordſhip, but "*Charles* will be as great as any *Alexander* "of them all, damme."

And here, leſt my Readers, who are not well acquainted with the true Way of riſing in honourable Perferments, ſuch as live in Countries remote from the great City may be induced to believe that the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* had attained this early Honour thro' Dint of true Merit, and undoubted Courage, we ſhall take the Liberty of juſt hinting, that the noble Lord his Father, having the Command of three Boroughs, had made this favourite Son of his a Repreſentative of one of them.

This ſingle Circumſtance of being a Member, including at preſent all that is both honourable and powerful, virtuous and valiant, had not a little contributed to place

this

this young Gentleman in the Command of the * * * * * *.

Such therefore as he was at School, he continued in his Manhood; and such was the Repute of his Courage, that tho' many Men have manifested some little Inclinations to doubt it, there are many more who are positive that a braver Seaman never stept between the Stem and Stern of a Ship; but indeed it was chiefly that kind of Gentlemen, who never knew what these two Denominations signified, or had seen any Sea but the great Piece of Water in their Father's Park, from which, and the small Vessel swimming on it, they had taken the Notion of Men of War and the Ocean.

In order therefore to place this honourable Personage in a true Light, and do Justice to his Character, we shall draw a faithful Portrait of him, and his Behaviour; and then, endeavouring to analize and explain what constitutes true Courage in a Man, leave it to the Decision of the Reader, whether the honourable *Charles Bounce*, Captain of the * * * * * *, was a Man of real Valour or not; yet not with such Precipitation, but that we shall first close this Chapter, concluding that our Readers would certainly be highly offended at our Indiscretion, if that

that Qualification, which the *Romans* diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *Virtus*, as the firſt of Virtues, ſhould be treated at the latter End of a Chapter.

CHAP. IV.

The happy Union of Courage and Prudence exemplified in the Behaviour of the honourable Captain Charles Bounce, *together with a diſcrete Preſervation of his Majeſty's Ship and Subjects: A Chapter to be ſtudied by all Captains in thoſe perilous Times.*

THE honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* being thus made a Commander of a Sixty-gun Ship, which he had already enjoyed ſome Years, had been very eminently diſtinguiſhed by Lady *Fortune*, whoſe Favours all Men covet: He had taken many a rich Merchant-man; and damaged his Majeſty's Ship, which was intruſted to his Care, leſs than any Commander in the Navy.

To his immortal Honour be it ſpoken, he had brought leſs Expence on the Government by repairing his Ship from the Injuries of Battle in five Years, than Captain *Brett* had

had done in five Hours; ſuch ſingular Diſcretion he always mixt with his Valour, ſo provident he was of all that was committed to his Care, and ſo heedleſs the other.

Indeed, conſidering the enormous Debt of this Nation, and with what Difficulty Money is raiſed for the neceſſary Supplies in Times of Turbulence, that from public Authority we are told, that we ſhall be in good Condition to undertake a War two Years hence, which imparts but a negative Conſolation of not being at preſent in that State; we are obliged to agree, that the Miniſtry manifeſts the utmoſt Prudence in conducting the national Affairs, by thus preferring thoſe Captains, who are tender and cautious of enflaming the Expences of the Year, by running their Ships into expenſive Broils, to thoſe hot-headed Fellows who are for ever ſeeking ſome Occaſion to ſink, burn, or deſtroy the Enemies Ships of War, and diſabling their own.

Owing to this Prudence in the Commanders, it is imagined that thoſe Captains, who were a little ſlur'd in Courts Martial by their fellow Officers for Miſdemeanours in the laſt War, have been made Governors and Commanders in the preſent Exigency of Affairs: Diſcretion, inclining to Fear, being beheld with

with a more favourable Eye by the Great, than Courage inclining to the immoderate.

The honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* was a rare Inſtance of this happy Union of Prudence mixt with Valour: In all his Chaſes, whenever he had the leaſt Suſpicion that it was a Man of War belonging to the Enemy, he purſued with great Deliberation; he always took Time to look about him, and was ever much inclined to imagine that he ſaw two Ships in the Place of one, great Diſcretion, like Drunkenneſs, doubling the Object, and preferred coming up to his Enemy towards the Cloſe of the Evening, to the Noon-tide Hour. By this prudential Method, if he perceived that there was nothing but Bruiſes to be gotten, he had an Opportunity of diſpoſing of Things to the beſt Advantage during the Night.

"Damme, Lieutenant, ſays he, we "ſhall have the Dogs ſlip from us in the "Dark, the cowardly *French* Son of a B—: "I'll be damn'd if he does not run for it; "put before the Wind; make all poſſible "Sail, my Lads; all Hands aloft there: "I'll wage a thouſand Guineas, damme, "we find them To-morrow Morning, by "crouding all our Sails, juſt a-head of us." And of this Opinion he was always inclined

to

to be, when he perceived that the Enemy was turning to Windward.

If indeed before the Wind was the Manner of the Enemy's Sailing, he was always horridly afraid, leſt being a better Sea-boat than that which he commanded, ſhe might eſcape, by turning to the Windward; he therefore kept that Manner of Sailing all the Night, leſt the Enemy ſhould be in that Situation the next Day.

By this means, in the Morning, when he found the Enemy's Ship quite out of Sight, he ſwore with moſt horrid Vehemence and Execration, that he could not poſſibly conceive which Way ſhe could eſcape. "But by ——, ſays he, Lieutenant, "neither Prudence or Courage produce any "thing great: Luck is all, damme."

At other Times however, when Fighting was inevitable, he ſhewed equal Diſcretion in conducting his Ship: If he was at Windward, he cried, "Look ye, my Lads, "damme, if any Man that ever croſs'd "a Deck is leſs afraid than I am; and yet "conſider that in being too near, from the "Heeling of the Ship, we are all open to "the ſmall Arms of the Enemy, and they "are ſecure from ours; we have nothing

"for

" for it, but endeavouring to hit her be-
" tween Wind and Water, which may ſink
" them on the other Tack, therefore keep
" a due Diſtance, my Lads; mind the
" Helm, my Lad."

In like manner, when he was at Leeward, he was equally cautious of allowing a proper Room, thro' Fear of receiving a Shot betwixt Wind and Water, which might be their Deſtruction. " For, ſays he, a Ship " like this is not built in three Days, nor " man'd at a ſmall Expence, and ſhould " not be thrown away careleſsly: Dam-" me, for myſelf, I care not Sixpence." Yet notwithſtanding this flaming Courage, this Captain ſcarce ever popp'd his Head above the Netting, which was well cramm'd with Hammocks, to keep off the Effects of ſmall Arms: But this Care and Circumſpection was not perſonal, it aroſe from the Attention he had for his Majeſty's Ser-" vice. For, damme, Gentlemen, ſays he, " when a Commander is dead, Things " very often take a wrong Turn, and go " extremely ill; otherwiſe, what is Life, " by ——, not worth a Can of Flip, but " for the Service of our Country."

Thus by this happy Mixture of Valour and Diſcretion, he had repeated times preſerved

ſerved his Majeſty's Ship and Subjects, a Virtue to be valued above all the little Honours, which are to be gotten by tearing one another to Pieces, and which the *Romans* rewarded with a Civic Crown.

It is an old and a juſt Remark, that no Man is wiſe at all Times, and indeed there were certain Moments when the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, was totally diveſted of all that cool and ſedate Courage, which ever attended him in Purſuit, or in Battle with any Enemy's Ship of War.

If at any Time he eſpied an *Eaſt* or *Weſt Indiaman*, laden with the Riches which theſe different Parts of the World produce, he was all Fire, nothing could reſtrain him: "More Sail damme: what are you all "aſleep there? Mind that you don't fire "a Gun till you come within Piſtol-ſhot "of her," by this means he often fired but one Ball, and took his Prize without a Shot being returned on their Side.

Notwithstanding this Sally of Courage on ſuch Occaſion, I know there are many Men who ſlily inſinuate that Courage does not admit of ſuch Mixture, and aſſert that ſuch Men as the Honourable Captain *Charles*

Charles Bounce are of no Value, like Sherbet not worth drinking, becauſe it wants Spirit.

METHINKS however, the juſt Diſtinction and Characteriſtics of Courage, have never been truly delineated; Men in general conceiving it to be like the Spirit of the *Engliſh* Maſtiff, or Game-cock, which is ready to engage at all Times, and die rather than run away.

THIS I think, may be properly enough decided to be the Character of Courage in Brutes, but in Man, a reaſonable Creature, I humbly preſume it is ſometimes of a different Nature, and may admit of much Variety; for the Sake of which Variety alſo, we conclude this Chapter, to beſtow a ſeparate one on the noble Virtue of Courage.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

A Dissertation on Courage in quite a new Way, which we hope will prove satisfactory to many a warlike Outside in this Kingdom.

IT is a Remark as old as the Days of *Solomon*, that there is nothing New under the Sun; this Observation many wise Men who have no other Title to the Appellation, than that like the Monarch of the *Israelites* they have lived a Life of Vanity, have frequently repeated in our Times, expecting the same Opinion was still equally founded in Truth.

INDEED a certain set of Literatissimi, the Booksellers, have long been of that Opinion with respect to literary Productions; for which Reason they have employed many a voluminous Writer, to collect Scraps from the Works of other Men, which being tacked together and compiled into a new Title, like Rags gathered by old Women and then beaten up into Paper, forms a new Manufacture.

THESE Gentlemen tell us, that all they want is a florid Style, that runs tripping off the

the Tongue light and eaſy, like a Race Horſe carrying a Feather, or that of the * * * * * not quite ſo much encumbered with Thought.

NOW one would be led to imagine, that thoſe Men, like all others, ſhould be the beſt Judges of their ſeveral Callings, and the Wares they ſell; this indeed, many great People are of Opinion is true alſo, for which Reaſon, when a new Work is advertiſed, the Male and Female Ladies conſult only the Perſon for whom it is printed, which if it appear not to be for Mr. * * * they immediately conclude it cannot be worth the Reading, and if it be for him, without reading it, that it is a moſt excellent Performance, and worth peculiar Attention; and yet we have known the World more than once deceived, by this outward and viſible Sign of inward and ſpiritual Grace, particularly in the Works which that Gentleman has favoured the World with from his own Hand.

THIS Aſſertion of nothing being new under the Sun, we conceive therefore with all due Submiſſion to the wiſeſt of Men, tho' it might be true at his Time, may be falſe at preſent; and that tho' he pronounced there was nothing new then, he never

intended to mean that there never would be hereafter; therefore being thus gotten ſhut of *Solomon*, we think ourſelves free from all Imputation of Arrogance, if we dare to differ from the more Modern Sages, who have preſumed to pronounce the ſame Aſſertion.

For Example, if *Solomon* the wiſeſt of Men were now living, would not he allow that the Marriage Act was a new way of propogating Virtue, defending Innocence, and ſupporting the Character of Religion, by favouring ſo particularly thoſe who miniſter in Holy Things?

That to keep a People without the Knowledge of Arms, was a New and moſt Excellent Method of defending their Country, from the Invaſion of thoſe who are trained to the Uſe of them.

That Bribery and Corruption were new and uncommon moral Inſtitutes, and Perjury fully permitted once in ſeven Years; like bleeding and purging in the Spring, a new and moſt Excellent way of carrying off all the Ill-humours, which might otherwiſe come on during the remaining Time, from that vitious Diſpoſition in Man.

These

THESE and many other Things of the like Nature, we preſume that *Solomon* himſelf, were he to reviſit this Iſland, would allow at leaſt to be a new way of defending the Property, and encouraging the Morality of a People.

HOWEVER, if he did not (which indeed we ſhould not be ſorry for) we ſhould then take him into our Arms as *Hercules* did *Antæus*, and giving him a *Corniſh* Hug, ſqueeze him to a Confeſſion of the Truth, or unſolomoniſe him by ſuperior Wiſdom; however, to wave all this Preface, we profeſs to offer ſomething New on the Nature of Courage, which tho' it is as good as old Gold, we preſume alſo, has never been yet coined for the Subjects of any Country.

COURAGE then has been defined by *Albumazar*, a very old *Arabian* Writer in Phyſic (whoſe Works are loſt, to the great Affliction of thoſe who admire Antiquity more than Uſe) to be a Fever; in this we agree with this Sage of the dry Deſarts of *Arabia*; but then the Moderns who have not truly ſtudied the Language, have been led into a Miſtake in the Meaning of this *Arabic* Philoſopher, and conceived it to be a Cauſus or continual burning Fever; in

this we diſagree from theſe Modern Wiſemen.

HERE we might indeed have a very favourable Opportunity, of ſhewing our great Skill in the Oriental Tongues, and tho' perhaps one in a Million might diſagree from all we ſhould ſay upon it, yet we are not under the leaſt Apprehenſion of not finding Applauſe from all the reſt; which is as much as any reaſonable Man ought to expect in any literary Performance.

THIS Inclination of declining to gain Fame in this Inſtance, we wiſh to have imputed to our Modeſty; yet when we thus deliver our Sentiments, we do not ſay that Courage is never ſeen under the State of a continual and ardent Fever: We preſume, that it ſometimes and not unfrequently, is an irregular Intermittent, as well as reſembling many other Species of Fevers; or rather that Courage, like the Human Body, is ſubject to various Diſeaſes and Indiſpoſitions.

THAT it is ſubjected to an Intermittency, we deſire no other Proof than that of Experience void of Theory; whoever has had the ſuperior Happineſs of being intimate with that laudable Society of this great

Me-

Metropolis, the *Bucks*, muſt have heard it univerſally aſſerted by theſe Blades, that they have been as brave as *Hercules*, and as ready to combat a Giant on a *Monday*, when no one happened to be in the Way to oppoſe their Courage; which very identical and valorous young Gentlemen were as timid as Hares the next Day, when they had an Opportunity of ſhewing their Proweſs, againſt ſome one who would have oppoſed them.

THIS Difference it is viſible to all could ariſe from nothing but the cold Fit prevailing at that Time; which I think is a plain Proof, that Courage is ſometimes like an intermittent Fever, that the Soul as well as the Body, the Paſſions like the Humours, are ſubject to the Influence of thoſe Particles which can abate the vital Heat; and indeed the ſame Symptoms accompany one which are found in the other, Paleneſs and great Tremblings, and on ſome certain Occaſions a ſudden Diarrhæa.

THIS Obſervation we do not pretend to ſay, has never been hitherto diſcovered, all we mean by it is to juſtify theſe young Gentlemen from the Imputation of Cowardice who refuſe fighting on a *Tueſday*, becauſe they aſſert their Fighting-day was

the *Monday* preceding; beſides, this Species of Courage, or Diſeaſe to which it is ſubject, there is we conceive, another entirely local, not in the vulgar Senſe of every Cock's fighting on his own Dunghill; but in this Manner, as Diſeaſes are common to particular Places, ſuch as Agues to the Fens of *Eſſex*, Calentures to the Sea, the Plague to *Egypt*, and the Itch to *Scotland*, that in this way alſo, there are particular Spots which affect ſome Minds with Courage more than others, and are as one may ſay, more Conſtitutional to them.

To inſtance in this honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, when he was at Home no Man was more indiſcreet and fiery in his Valour in all his naval Engagements, which he fought over again upon Land to amuſe his Friends; the Ships were always within Piſtol-ſhot of each other, you might fling a Biſcuit Cake on board, or Yard-arm and Yard-arm; his Ship after the Engagement was ſhattered like a Wreck, every Maſt carried by the Board but the Mizen, more than Half the Crew was killed and thrown over-board, and the Enemy's Ship ſaved only becauſe he could not purſue it, by not being able to ſpread an Inch of Canvaſs.

HENCE it plainly appears, that this noble Commander's Courage, was as great as any Man's in its conſtitutional Place, and I here boldly affirm, notwithſtanding what others may believe, that if two Men of War could be fought upon dry Land, that the Captain *Bounce's* Courage had been as exemplary, and ſhone forth with as much Fury, as that of any naval Officer on the Liſt; indeed this Gentleman was very unhappy in another Inſtance of Locality of Courage, his Mind in this reſpect ſeemed to have taken an ugly Twiſt; it was remarkable, that on-board his own Ship at Sea, his Valour was extremely great in ſingle Combats upon Land; he ſcarce paſt a Day but he run ſome one through the Body, in the Narratives he gave to his Lieutenants of his Rencounters, and yet on coming on Shore the Effluvia of the Earth had a ſtrange Effect on him, quite contray to that in the Scurvy; it brought on ſuch a Dejection of Land and Elevation of Sea-courage, that the Captain would ſtand a Twig by the Noſe on Shore and not ſeem to be ſenſible of it; and from this unlucky Accident in Conſtitution it was the whole Difference roſe, and no want of Valour in any other Shape; for I firmly believe, that if Duels on the Land could but have been fought at

Sea, and naval Engagements on Shore, that there had not been a braver Man in the King's Armies.

If there ſhould however, ſeem any Impropriety in this Species of Valour, it muſt be obſerved, that it was by no means the Fault of the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, nor to be imputed to him, he neither having had the making himſelf, or any other Matters in this World, and therefore could not be anſwerable for the Effects of natural Cauſes, and the Difference which ſome People remarked he was ſubject to in changing Sea for Land, and the contrary. This then is plainly a Diſeaſe, ariſing ſome way or other from the different Effects of terreſtrial and aqueous Particles on the ſame Courage.

However, leſt malicious Minds ſhould ſtill inſiſt upon this Species of Courage to be no more than Cowardice, we ſhall take the Liberty to prove in one Inſtance, that this honourable Captain *Bounce* both at Sea and on Shore, without the leaſt Mark of Fear continued to challenge and defy the greateſt of all Beings, by Blaſphemy and other provoking Words, to attack him; which ſingle Inſtance we humbly conceive, is ſufficient to prove that he was a Man

of

of real and undoubted Courage; the great Powers of that Being which we provoke againſt us, being always a Demonſtration of the Bravery of the Aggreſſor; and in this Place, and from this Argument, to the Honour of our Countrymen we firmly aver, that no Nation can ſhew ſo many truly intrepid Sons of Valour, as *Great Britain.*

THIS then, we hope will be a Vindication of all local Courage, from every future Imputation of Puſillanimity; and an Honour to our Country. Beſides this local, there is yet another Species of Valour, which, as far as we have found in our reading, is not yet mentioned in any Author Ancient or Modern; it is the Effects which particular Objects are liable to have on the Minds of ſome very valorous Men. There are Men who would have combated the whole *Roman* Amphitheatre of Gladiators and wild Beaſts, and never manifeſted the leaſt Token of Diſmay, who ſweat with Fear at the Smell of a Cat; ſome again are frightened to Death at an Old Woman in a white Sheet; others faint away at the cutting a Leg of Mutton a-croſs; nay, a certain intrepid Buck who had an Antipathy to a Cat, gave me his Word of Honour, that in a Duel which he fought, he

never could bring himſelf within Reach of his Adverſary's Sword, that he trembled, grew pale, retired as the other advanced; that all this was inexplicable to him till after he had begged his Life, without being wounded, he perceived that his Antagoniſt, knowing his particular Averſion, had put a Cat ſkin Muff in his Pocket, which had been the Occaſion of all this puſillanimous Appearance and Retreat; "and "damme," ſays he, "if I can bring "any of my Acquaintance to believe me "in this Story, and my Courage has ſuf-"fered ſome Slander on this Account ever "ſince."

THERE are beſides this Phænomenon, many other very extraordinary Appearances in the Exhibition of Courage. How many Men can bear the moſt intimate Acquaintance with a Thing, and rejoice in its Company in one Shape, who cannot ſuffer it in another? I have ſeen an eſſenced Beau hang on an elegant hilted Sword, wrapt ſnugly up in a Brown-leather Caſe, with the greateſt Joy of Heart and ſelf Satisfaction, and yet on the drawing it ſo that the Effluvia eſcaping from the cold Iron could hit his Organs of Viſion, he has fallen into the greateſt Marks of Fear, and was never at Eaſe till it was returned to its Scabbard,

when

when he immediately recovered: This was a Symptom which attended the Courage of *James* the First of *England* in a very particular Manner, even when there was no Cauſe of Quarrel or Oppoſition.

THERE are other Species of Courage which will make a Man ſtand the Attacks of Death in a Cudgel, and defy its Terrors as cool as *Cato*, and yet fly like Wild-geeſe at the Smell of Powder; ſuch are the Effects of various Effluvia.

THERE are beſides thoſe Effects of different Effluvia upon Courage, which we have already mentioned, ſeveral of quite another Kind; ſome are affected by Iron only in the Hands of other People, and not at all intimidated by preſerving it in their own, provided their Antagoniſt have it not.

AND here, according to the modern Uſage of phyſical Writers, after having deſcribed our Diſeaſes, we chooſe to add a Hiſtory by way of Illuſtration; ſo that thoſe whoſe Perceptions cannot riſe high enough to cure upon Principle and Theory, may learn to kill by Example and Precedent, as Boys learn to weave, or drive a

Cart, by long Obſervations of Weavers and Waggoners.

A CERTAIN young Gentleman whoſe Name was *Swagger*, the eldeſt Son of a noble Family, aged twenty-three, being in Company with another of much the ſame Age, was ſuddenly ſeized with a Belief that he had received an Inſult from his Companion; upon which having his Sword, whereas the other had none, he drew it, and with great Symptoms of Ardency and Burning, high Pulſe, red Countenance, and inflamed Eyes, would have run him thro' the Body, if he had not been prevented by ſome intervening Perſons; the next Day the ſaid young Gentleman who had thus burningly and bravely determined to maſſacre the other, was as ſuddenly ſeized with Cold, Paleneſs and Trembling, his Pulſe ſcarce moved, and his Water ran from him involuntarily, which Phyſicians have always remarked as one of the moſt dangerous of all Symptoms in Diſeaſes; all this Alteration aroſe from nothing more than a gentle Hint, from the Perſon he had intended to kill the Day before, or rather from a certain Piece of cold Iron which hung ſlanting from his left Side, going off in an Angle which has not yet been truly meaſured, as

far as we have obſerved in the Works of any Mathematician of Repute, of all thoſe who have been ſent to the Arctic Circle or Equator, which ſhews how much Philoſophers are apt to neglect Things of Conſequence for Trifles.

THIS indeed may be in ſome Senſe conſidered as an Intermittency of Courage, but we rather chooſe to give it as a new Diſorder, tho' we know it to be proceeding from the ſame Cauſe; and thus like Doctors to multiply Diſeaſes in our Writings, that we may appear to have diſcovered and cure them the better in our Practice.

THERE are alſo, thoſe whoſe Courage is one eternally burning Fit when they are with-held by Company, and all ſhivering when they are not, which Race is remarkably affected by a Courſe of Steel, and ſometimes by Leather in the Shape of a Shoe applied ſuddenly to the Poſteriors: and indeed there was this remarkable in the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, that his Valour boiled over like Mount *Veſuvius*, at the Sight of a Ship which was not equipt with certain Quantities of Iron and Steel, ſhaped into Cannon, Guns, and Swords; yet wherever theſe Implements were found, the Spirit of Valour flew away and left his

Mind very vapid and much ſunk, like a Barometer on a rainy Day, or Small-beer long uncorked; indeed his Soul with reſpect to Iron, was of a quite different Nature from that of the Loadſtone, and the Repulſion in this Inſtance was as remarkable a Phænomenon, as the Attraction in the other.

THESE different Effects on the Human Courage, we apprehend to take their Riſe from the phyſical and external Influence of various Effluvia acting on the Minds of young Gentlemen, whoſe Valour would never have been impeached, if the true Nature of what is called Fear had been thoroughly examined: For this Reaſon, it is cruel to the laſt Degree to impute Cowardice to a pretty young Gentleman, becauſe the Particles of Iron are repugnant to his Conſtitution, and act by Repelling; or the Smell of Gun-powder, like Muſk to a fine Lady, throwing him into fainting Fits.

IN all theſe Inſtances, it is the Conſtitution ought to be blamed, and not the Hero; If the *Anima, Archæus*, or ſentient Principle cannot be ſtimulated to Action, but on the contrary, like Crows it flies from the Scent of Powder, how can the Blame be laid to the want of Courage, when it plainly appears

appears to ſpring from Cauſes purely phyſical.

THUS having waſted much Time, Study, Paper and Ink, we hope not altogether uſeleſsly, to juſtify many a clever young Fellow in the Nature of his Valour, and the Government in not diſcharging them the Service; we promiſe ourſelves ſome Applauſe from theſe very Gentlemen, who without doubt will receive with no diſpleaſing Aſpect a Philoſophy which proves, that what has hitherto thro' miſtaken Notions in the Knowledge of Nature been denominated Cowardice, is no more than certain Effluvia which affect the Soul in this Caſe, as others do the Body; and that Trembling, Coldneſs, and other Symptoms conſequent of theſe Particles, are as much natural Effects in the Human Courage, as on the Body, and perhaps may be truly ſtiled a Fever on the Spirits. It is therefore permitted to theſe ſaid clever young Gentlemen, to cite this Work in all Companies, in Truth of what is here laid down. And we farther promiſe, that we ſhall at all Times be ready to draw our Pen, and ſpill the laſt drop of our Blood in defence of this account

THUS having ſettled this Matter with great Satisfaction to ourſelves, and we preſume

ſume with no leſs to no ſmall Part of our Male Readers, we haſten on to other Parts of this true and intereſting Hiſtory.

CHAP. VI.

The Deſcription of Phelim Macvalor, *firſt Lieutenant of the* * * * *and Mr.* Probit, *the ſecond; their different Diſpoſitions, together with the Deſcription of Parſon* Pugh *the* Welch *Chaplain, and* Sandy Macpherſon *the* Scotch *Surgeon; the like of which four are not to be found in any other Hiſtory.*

BESIDES this Captain deſcended of noble Blood, there was his firſt Lieutenant of Forty-five, an *Iriſhman*, who Five and twenty Years before had been made a Lieutenant by his old Commander at Sea, for diſcovering and exerting as much Courage, as ever had fallen to the Share of any one Man.

INDEED he wanted a few Qualifications which are more neceſſary than Knowledge in his Profeſſion and Courage, to promote a Man

a Man in the Fleets and Armies of *Great Britain.*

It was not Honesty, for he was Probity itself; it was not Courage nor Humanity, for he never turned his Back on Friend or Foe, having never fought in an Engagement where he did not conquer; and he had mortgaged his Commission and Half-pay a whole Year, to relieve a Friend from a Jail, tho' he had a Wife and four children who had no other Provision to live on: In short it was not a Deficiency in any of these Virtues which are to be found in moral Writers, but of those more Modern ones which are Inmates of a Minister's Heart, and have expelled the rest from Human Society.

It seems this odd Fellow had an utter Aversion to an Informer, and contemned alike the Giver and Receiver of Bribes; he had perswaded his Father to vote for the Country Interest, in chooſing a Representative for a Town in his Country; and swore he would rather go to the Bottom, than Old *Ireland* should sink an Inch under Water, or be deserted by his Family: And for this antiquated Notion of his he would have been dismissed the Service, but that the Honourable Captain

Charles Bounce, knowing that Lieutenant *Mac Valor*'s Courage was not of the Lydal Kind, had by his own Intereſt preſerved him his Commiſſion; in ſhort, this Man had nothing againſt him, but preferring his Country to miniſterial Views, and nothing in his Favour but Underſtanding his Profeſſion as well as the beſt Officer in this or any other Nation, Good nature, great Courage, and Underſtanding; which Qualifications in Oppoſition to the firſt, have but little Weight; indeed there was one more, that additional one of ſometimes uſeing a favourite Figure of his own Nation: ſuch were the Excellencies of Lieutenant *Phelim Mac Valor*.

BESIDES this Gentleman, the ſecond Lieutenant was the Son of a Gentleman of a noble Family, whoſe Father (a ſecond Brother) had ſpent his Fortune in Gaiety, and whoſe Uncle who had but one Son poſſeſſed the Title and the paternal Eſtate, which was very conſiderable; he was Affable and Modeſt, neither feared Danger nor courted it, he never vaunted of his Courage or fought a Quarrel, gave or refuſed a Challenge; was of a genteel Figure and amiable Preſence; his Underſtanding, though not that of a Genius, was of the firſt Degree of the ſecond Rate; beſides this he was a good

School-

School-scholar; he was the Favourite of Lieutenant *Macvalor*, and not much beloved by the Captain: It seems that noble Commander had a small Suspicion that Lieutenant *Probit* had penetrated the true State of his Mind, and that he did not believe him absolutely that Hero which he wished to be thought by every one of the Ship's Crew.

To these Gentlemen there is to be added a very respectable Person, who was no less than Chaplain on board the * * * * * *. He was descended of a Line of Gentlemen, whose Title to that Honour no one has ever dared to dispute: His true Name was *David ap Hugh*, running backwards in *aps* for a thousand Generations, now commonly called *David Pugh*. This Divine was a Man of very exemplary Life and Conversation: He had taken his Rudiments in Literature on a certain Mountain in *Brecknockshire*, which, tho' the *Parnassus* of that Country, was not so much frequented as the *Grecian*, and therefore Mr. *David Pugh* had the whole Hill to himself, excepting the Goats, who loved to browze thereon.

In his early Youth he was a great Lover of Learning, and either at fourteen or fifteen Years old, we will not be too positive in such material

material Circumſtances, by dint of great Application, had attained the great Art of reading a Chapter in the Bible without ſpelling the Words before Hand; which being the firſt Inſtance of Reading in this ancient Family, and looked upon as a very ſingular Phænomenon by his Parents in this Country, his Father and Grandfather, and Mother and Grandmother, and all his Relations, were reſolved he ſhould be brought up in the Service of the Church.

Now, in this Part of the World, a Univerſity Education is by no means neceſſary for thoſe who are deſtined to holy Orders: It ſeems there is a medium Kind of Creature, known only to this Country, between a Divine and Layman, ſomething like a Mule amongſt Animals, which is diſtinguiſhed by the Name of Parſon, with this Difference, that the latter propagate their Species, and the former not.

Mr. *David Pugh* was of this Kind; and had been introduced into the Miniſtry of holy Things, by the Biſhop of *St. Davids*, who once a Year, at his Palace at *Aborguilly*, ſets up a Manufactory of this Kind of middle Beings.

The Requiſites neceſſary for the Admiſſion of ſuch Men into holy Orders, are only a good Knowledge in the old *Britiſh* Language, and to read *Engliſh*; but to do Juſtice to Parſon *David Pugh*, he was a much deeper Scholar than is uſually found amongſt the Order of Parſons, and had beſides thoſe two, a very pretty Knowledge of *Lilly*'s Accidence, and could write a legible Hand.

His firſt Preferment in his Profeſſion, was a Curacy of five Churches, for doing the Duty of which, he received from his Rector the Sum of ten Pounds a Year; but as the Parſon had upon this Encouragement preſumed too much, married a young Wife, and gotten ſix Children, this Sum, which tho' it might have been a very genteel Support for a Gentleman and his Lady, was rather too ſcanty for the Addition of ſix Children; he had therefore added ſome other Sudies and Occupations to that of Divinity and Preaching; and thus by dint of playing the *Welch* Harp at the Wedding of thoſe Couples in the Evening, which he had married in the Morning, ſelling a Cup of good Ale to his Pariſhoners, and keeping a School, he had procured a very conſiderable Income, being not leſs, in the whole taken together, than that of twenty-five Pounds a Year.

In the Village where this Parſon had made his Abode, there dwelt two Gentlemen of very different Diſpoſitions and Deſigns, the Juſtice of Peace and the Exciſeman.

Thomas Jones, Eſq; was the Name of the firſt, and *John Popkins* the Name of the ſecond.

The Squire, tho' a Juſtice of the Peace, and had taken the Oaths of Allegiance to the King upon the Throne, had ſtill a ſmall Inclination remaining for the *Stuarts*; and the Exciſeman was a moſt ſtaunch Whig, for the ſame Reaſon that there are ſo many in *England*, on account of a certain Sallary of fifty Pounds a Year hand-paid him by his Majeſty.

Now theſe two Gentlemen, like two great Families in a County, being of different Opinions, were great Rivals, and divided the whole Village. The Parſon, being extremely Orthodox, inclined in Principle to the Juſtice, but, as a Seller of Ale, he was obliged to ſtifle that Propenſity before the Exciſeman; for this Reaſon, he never refuſed to pledge his Majeſty's Health in a Bumper with the Exciſeman, nor that of the

the Pretender with the Juſtice, and thus ſeemed alike inclined to each Party.

From this Situation, it happen'd that Ale and Intereſt pulling one way, Conſcience and Principle the other, the Parſon was held ſo equally in Suſpence, that he was always unvarying of the Opinion of that Gentleman of theſe two with whom he happened to be preſent; this had begotten a kind of Servility in his Behaviour, not a little improved by his ſix Days Occupation of drawing Ale alſo.

At length it happened, that a near Relation, his Mother's Brother's eldeſt Daughter's Siſter's Son's Niece, being a waiting Woman at my Lady *M——*, and a great Favourite of my Lord's alſo, which laſt Intereſt ſhe moſtly relied on, had obtained the great Poſt of Chaplain of a Man of War for Parſon *David Pugh*. This then had placed the Parſon in the happy Situation which we have deſcribed, as Chaplain on board the * * * * * *.

There remains at preſent of the Crew no more than one, whom we conceive to be worth our Notice, and this was *Sandy Macpherſon*, who had been a Pounder in an Apocary's Shop, at the great School of Phyſic

in

in *Edinburgh*, where in two Years he had attained a very competent Knowledge in Pharmacy and Surgery.

THIS Gentleman, having ſtrong Recommendation to the Duke of * * * * * * *, tho' he was ſomewhat deficient in the Queſtions which were aſked him at *Surgeon's Hall*, was yet paſs'd as accompliſhed by the Examiners who preſided, influenced not a little thereto by ſome Hints received from a certain Quarter; he was therefore appointed Surgeon of the * * * * * * *.

BESIDES this Recommendation, he had a Perſeverance not eaſily attained by thoſe who ſtudy South of the *Tweed*; and indeed, by diſguiſing what he did not know, in citing the Names of Authors he had never read, and making the moſt of what he did know, with a certain Shrewdneſs of Behaviour, pretty natural to the North, he was not a little eſteemed, by thoſe who had never ſtudied the Profeſſion, as a moſt conſummate Surgeon. His particular Ambition was that of writing a Treatiſe on the Nature of Gun-Shot Wounds, a Subject untouch'd by that Nation, as it ought he ſaid; for this he had prepared every Thing but Obſervation and Practice, the Pen, Ink, Paper, and the like of that, being all in his Cheſt.

SUCH

Such then were the Officers of the * * * * * *, which we ſhall only have an Occaſion to name in this future Hiſtory, perhaps bringing in the Surgeon's Mate, Gunner and Boatſwain on certain Occaſions, like Aſſaſſins in Tragedy, or Footmen in Comedy, without conſidering them as Perſons of the Drama, or inſerting their Names in the firſt Page.

Having thus gotten our Hands together on board, we beg Leave to ſtep back to our *Indian* Hero, the undaunted *Cannaſſatego*, and to introduce to our Readers ſome other Perſons who are to figure and make Part of the Company in this Voyage; and as the Way may be rather longer than is generally imagined by moſt Readers, we ſhall here take leave to breathe a little before we ſet out, and cloſe this Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Two Ladies of very different Shapes and Degrees of Beauty, as well as Diſpoſition of Soul, are introduced to our Male Readers to take their Choice of.

IT is a Remark which we have more than once made, that Authors frequently cloſe a Chapter with a Promiſe of beginning the next with a certain particular Story, Account, Reaſon, or other Matter of Conſequence, which very Circumſtance is never after recorded in the whole Work; this we preſume ariſes ſometimes from want of Memory, at others from want of Capacity, and not unfrequently from no Reaſon at all.

NEITHER of theſe however do we offer for not going on to meet *Cannaſſatego*, the *Indian* Chieftain, on the Road, as we promiſed in our laſt Chapter.

BE it known therefore to our Readers, that being extremely addicted to deep Reflection from our Youth upwards, when at School we expected the coming of our Father's Servant with Horſes to carry us home at the Jubilee Times of *Chriſtmas*, *Eaſter*, and *Whitſuntide*, that always urged by Impatience,

patience, we went out to meet the Man and Horſes even to ſome Miles Diſtance; this, from the above Talent of Reflection, now nipp'd by grey Hairs of Impatience, we found did not at all help the Servant to the Town, where he muſt arrive on ſome other Errands, or ourſelves to the Journey's End; the whole that happened was, that we returned on Horſeback the Way we walk'd out on Foot, and were never the nearer Home, for all this Perambulation.

In like manner we conceive, if we walk'd thro' the Woods of *America* to meet this valiant Chief, we could in no wiſe haſten his Journey to *New York*; we ſhall therefore not loſe Time and Pains in that Affair, but employ ourſelves in that Town, and make all Things ready for his ſpeedy Departure.

This we ſhall in great Part effect, by giving a ſmall Deſcription of two Females, who were to be the Companions of the Voyage.

There is, amongſt ſome Collections of curious Sayings, an old Adage, which ſays, "Age before Honeſty;" this, for aught we know, might be right, before Honeſty was baniſhed the Kingdom; but as we know

know of no Adage, Proverb, Wiſe-ſaying, witty Expreſſion, or *Bon-mot*, ancient or modern, which ſays, "That an old Maid, "who is not handſome, ſhould take place "of a young one who is," we ſhall without Heſitation prefer Beauty to all other Conſiderations, and begin with Miſs *Lydia Fairchild*.

THIS young Lady, when a Child of two Years old, had been left by her Father and Mother, who quitted *New York* with ſeveral other elder Children, to the Care of a Gentleman, who had promiſed to be a Parent, and provide for her.

As ſhe grew up, ſhe was very handſome, well-ſhaped, of a fine Complexion, and gracefully eaſy; her Eyes were large, black, and very ſhining; her Noſe and Forehead in the *Grecian* Taſte; her little Mouth and plumpy Lip, when ſhe ſmiled, diſcovered the fineſt Teeth, which, like Ivory, ſhone through Skains of crimſon Silk; her Hair hung in gloſſy Ringlets of Black upon her ſnowy and ample Neck, which was united to her Head with great Grace and Elegance; thro' theſe Features emanated a Sweetneſs of Soul, which expreſt as much Innocence as *Eve* knew in Paradiſe, before the Serpent had ſeduced her to Deſtruction; gay, as untainted

tainted Probity, ſhe wanton'd like the Lamb which claims Affection from all Eyes, and which defends itſelf from all but Hands inured to Bloodſhed, by its inoffenſive Appearance.

The other was Miſs *Rachael Stiffrump*, deſcended from the true Brood of rigid Preſbyterian Obſtinancy; ſhe was renowned thro' all the Province for her ſtrict Obſervation of the Sabbath; ſhe had never from her Youth upwards once ſtept acroſs the Threſhold of the Door on a Sunday, but to the Meeting-houſe, not even to make ——; ſo ſtrictly had ſhe obſerved the keeping the Lord's Day; and in walking the Streets on this Day, ſhe never turned her Eyes to the right Hand or the left, leſt ſhe ſhould behold the carnal Cock profaning the Sabbath, by ſolacing the laſcivious Hen; ſhe had the Aſſembly's Catechiſm by Heart, ſung Mr. *Watts*'s Hymns to a Miracle, and no Man or Woman in all *America* had a more happy Twang in reading a Sermon than Mrs. *Rachael*: In the Practice of theſe three Things, with now and then a Chapter in the Bible, ſhe moſt piouſly paſt the Sabbath in her own Houſe, after the Service was finiſhed.

THIS devout young Woman was as ſingular in Body as in Soul, not formed by Nature in the common Way, but upon Principles and Proportions which that Goddeſs only reſerves for her greateſt Favourites.

AND here, in Compliance to that Dame, who departed from the uſual Rules in compoſing Mrs. *Rachael*, we ſhall alſo imitate her in our Deſcription, by Beginning at the wrong End alſo.

HER Feet then were long, thick, and broad, in true architectical Proportion adapted to the ſuſtaining Bodies of Weight and Importance, which require Strength below; from the Feet to the Waſte ſhe was faſhioned in Imitation of the Arms of *Cupid*, not ſtrait as his Arrow, but bent like the Bows of that Archer; not ſlender, but as if originally deſigned to ſupply Timber for the making new ones, as his old wore out.

HER Knees, from their Cradle, had received rather a too polite Breeding, and kept more than their due Diſtance from one another.

HER

HER Pin-bones were covered with more Fat than any Ox in *Smithfield* Market, upon which ſhe lean'd her two Elbows, like a Lady on an arm'd Chair.

HER Waſte was round and ſound, ſix Times as ſubſtantial as *Peg Woffington*'s, and much ſhorter; her lovely Boſom reſembled too half-blown Bags of a *Scotch* Bag-pipe in Size, and like thoſe Machines hung in their proper Place under her Arms, when ſhe had no Stays on; however, with the Addition of this Whalebone Conveniency, they were reſtored to their true Situation, and looked like two Kettle-drums ſtrutting before the Shoulders of not a very white Horſe.

FROM her broad Shoulders hung two Arms, to which were faſtened two Hands, which we very much regret were not known in the Times of *Homer*; if they had, we are convinced that great Poet, ſo happy in his Images, would not have ſo ſneakingly deſcribed the Morning by the roſy-finger'd, but the roſey-fiſted *Aurora*; ſo liberal had Nature been in pouring out her Charms on this Female.

Being in extreme good Humour, and intending to finiſh her as ſhe began, ſhe proceeded in her Workmanſhip above as below, and clapt her Head upon her two Shoulders, as Bakers do one Half of a Loaf upon another, without ſtaying to form a Neck; by this means, a String ſtretched before from the Top of one Shoulder to the other, muſt paſs thro' her Mouth, which Feature was ſurrounded with a black Fringe, a Gift that Nature in her moſt liberal Fits ſeldom beſtows on her Female Favourites with ſuch Profuſion; her Lips reſembled a Cherry on the rotten Side, crack'd with too much Ripeneſs, within which her Teeth ſtood like the old Paliſadoes of a Court in Shape and Colour, with here and there one wanting, where the Dogs creep thro'.

Her Eyes were ſmall and grey, and prevented from ſhining by that which Poets call the Diamond Water running off to waſte in great Quantity; however, whatever was wanting in Size and Luſtre in thoſe Features, was amply made up in the Setting, being encircled in the new Taſte, by two very beautiful Rings of Rubies.

Her Noſe was equally prominent with her Cheeks, like the Heads of Cherubims from

from a bad Sculptor; and her Complexion, of the *Aurora* Caſt, like her Hands, entirely covered with Roſes, tho' the Odour which ſhe breathed, was rather more reſembling another Vegetable, the Cabbage, as it is thrown away by inattentive Gardeners, when it begins to be moſt fragrant.

As this Lady's Charms were extremely rare, Nature had taken peculiar Care therefore to conceal them in ſome Parts; for which Reaſon, the Hair of her Head began to take Root cloſe to her Eyebrows, which laſt were big enough for the Humming-bird to build his Neſt in.

By means of this, her Hair, which was dead Coal-black, wirey and ſtrong as Horſe-Hair, concealed her lovely Forehead almoſt entirely.

It is remarkable alſo, that this beneficent Mother having at firſt forgotten to form Dimples in her Favourite, without which no Beauty is complete, had recollected the Miſtake, and made ample Amends, by ſcattering them all over her Face, in many Places running into one another, by a ſupplemental Aſſiſtance, called the Small-pox.

Her Voice was exquiſitely toned to the true Cant; a great Enemy to Faſting, which

ſhe conceived as popiſh and abominable, for this Reaſon her Stomach was always cramm'd with good Cheer, her Mouth with Scripture-Sentences and the Name of the Lord, her Heart with Hypocriſy and Miſchief, and her Head to contrive falſe Appearances.

From this we may gueſs, that tho' ſhe had never been extremely handſome, yet being now Forty, ſhe began to be given over by her Friends, as one not likely to improve much in her Perſon; but as Heaven has wonderful Ways of making up Deficiencies, ſhe was allowed by all to have been amply rewarded with God's Grace, which all the Women, pleaſed with being handſome, agreed was much to be preferred to Beauty.

Yet, alas! ſuch is the frail Diſpoſition of Man, that there is ſcarce one in a Million, who would not prefer the Perſon of the Ducheſs of * * * * *, to all the Piety of all the Saints, incloſed in one ugly old Maid; and ſuch is the Diſpoſition of Women alſo, that not one in ten Times that Number, but would chuſe Beauty mix'd with ſmall Frailties in this World, before Uglineſs, with Happineſs in Reverſion in the other.

WHETHER Mrs. *Rachael Stiffrump* was an Exception to this Remark, we ſhall not decide; we ſhall only obſerve, that tho' this Virgin had never been the Cauſe of Deſire in the Breaſt of another, yet that her own was not without ſtrong Senſations of that Nature; for tho' Uglineſs in a Female may be allowed to be ſome Reaſon for a Man's withholding from Gallantry towards the Poſſeſſor of it, yet it can be none in her abſtaining from a handſome young Fellow.

INDEED this warm Devotion and religious Fervour of Mrs. *Rachael*'s, like Horſe-dung in a Hot-bed, had only brought forth the Plants of L— not Love with more Strength than is uſual in moſt Virgins; which Plant, as it has never been conſidered by Botaniſts amongſt the cold Kind, or wanting much artificial Aſſiſtance to bring it to Maturity, is it no Wonder was ſo thriving in her.

IT ſeems Mrs. *Rachael* had never been ſuſpected to be of a warm Complexion, becauſe the Sign hung out at the Front had never inclined any one to ſtop, and enquire within.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, about twelve Months before this Time, a young ſmug Preſ-

byterian Teacher had come to this Town, and where ſhould the Godly lodge but with the Godly; for this Reaſon, as Mrs. *Rachael Stiffrump* was a Houſekeeper, and had Room for a Boarder, this very Place was choſe for the Abode of this Goſpel-teacher, as being in a Houſe, and with a Perſon, where no poſſible Slander could ariſe, ſhe being ſafe from all worldly Sarcaſm in her pious Character, and he in his religious Calling.

ALAS! how feeble are the Reſolutions and Deſigns of Mortals, as may be particularly remarked in thoſe of our great Miniſters, like the Bloſſoms of a Peach-tree nipt by the firſt Froſt; like the Travels of a Snail, cruſhed by the firſt Footſtep; like the Shooting of a Meteor, a Moment's Blaze, and no more; like ——— but we think three Similes enough for any one thing, and perhaps ſome of our Readers too many, tho' all of them remarkable for Likeneſs.

To return then, Mrs. *Rachael* delighted much in godly Conference with this pious young Teacher: In their Evening's Converſation, which was always ſupported with a Bottle of *Madeira*, or a Bowl of warm Rum-punch, (the ſelf-denying Saints love good Living) ſhe was often wondering how *David* could be a Man after God's own

Heart, if Company-keeping with Women was a Sin; or *Solomon*, the wiſeſt Man, who was a great Company-keeper; ſhe was very ſubject alſo, in the Warmth of her religious Fervour, to put her Hand on the Teacher's Thigh, to ſqueeze his Hand with Vehemence, to ſigh, and turning up the Whites of her Eyes, cry out, "That he was a moſt "prevailing young Man, and that his Word "had a very powerful and piercing Influ-"ence on her Soul; that ſhe hoped the "Lord would defend her, but that ſurely "he had her poor Soul entirely in his "Power."

This, tho' it was ſo ſpiritually ſpoken, the Teacher conſidered as carnally intended; he therefore was determined, thro' Fear of loſing Reputation by Diſcovery, to eat Neck of Beef in Safety in this Place, rather than leap the Pale, ſteal Deer, feed on Veniſon, and run the Riſque of being hanged in another, and made ſome Abatement of Beauty, in Favour of Eaſe and Security; he therefore began ſome Overtures to Mrs. *Rachael*, not of Matrimony indeed, tho' ſomething a-kin to it; however, as he moved but ſlow, and his Hints were diſtant, Mrs. *Rachael* took the Opportunity that Night, of being terribly frightened at the Thoughts of Rogues breaking into the

Houſe, and ran in great Trepidation and Affright into Mr. *Maultext*'s Chamber: Here this good Man, deſtined to the quieting of Souls, with great Piety huſhed her in his Arms into Repoſe, and freed her from all Apprehenſions of Thieves for that Evening, by which one may truly obſerve, how cloſely he had purſued the Sudies of his Calling, to make his Election ſure.

But, alas! ſuch is the Nature of tender Woman, when once their Souls are thoroughly affected with Fear or any other Paſſion, tho' they may get rid of it for a ſhort Time, yet it is extremely apt to return again with redoubled Force, and in this Manner did it happen to Mrs. *Rachael Stiffrump*; this terrifying Fear of Robbers continually returning towards Evening, like a quotidian Ague, ſo that ſhe could not venture to ſleep alone, and never thought herſelf ſafe, but under the Protection of Mr. *Maultext*.

How would the Soul of the Infidel and Prophane have been inſtructed by the Converſation of theſe pious Bed-fellows; every thing was ſaid and done in the Name of the Lord, and an extempore Prayer of an Hour poured forth every Evening before they retired to Reſt.

BEHOLD, you Sinners of *London*, bluſh and be confounded; is this the Practice of the Wicked in your City, who frequent the Places of carnal and prophane Reſort, the beaſtly Temples of *Dowglas* and *Haddock*; how ought you to be aſhamed, that ye thus go to Bed together without firſt ſeeking the Lord, like this *American* Pair of religious Enamorato's.

SIX Months had paſt away in this heavenly and ſpiritual Converſation, and no Sign gave Token of carnal Delight: At laſt the Mind of Mrs. *Rachael* was a little diſturbed by a Symptom, which ſome Doctors have miſtaken for a Dropſy; ſhe therefore, to carry on the Concealment, to ſave her own and her Favourite's Character, determined to ſeek a Cure in old *England*: This was the Reaſon of her undertaking this Voyage.

MISS *Lydia Fairchild*, the Gentleman being dead who had bred her up as a Father, was determined, with the Sum of five hundred Pounds which he had left her, to ſeek her Parents in *England*: She took this Opportunity of going with Mrs. *Rachael Stiffrump*, the Captain proteſting he would treat them

them with great Honour and Respect, during the Voyage.

These Ladies then were ready to depart the Night before *Cannassatego*, *Decanessora*, and other *Indian* Chiefs, arrived at *New York*: These having made their Intentions known to the Governor, that Gentleman recommended this Chief to the particular Care of the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, he therefore imbarked that Evening, and they set Sail the next Morning; and here closing our Chapter, like the End of a Bill of Lading, we conclude, and so God send the good Ship a safe Voyage to her intended Harbour.

CHAP. VIII.

The Stowage of the Passengers a-board Ship. A small Sample of Mrs. Rachael Stiffrump's *serving the Lord in Prayer. The Author acknowledges his want of Genius in certain Descriptions, in which Dr.* Swift *delighted and excelled.*

THE first thing disposed of on-board was the two Ladies, who in this Case, as being Ladies, were lodged in the State-

State-Room, the Captain contenting himſelf with the great Cabin. It ſeems this noble Commander had politely reſigned his Bed to his Female Fellow-travellers, and was himſelf contented to ſwing in a Hammock.

THE *Indian* Chief had his Apartment in a Cabin adjoining to the State-room, in which the Ladies lay, a Partition being at the Head.

THE Paſſengers being thus diſpoſed of, and the Ship under Sail, Mrs. *Rachael* in the State-room recommended herſelf in a long and loud Prayer to Heaven, not forgetting the Captain by Name, whom ſhe recommended alſo to its Protection.

THIS indeed ſhe conſtantly performed twice every four and twenty Hours, either being terribly afraid that Providence would forget her without frequently refreſhing his Memory; which Cuſtom, as we have obſerved it to be practiſed by moſt Diſſenters, we can attribute to nothing but a Conſciouſneſs of a bad Cauſe, that is to fetch up in Diligence what it wants in Merit; or to the imagining that Heaven, like a Prime-miniſter, may be teazed into granting their Requeſt.

THE Ship being now arrived in the open Sea, a certain Diſeaſe, which is conſequent of much Motion on that Element, began to take place on thoſe that were Novices to this kind of Travelling, which Scene, if we were ſo diſtinguiſhedly bleſt with great Genius as the late Dean of *St. Patrick's*, we might diſplay with great Glee to ourſelves, if not to our Readers; but as we too evidently perceive our inferior Capacity ſhrinking beneath the Weight of ſuſtaining ſuch Deſcriptions, we modeſtly decline the Undertaking, and exclaim with Parſon *Adams*, *Non omnia poſſumus omnes*, and with this Scrap cloſe a ſhort Chapter.

CHAP. IX.

A ſhrewd Obſervation. The Effects of Diſtance in Matters of Love and L——— in an Indian *and a Captain of a Ship. A new Species of Attraction diſcovered, which operates different from Electricity or Magnetiſm.*

IT has been cunningly remarked by many cloſe Thinkers, that Diſtance from a Wife has very often improved the Beauty

of thoſe Women who are ſeen around us, ſo that it has been no uncommon Thing for a Gentleman, after leaving his Conſort a few Days, to be remarking that the Maid of the Houſe where he reſides, who at his coming thither appeared as ugly as *Macklin* in the Witch in *Macbeth*, by inſenſible Degrees to poſſeſs Charms little leſs than thoſe of Beauty, and awaken all thoſe Deſires which before ſhe had ſuffocated; in this reſembling the Loadſtone, which attracts by one End that which it repels by the other.

In like manner, the honourable Captain *Bounce* having left at *New York* a certain Female, which tho' ſhe had never been tied by the Bands of Wedlock, had yet well ſupplied the Place of a Wife in one Particular, began to look upon Miſs *Lydia Fairchild* with an amorous Eye; her Beauties, tho' great in Nature, being much increaſed by the Diſtance which they had already ſailed from *New York*.

Cannaſſatego often ſighed in thinking on his lovely Maid; and taking from his Boſom that Image of *Yarico*, which ſhe had drawn on the Piece of Mother of Pearl that ſhe had preſented him, preſs'd it to his Lips a thouſand Times, with Tears and Rapture. "Heavens," he would cry, "do theſe

"Men

"Men taſte the tender Sentiments of Love? "Is their Land productive of common "Nouriſhment, that thus they relinquiſh "all that is dear, and ſeek our World ſo "diſtantly divided by Dangers, which no "Courage can oppoſe? What is the Sol-"dier's Arm againſt the Effects of raging "Winds and Waves?" Thus he pined in Secret, mourning like the Pigeon robbed of his Mate, and was quite over-whelmed with ſolitary Woe; his Breaſt was burſting to unload its Anguiſh.

This Melancholy, without knowing the Cauſe, Miſs *Lydia Fairchild* perceived, and aſked him the Reaſon: Unhackney'd in Diſguiſe, his honeſt Heart gladly poured out the whole Story of his Love before this charming Maid. This ſhe heard with Pity and Politeneſs, ſoothed his Mind with every lenient Word which Good-nature can ſuggeſt, and recalled ſome Sparkling of his ancient Spirit: Indeed his ingenuous candid Converſation and Account of his Paſſion, her ſoothing and pathetic Attention, had begotten a Friendſhip in their Boſoms, unmixed with the Paſſion of Love in the Sexes, and the Voyage became ſupportable to him.

THE honourable Captain alſo perceived the Force of Miſs *Lydia*'s Charms increaſe, as the Departure from *New York* grew greater, and this perhaps in Proportion to the Squares of the Diſtance; which being a new Species of Attraction, different either from Magnetiſm or Electricity, increaſing by Diſtance, we lay Claim to the Diſcovery of it, leſt ſome future Philoſopher peradventure ſhould read a Paper of this Phænomenon before the Royal Society, without confeſſing from whence he ſtole it; a thing not uncommon with Philoſophers.

THIS Senſation, which we do not ſtile Love, grew ſtronger every Day in the Captain, he therefore meditated much how to compaſs his Ends; and to the obtaining that Purpoſe, he doubled his Civility, and employed all the Common-place Cant which Luſt dictates, and this without any kind of Succeſs.

IN ſhort, to make every thing agreeable to her, he would introduce the Lieutenants and Chaplain to her Company more frequently than ever, and at length it was agreed that every one ſhould relate ſome Tale to paſs away the Time, as Miſs *Lydia* was no great Lover of Cards, and Reading always

always was impoſſible; the Stories were to be relative to Love or Marriage.

THE Captain then beginning with the Ladies, deſired them to give ſome pretty little Account of ſome little Intrigue, which Miſs *Lydia* proteſted ſhe was unable to do, becauſe ſhe knew of none; and Mrs. *Rachael Stiffrump* lifting up her Eyes, proteſted ſhe had never read any but godly Books, where filthy and prophane Stories could not be found; and that if the Captain or any other Perſon ſhould uſe any ſuch Converſation, ſhe would retire to the State-room, and pray Heaven to look down and have Mercy upon their poor Souls.

THE Captain then applied to the *Indian* Chief, who with all that is pathetic in Words, Looks and Actions, his Eyes flaſhing Pleaſure at the Name of *Yarico*, delivered the Account of his own Love, which we have already once delivered; for this Reaſon we ſhall not, tho' ſome Circumſtances might have been omitted in one Part, give it again, in Imitation of ſome certain very great Men, who treat their Gueſts with a Chine of Bacon as a freſh Diſh, tho' one Side was eaten the preceding Day; or Half an Apple-pye, the Remains of Yeſterday's Dinner.

AFTER

AFTER this it fell to Lieutenant *Macvalor* to entertain the Company with a Tale, when he ſwore by *Jaſus* that he would rather fight Yard-arm and Yard-arm ſix whole Hours than tell a Story; however the Captain and Miſs *Lydia* would take no Denial, he therefore began, but not till the next Chapter.

CHAP. X.

Lieutenant Macvalor's *Story of his Couſin* Phelim Macbrogue, *in which there is not a Word of* ——

"IN the County of *Tipperary* (upon my "Shoul, and I will betray my Couſin "too) there was one *Patrick O Farrel*, Eſq; "he was after being as brave a Man as "never was born, and had ſtigmatized "himſelf by killing half a Dozen Men "at *Lucas*'s Coffee-houſe in *Dublin* in his "Youth, and more too.

"FAITH and he grew old, and he kept "a good Houſe at his Table; for, upon "my Conſcience, he had three thouſand a "Year, and ſeveral Children, that were not

"all

" all Boys, becauſe there was ſeveral Girls " amongſt them.

" And faith too, he was after drinking " as good Claret as any Man in all *Ire-* " *land*, that he waſh, tho' he was my Cou- " ſhin-germain three Times removed by " my Mother's ſhide.

" In the ſhame County, my Dear, there " was another Family of the *Macbrogue*'s, " that was a very ancient Family as any " in *Europe*; faith and they'll tell you too, " that the oldeſt Family in *Europe* is not " ſo Old as that Family. This Gentle- " man's Name was *Phelim Macbrogue*, and " his Son was called *Phelim Macbrogue* " after him; theſe two Families were nearly " related, for upon my Conſhience Mr. " *O Farrel* either married Mr. *Macbrogue*'s " Wife, or Mr. *Macbrogue* his, by which " they became two Brothers.

At this Miſs *Lydia*, to whom the Diſ- courſe was addreſſed, laughing a little, the Captain ſaid, he believed the Lieutenant " meant Siſters."

" Shisters," ſays the Lieutenant, " two Men become Shiſters by marrying, " the Devil burn me Captain but no Man of

" the

" the Naſhon makes a bull leſſer than my-
" ſhelf; faith and they were two Brothers
" by marrying one another's Shiſter, this
" explained the Matter.

" YOUNG *Phelim* who was a Devil of a
" Fellow for a Wench (at which Words
" Mrs. *Rachael Stiffrump* proteſted ſhe could
" not ſtay, if he uſed ſuch Profaneneſs in his
" Converſation, well then let me alone for
" that", ſays the Lieutenant) went to ſee
" his Uncle *O Farrel*, and as the Father
" of *Phelim* was poorer than *O Farrel*, be-
" cauſe he was not half ſo Rich, he intend-
" ed to borrow a little Money of him,
" which the other lent him with all his
" Heart, faith and it was fifty Pounds.

" NOW while he was in his Uncle's
" Houſe, the Devil burn him for a Vil-
" lain, he was reſolved to debauch his own
" firſht Coſhin, and he did it too, and I'll
" tell you how, faith and I had forgotten
" he was then a Papiſt, as his Father was
" before him; then Sir, he makes Love
" to his Coſhin *Sally O Farrel*, a prettier
" Girl was not in all *Ireland*.

" HER Face was as round as an Apple,
" and her Cheeks as ruddy as a Cherry;
" ſhe was as handſome as the two Miſſes—

" WHAT

"WHAT both of them? ſays the Captain".

"AY upon my Shoul," ſays the Lieutenant, "handſomer than any three of them "two, only ſhe had her Hair a little in-"clining to the ſandy; oh what Perlaber "did my Coſhin *Phelim* make there, and "he told her he was diſtracted for her "ſweet Perſon, and then he began to play "with her Tetties, and then he ſwore he "would kill himſelf for Love of her; and "he called her his Hony, his pretty *Sally*, "and his dear little Rogue, and curſed his "Father ſo piouſly too becauſe he was "not dead, that he might marry her; and "faith the poor Girl hearkened to his coax-"ing Speeches, and one day in the Night "he went all naked as he was born with "his Shirt on to her Bed-ſide, where he "pretended to tell her his Love-tales, faith "and then he ſtole one Leg into Bed firſt, "and then another after it, and ſo on with "his Legs; and the poor Girl upon my "Conſcience was not willing to cry out "and diſturb the Houſe, and ſo upon my "Shoul the Villain got her with Child.

AT which Words bleſſing herſelf, Mrs. *Rachael* retired into the State-room, leaving the

the Door open that ſhe might hear in private what her Preſbyterian Hypocriſy would not ſuffer her to attend to in Public, and that the Company might hear her call upon the Name of the Lord.

"Now," continued Mr. *Macvalor* when "the poor Wench perceived what was "coming on, ſhe was diviliſhly afraid that "her Father would turn her out of Doors; "her Mother was dead and therefore ſhe "did not care a Farthing for her; ſhe cried "arrah my dear Coſhin *Phelim* will you "marry me and ſhave me from Diſgraſhe, "for if my Father ſhould diſcover this "Affair between uſh two, and he'll be "after killing you, or at leaſt running you "thro' the Body.

"This the young Villain did not much "like, ſo he tells her upon my Conſhence "and I'll go firſt to my Father's, and "then I'll come back and marry you; "and there he coaxed her with a thouſand "ſweet Words and Expreſſions till he "ſhould come: and now what do you "think he did? Upon my Conſhence he "ran away to *Franche*, and left the poor "Wench to be turned out of Door and "ruined upon the Streets in *Dublin*, for

" her Father would not bear the Shight of " her.

" FAITH and you'll be thinking this is " bad enough too, but upon my Conſcience " and he never gave her a Farthing to eat, " and ſo ſhe whas ſtarving poor Creature " all the Day long, and the poor Innoſhent " Babe too; he left all two of them alone " till the Child was grown up, and when " her Father was dead he had a Mind to " come back to *England*, ſo ſays he to a " young Gentleman of *England* who was " upon his Travels in *Paris*, will you give " me a Letter to your Mamma? That I " whould ſays he with all my Heart, but " I ſhall be Home myſelf a Wheek after " you; whell then give me the Letter for " all that, ſays he, for upon my Shoul he " has as much Himpudence as the beſt " *Hiriſhman* of us all, and that's a bold " Whord let me tell you.

" WELL now, after he gets the Letter " from the young Gentleman when he " comes to *England*, the firſt Thing he did " in *London* whas to go to her Houſe in " the Country, and there he ſtays upon " my Shoul till he marries the Lady whe- " ther ſhe whould or no.

" AT

" At this Time I was myſhelf in *Lon-*
" *don*, ſo my Wife ſhends me a Letter up-
" on the Poſt to ſpeak to him about my
" Coſhin *Shally*; faith and I whaited upon
" him and the Servant thold me he whas
" not at Home, whell then ſays I, Friend
" give me a Chair and I will be after ſtay-
" ing thill he comes Home.

" Whell then, when I whould ſtay he
" whould be at Home too, and then I
" ſhees him preſently. After Cheremonies
" were paſht, I ſays, Coſin *Phelim* there's
" Coſin *Sally O Farrel* you know and the
" Child, faith and they are in a very ſhad
" Plight, the Devil a Farthing have they
" in the World, will you be ſo good
" as to ſend them a ſmall Parcel of Mo-
" ney (for I was determined to be ſhivil
" to him) to *Shally O Farrel* and the Child?
" Says he, pray Sir what do you mean by
" this to me? Who are you? *Phelim Mac*
" *Valor* iſh my Name, and faith ſays I in
" a great Paſhon too, I'll make your Body
" ſhine thro' the Sun, clapping my Hand
" too upon my Sword; and whill you for a
" Rogue be after ruining the poor Girl
" for nothing at all, and let her ſtarve to
" the Bargain: and faith, ſays I, ſhe has
" coſt me many Pounds clear Gains out

" of my Pocket, and ſho' upon my Shoul
" (for I never ſhwear) ſhe ſhall have Satis-
" faction, and ſho will I too.

" At this faith he began to be a little
" ſhivil, why Couſin, ſays he, I did not
" know who you were, nor your Charac-
" ter; will you dine with me to-Day?
" And ſho he promiſed to ſhend her ſome
" Money.

" After this he put the Boy to School
" and never paid the Maſhter, for he ſhaid
" he would give him a good Educaſhon;
" then he determined to make him a Doc-
" ter, and ſo he bound him apprentiſh to
" a Pothecary and never paid the Fee to
" the Maſhter; after this he ſhivilly lent
" him Money, took his Bond and put
" him into Jail, but ſome good Friends
" cleared him; then he would have kid-
" napped him, but was fruſhtrated there
" too; whell then he puts him in Jail
" again, and when I whas gone he lets
" my Coſhin *Sally* ſtarve, and ſhends her
" no Money at all; and when the Prieſt
" told him of the heinous Shin he was
" committing, faith, ſays he, and I'll be
" no more a Catholic to be plagued by
" theſe Rogues of Prieſts, and ſo he de-
" termined

" termined to be of no Religion at all " and turned Proteſtant.

" WHELL now, and after all this he " ſhets up for a Parliament Man, and of- " fers himſelf to the M——r for a Spy; at " firſt the M——r fearing he had turned " his Religion to get a Plaſhe, was afraid " that he whas not honeſt at the Bottom, " till finding that he had pawned his Con- " ſcience, drowned his Religion, ſeduced " his firſht Coſin, ſheated his Uncle, impri- " ſoned his own Shon, and betrayed his " Prinſhe, he concluded he would ſhell his " Country too, and whas a fhit Man for " his Purpoſe, and ſho he whas made one " of the Hadminiſtration; and faith and " you'll know him in the Houſhe by the " Noiſe and the Jokes, and the Nonſhenſe, " and the Contempt, which Men of Shenſe " ſhow upon him.

" FAITH and when I ſee him, he puts " me in mind by his Faſhe too of my " Father's Dog *Tray*, who uſed to ſuck " Eggs; he whould come to my Father " after having committed this Acſhon, " and whrigle his Tail and look ſhivil, " becauſe he knew he had done Miſchief " well enough; and ſho Coſhin *Phelim* a- " fraid lheſt you ſhould ſee the Rogue at

" the Bottom, looks ſhivil and he fawns and
" bows, and yet you ſhee the Rogue too
" upon his Faſhe; and there's the Hi-
" ſtory of my Coſhin *Phelim*, who iſh made
" a great Man becauſe he deſerves to be
" hanged; and faith I ſhall be after giving
" him another Leſhon when I ſhee him in
" *England*, if he does not take Care of his
" Shon and my Coſhin *Shally*. And there
" ends my Story".

AND here ends our Chapter, which, if our Readers are not content with, let them write a better themſelves.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Mrs. Rachael Stiffrump's *Devotion grows very ſtrong; ſome pious Reproofs of that Lady's. A Letter in the godly Style. A Spark of Love drops on Mr.* Probit's *Heart; and a Queſtion of great Conſequence to the Nation, whether a Boatſwain or an Archbiſhop would be moſt liſtened to at Sea.*

THIS Evening Mrs. *Rachael* made a moſt vehement, long, and loud Prayer, to deprecate the Vengeance of Heaven from falling on the Ship's Crew, becauſe of the wicked and profane Diſcourſe of Lieutenant *Mac Valor*: and in this Place we beg Leave to remark two Things in relation to Preſbyterian Saintſhip; which are, that to very ſimple and innocent Stories and Expreſſions, the Saints, whoſe Converſation is in Heaven, are extremely apt to affix very luſcious Ideas; and that as certain Actions of no good Tendency are more in Danger of being diſcovered, they conſtantly attempt to conceal them with longer and louder Prayer and Devotion; and for this Reaſon as Mrs. *Rachael*'s Dropſy increaſed, her Prayers became longer and louder, and every inoffenſive Tale was con-

verted into Bawdy by her godly Imagination.

THE next Morning Mrs. *Rachael* moſt demurely "deſired the Captain not to "permit ſuch profane Converſation on-"board, leſt the Heavens in Wrath "ſhould fall on them; for" ſays ſhe "I "tremble at the Thoughts of it." And ſhe intreated Mr. *Mac Valor* "not to offend "his Creator by ſuch Diſcourſe, leaſt the angry Sea ſhould ſwallow them up."

"THE Sea ſwallow us up!" ſays the Lieutenant, "faith and if Sailors are after being "ſwallowed up for ſuch Talk, there would "not have been a Ship on the Sea theſe "thouſand Years paſt nor to come."

DURING this Time a Sailor ſpied a Sail coming toward them, when ſome one imagining that by its Courſe it might be bound for *NewYork*, the Captain ſaid Mrs. *Rachael* might now have an Opportunity of ſending a Letter to her Friends; ſhe therefore retired to the Cabin to write the following Letter to Mr. *Maultext*.

Dear

Dear and Reverend Sir,

" BLESSED be the Name of the " Lord for all his Mercies. Oh how " my Soul panteth like the Hart for the " Brooks of Water after that ſpiritual " Converſation, in which we have paſt " whole Nights taſting the good Word of " God! How do I lament that the Lord " ſhould have afflicted me with that cruel " Diſeaſe, which has divided me from your " Arms in a ſpiritual Senſe! Never will my " Heart forget the powerful Ways of your " Soul-ſaving Goodneſs, thou Jewel of " *Jehovah*; I have you always in my Eyes, " and in my Bed I commune with my " Heart on you privately, your Tranſ- " actions are always before me. Oh that " the Lord would put a ſpeedy End to " this Voyage, that my Soul might again " return to the Converſation with which " I have been ſo much delighted, and hang " upon the Lips of my Teacher, which, " as *Solomon* ſays, are as Gold-rings ſet " with Beryl, or as bright as Ivory over- " ſet with Sapphires.

" REMEMBER me in your conſtant " Prayers, that the Lord will ſpeedily " ſend me a Cure to this Diſeaſe with " which I labour. Oh with what longing " Zeal do I wiſh to renew the ſpiritual

" Converſe, which, as the Holy *Iſaiah* has " ſaid, has been as the Dew unto *Iſrael*; " bloſſomed like the Roſe, and caſt forth " its Roots as *Lebanon*.

I am Reverend and dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate Servant

in the Lord,

RACHEL STIFFRUMP.

THIS Letter was ſealed and thrown on board the Ship, which was now near them and bound for *New York*.

NOTWITHSTANDING this pious Exhortation of Mrs. *Rachael*'s, the Captain, who was determined on a certain Tranſaction with Miſs *Lydia*, deſired the Lieutenant *Probit* to give ſome entertaining Story to the Company; and here in this Place we beg Leave to declare, that this Lieutenant had conceived another kind of Paſſion than that of the Captain's for this lovely Maid; he beheld her with infinite Tenderneſs, expreſſed every Thing which he ſpoke to her with that pathetic Politeneſs which attends a Heart in Love, and was fond of obliging her in all Things; when the Wind blew a little hard he felt a Fear to which till then he had ever been a Stranger, this was created

on

on her account; ſuch is the Nature of true Paſſion, to fear leſs for themſelves than for thoſe they love: Tho' he would have been laviſh to Exceſs in his Attention to her, he did not behold without a jealous Eye the Civilities of the Captain, whoſe Deſign he ſuſpected, and whoſe Diſpoſition he was no Stranger to.

THESE Civilities of the Commander, tho' they gave Lieutenant *Probit* Pain when he beheld them, yet it was ſtill a greater Torment not to be in the Preſence of this lovely Maid; he therefore ſet about obliging the Company, meaning Miſs *Lydia*, with his Story.

AND here, leſt our Readers ſhould conceive that we have committed a Soleciſm, in not preferring the Chaplain to the Lieutenants, we beg they would firſt conſider what Element our Hiſtory is now floating upon; and whether a Chaplain, who the Song ſays, is a Trifle at Sea, ſhould be preferred to a marine Officer? Nay we verily believe, that in a Storm on the Ocean, ſuch Difference is produced in Authority by change of Element, that the Words of a Boatſwain would be more attended to, than thoſe of an Archbiſhop; and that all the Sails furled, and a ſnug Ship, would be

conceived a better Preſervative, than the beſt Sermon againſt the raging of the Winds and Waves.

THIS however, as we ſcorn to delude People, as may Hiſtorians have done, by recounting falſe Facts, or bring an Imputation on great Characters, as Biſhop *Burnet* did on his Hero by hinting at a certain private Sin of his, which not being mentioned may paſs in ſeven Heads for the ſeven deadly Sins, or that againſt the Holy Ghoſt, we honeſtly declare is not founded in Experience but pure Speculation; and therefore, leſt we ſhould be condemned alſo with hurrying on our Readers too faſt in our Hiſtory, we here conclude this Chapter, on purpoſe to give them Time to conſider and decide this important Propoſition, whether an Archbiſhop or a Boatſwain, would be moſt liſtened to on-board a Man of War in a Storm.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Lieutenant Probit's *Story much approved of by Mrs.* Rachael, *who compares it to* Susanna *and the two Elders, with ſeveral Similes and no Similes to prove the Reſemblance.*

THE Company being ſeated, Miſs *Lydia* ſmiling requeſted Lieutenant *Probit* to begin his Story, and Mrs. *Rachael* requeſted that he would avoid all profane and impious Diſcourſe, or that ſhe muſt leave the Cabin, for ſhe could not bear ſuch Converſation as that of Lieutenant *Mac Valor*.

LIEUTENANT *Probit* being pleaſed with Miſs *Lydia*'s Requeſt, began in this Manner. "During the War I had the Mis-"fortune to be taken Priſoner by the "*French*, and whilſt I was confined at St. "*Malo*'s, the following Story happened "in the Neighbourhood; it appeared ſin-"gular to every one, and therefore I took "the Trouble to commit it to Writing, "and if you pleaſe I'll read it to you; and "I hope, Madam," ſays he to the young Lady, "it will prove no diſagreeable "Entertainment. This Miſs *Lydia* ap-

proved

proved of by a Smile of Innocence and Truth, in which the falſe Politeneſs of the World had no hypocritic Influence.

" NOT far from the City of *Rennes*, at a " Caſtle in the Country, lived a noble Fa- " mily whoſe Name was *De Carte*; the " Gentleman and his Lady had a Daugh- " ter born that was placed at Nurſe, and " when the Time was come, at which they " had determined to take the Infant home, " ſhe had, by ſome Accident, received a " Fracture in the Thigh. The Meſſenger " who was ſent for the Child, had poſitive " Orders not to return without her and " the Nurſe.

" THIS terrible Circumſtance threw the " Woman into the greateſt Difficulty, ſhe " dreaded the Conſequence of the Diſco- " very to the Parents; and therefore to " conceal the Misfortune, and effectually " ſecure herſelf from a Treatment which " ſhe feared, and had Reaſon to appre- " hend would be diſagreeable to her, ſhe " took the hardy Reſolution of ſubſtituting " her own Child in the Place of the true " one; and accordingly ſhe carried it to " the Seat of Monſieur *de Carte*, where it " was received, bred up, and educated as " his own.

" WHER-

" WHETHER this Gentleman and Lady " had no other Children, or whether no " more ſurvived, I know not; but certain " it is, ſhe was Heireſs to their Eſtate, and " as ſhe grew up ſhe proved beautiful in " Perſon, delicate in Soul, of ſuperior Un- " derſtanding, and extremely loved by her " ſuppoſed Parents: Thoſe Qualifications, " together with the Fortune to which ſhe " appeared to be Heireſs, ſoon brought " her Admirers in Abundance.

" AMONGST thoſe, Monſieur *de Chateau* " *Charon* was the happy Man deſtined to " her Arms; and all Things being ſettled " by the Parents on both Sides, thoſe two " Perſons loving and beloved were bleſt " in each other.

" I SHOULD have told you, that the true " Child being cured of that Accident " which befel her, was bred up as the " Daughter of the Nurſe, and placed at a " proper Age in a Convent; which Situ- " ation being never ſolicited to leave by " her ſuppoſed Parents, ſhe took the Veil " upon her, and became loſt to this World " as a Nun.

" THOSE Perſons who had paſſed for her " Parents, could feel none of thoſe Ten-

" derneſſes

" derneſſes which tie us inexplicably to our
" own Offspring; thoſe Yearnings which
" Diſquiet us with Anxiety, for every the
" minuteſt Thing relating to its Welfare,
" and which only ſpring from this Source,
" the Object being deſcended from our-
" ſelves.

" GRATITUDE indeed ſhould have influ-
" enced them to a different Behaviour, in
" return for the exalted Situation and Ad-
" vantage in which they ſaw their own
" Child placed; but I am apprehenſive
" that divine Requital never ſprings from
" the Reaſonableneſs of the Thing, tho'
" the Appearance and Hypocriſy of it
" may; 'tis a principle innate, like all our
" other Diſpoſitions of the Soul; it ariſes
" from a ſofter Texture of Heart, and is
" in fact an internal Senſe which does not
" enter into the Compoſition of every
" Human Being; and whenever this Senſe
" is deficient, there no Benefit conferred,
" however meritorious in itſelf, can make
" any Impreſſion on the Mind of the
" Receiver.

" THUS it happened in the Formation
" of this Man and Woman, they were
" pleaſed to loſe all Care of a Child, in
" whoſe Favour Nature never could ſpeak,

" by

" by ſecluding her from the World in a " Life of Severity, and irreproachable as it " is religious, perhaps (ſuch is the capri- " cious Diſpoſition of Mankind!) they re- " garded the Accident of the broken " Thigh, as the Cauſe of their being de- " prived of their own Child, and without ſe- " parating the Innocence in the Object from " the Conſequences it produced, became leſs " ſenſible to what Fate ſhe was deſtined.

" It was remarkable, that Madame de " *Chateau Charon* had always manifeſted a " more than common Love for the Woman " which nurſed her, notwithſtanding ſhe " was ſeparated from her very young, a " kind of filial Veneration, a Joy in plea- " ſing her, that ſpoke itſelf in all her Ac- " tions; ſhe was truly ſenſible to thoſe " emanating Rays, which paſs ſympathe- " tic and inviſible from Soul to Soul, in " Proportion as the Fabric of it is more " or leſs delicately wrought.

" The Woman alſo who nurſed this " Lady, her Mother indeed, feigned Ten " thouſand little Occaſions to viſit her " Daughter, during the Time of her grow- " ing up. Ten thouſand times ſhe came " determined to claim her Child, which " ſhe loved extremely, and as often the

" Fear,

" Fear, which with-held her from making " the firſt Diſcovery, reſtrained her from " her Reſolutions: ſhe felt that terri- " ble State of Suſpenſe between two Paſ- " ſions, which is only ſhort of Deſpair, " the Deſire of poſſeſſing her Child, and " the Fear of the Conſequence of it to her- " ſelf and Daughter.

" She always wept over her at part- " ing, kiſſed her, took Leave, then in- " ſtantly returned to embrace and ſee her " once more before ſhe left the Houſe, " and at laſt quitted her with great Re- " gret, and never enjoyed Tranquillity but " in her Company. This Behaviour was " attributed by Monſieur and Madame " *de Carte*, to the uncommon Affection " which this Woman had conceived for " their Child, and produced great Ac- " knowledgments on their Part in return.

" There was no where to be ſeen a finer " or a fonder Couple, than Monſieur and " Madame de *Chateau Charon*, and no Pair " ever promiſed more mutual Happineſs in " each other than this. At length arrives " the fatal Day which threatens to deprive " them of all Felicity and Peace.

" At

" At the laſt Jubilee at *Rennes*, when " all Catholicks are enjoined the Confeſſion " of their moſt ſecret Sins, and the Con- " cealment of any one of them is conceived " to be of a much more pernicious Conſe- " quence at that Time, than of all others " at another, the Nurſe, touched with " Compaſſion by the heinous Crime of " having impoſed a Child on the Family " of *de Carte*, and thoroughly conſcious of " her Fault when it could only do Miſ- " chief, diſcloſes the whole Affair to Mon- " ſieur and Madame *de Carte*.

" But who ſhall expreſs the Condition " in which the Minds of this unhappy Pair " were thrown by this ill-timed Diſcovery, " divided between Grief and Rage; Grief " for a Daughter tho' living, loſt to them " for ever within the relentleſs Walls of a " Monaſtery; Rage againſt the Impoſtor; " who had thus terribly deceived them. " And as Reaſon operates but little in con- " ſtraining the violent Agitations which our " Souls undergo in all ſudden Tranſitions " from one exceſſive Paſſion to another, " the heretofore lovely and beloved Wo- " man, whom they had ſo tenderly edu- " cated and indulged, became the guiltleſs " Object of their Hate, grew inſufferable

" to

" to their Eyes, and renounced from all far-
" ther Regard; they even upbraided her with
" being conſcious of the Deceit, tho' an
" Infant when ſhe firſt came back to their
" Arms; ſuch Exceſs will Paſſion drive
" People to in unguarded Moments.

" But this is not the moſt deplorable
" Part of the Story, you, Madam," ſays he to Miſs *Lydia*, interrupting his Reading, " whoſe Soul reſembles ſo perfectly this fair
" unhappy Woman, tho' your Fate I hope
" will be extremely different, will eaſily
" conceive what Pangs, what Agonies ſhe
" ſuffered, at the firſt being acquainted
" with this fatal Revelation; for you know
" all Pains and all Pleaſures are felt in Pro-
" portion to the Delicacy of thoſe Minds
" which receive them. But alas! how un-
" equal the Partition and Force of thoſe
" two Objects, Pleaſure ſkin-deep and va-
" grant, Pain heart-felt and long laſting."
He then proceeded,

" At the firſt Intelligence which ſhe re-
" ceived of this Cataſtrophe (for ſhe knew
" it before her Huſband) ſhe retired from
" the Sight of him; and tho' the moſt ſe-
" vere and ſcrutinizing Eye could find no-
" thing to reproach in her Conduct, (ſuch
" is the Senſation of refined Minds) ſhe
" felt

" felt ſo intimately and keen the Idea of
" Impoſture, that nothing could prevail on
" her to ſee that Man ſhe had ever ſo ten-
" derly loved: She conſidered herſelf as
" fallen from his Eſteem, and unworthy of
" his Arms, a guiltleſs Criminal, and felt
" that Dejection which is only leſs than De-
" ſpair. The Huſband at length being in-
" formed of the Story, ſought his Wife
" with the greateſt Anxiety, and when
" found, preſt her to his Boſom in Tears
" and Rapture, vowing ten thouſand Re-
" ſolutions to be hers for ever undivided.

" At theſe Words lifting her drooping
" Head, like a Lilly over-charged with
" Rain, whilſt the Tears ran ſilent from
" her bloodſhot Eyes, ſhe told him 'twas
" in vain; that renounced and abandoned
" by thoſe ſhe had ever conceived to be
" her Parents, ſhe muſt now remain only
" a Shame to him from the Inequality of
" their Birth; and that all the Fortune
" which muſt have devolved on her, had
" ſhe been Heireſs of *de Carte*, muſt now
" deſcend to the other Branches of that Fa-
" mily: I am conſcious, ſays ſhe, that I
" muſt be acknowledged guiltleſs of all
" Concern in this Impoſture, yet the Ma-
" lice of the World will treat me as crimi-
" nal; and even thoſe little Qualifications

" of

" of Perſon and Underſtanding, which you " ſo partially admire in me, will now add " to my Misfortunes, and create Envy and " Contempt in the Breaſts of my own Sex, " whilſt I continue united to you, which " Paſſions will be converted into Tender- " neſs and Compaſſion, perhaps, when I " am divided from your Arms, and no " longer in any Senſe their Rival.

" In vain he urged to her that Virtue " alone was true Nobility; that all our " Actions and our Merit muſt ſpring from " that Source to be eſteemed; and that the " Regard paid to Blood was an Idolatry " the worſt founded of all others whatſo- " ever; and laſtly, that the Reflections of " a malicious and ſatyric World ſhould " never influence his Heart or Behaviour.

" But he urged in vain, no Reaſon could " make the leaſt Impreſſion on her Reſolu- " tions; ſhe plainly foreſaw how different " her Reception muſt be hereafter, wherever " ſhe appeared; and tho' her Soul had as " much Philoſophy in it as any of her Sex, " yet ſhe dreaded the continual Pangs of " Calumny and Mortification, who had " been ſo cheriſhed all the former Part of " her Life. She thanked him with all ima- " ginable Tenderneſs for his firm Love and

" Reſolu-

" Reſolutions of continuing the ſame Paſ-
" ſion for her, but ſhe reſolved never to be
" a Witneſs to that Shame ſhe muſt bring
" upon him, from the Meanneſs of her
" Birth; ſhe urged to him how unreaſon-
" able it was, that his Family ſhould ſuffer
" in the Diſappointment of her ſuppoſed
" Fortune, and in her Diſgrace; and then
" ſhewing to him that the frigid Eye of
" Indifference was all ſhe could expect from
" his Relations, and with that ſhe muſt be
" ever unhappy, he was at laſt prevailed
" upon by her Entreaties, join'd with
" thoſe of his Father and Family, to ſue
" for a Divorce before the Parliament of
" *Rennes*. She determined to ſeparate from
" him immediately; but who can expreſs
" that Affliction which each of them felt at
" the Inſtant, when preſenting him the
" only Fruit of their Marriage-bed, ſhe
" ſaid, Go to thy Father's Arms, and prove
" a Life of greater Happineſs than mine!
" Then choaked with Tears, each parted
" ſpeechleſs from the other.

" What frantic Actions did not this
" poor unhappy Man expreſs? He kiſſed
" the dear little Girl ten thouſand Times,
" and preſt her to his Boſom; vowed to
" live for her alone, ſince her Mother was
" denied him, and then determined to re-

" claim the dear Partner of his Soul, in
" ſpite of all the Repreſentations of Friends
" and Parents.

" THE Lady retired to the Houſe of her
" Mother, whom ſhe never once upbraided
" for the firſt Deceit nor laſt Diſcovery;
" but manifeſting great Affliction for the
" Loſs of Mademoiſelle *de Carte* to her
" unhappy Parents; ſhe determined to paſs
" the Remains of Life within the calm
" and ſolitary Cloiſter; to find that Tran-
" quillity and Joy in the Arms of Religion,
" which were denied her in thoſe of her
" Huſband; and to fly that World, which
" after having promiſed the greateſt Ap-
" pearance of Happineſs, had deſerted her
" Expectations ſo ſuddenly and unmerited.

" DURING this time Monſieur and Ma-
" dame *de Carte* recovering a little from
" the firſt Tranſports of their Paſſions, ex-
" preſſed great Inclination to ſee their real
" Child, which had taken the Veil upon
" her: This ſingle Incident produced what
" all the Perſuaſion and Wiſdom of Man-
" kind would never have effected with-
" out it.

" IT ſeems the Fracture had been but
" badly treated, and the young Lady being

" lame, that Lameneſs had created a Di-
" ſtortion in her Shape, nor was her Phy-
" ſiognomy of the moſt captivating kind;
" her Parents, like all other Parents, had
" never conceived ſhe could be leſs amiable
" than the Lady they had abandoned; they
" had imaged to themſelves, all the Charms
" that Poets ever ſung, or Painters ever ex-
" preſſed, united in the Perſon of this
" Daughter; external Grace and Beauty,
" internally adorned with ſuperior Under-
" ſtanding, ſweet Diſpoſition and exquiſite
" Senſibility; in fact all that Exaggera-
" tion of Charms, which is natural to the
" Mind of Man to beſtow on that which
" is loſt or denied them.

" BUT how ſudden was the Change
" which this Man and Woman proved in
" their Breaſts, at the firſt Sight of this
" Female ſo imperfect, compared to their
" former imagined Daughter?

" PRIDE got the better of all parental
" Prejudice and Paſſion; they diſdained to
" be the Authors of ſuch a miſhapen Off-
" ſpring, and their Minds, repulſed by this
" Deformity in their own Child, improved
" by the Return of their former Affections
" for Madame *de Chateau Charon*, revibra-
" ted towards the firſt Object of their

" Love,

" Love, with a Force proportioned to that " with which they had been driven the con- " trary way.

" They inſiſted that the Nurſe was a " Deceiver only in the laſt Confeſſion; " that Madame *de Chateau Charon* was " their Child; that they would defend her " Marriage againſt every intended Divorce, " her Birth againſt all Attacks of Infamy, " and that their whole Fortune ſhould de- " volve to her, their only Heireſs.

" During this time, the poor unhappy " Huſband, who had been prevailed on by " Arguments of the Preference of Blood " to that of Virtue, which ſo totally in- " toxicates the Minds of the People of " *France*, and effects ſo little in thoſe of a " *Briton*, was truly diſconſolate; he fre- " quented no Place nor Walks but thoſe, " which he had frequently trod with his " lovely Partner, and often ſpoke to her as " if ſhe was preſent, ſo much was his Ima- " gination filled with her Idea; he ſaw no " Company but the little Girl, which ſhe " had given him, over which he wept in " ſilent Sorrow, and talking to her as if " ſhe could underſtand his Expreſſions, " Mayeſt thou (ſays he) reſemble in Soul " and Form the lovely Woman, from whom

" you

" you ſprang, and whom thoſe Eyes muſt
" never more behold: Then ſighing, he
" would preſs her to his Lips, and giving her
" to her Servant, part from that Being which
" he loved to ſuch a Degree, that it was
" become inſupportable by its Exceſs.

" In this State things were when he was
" informed, that Monſieur and Madame
" *de Carte* had reclaimed his Wife, owned
" her as their Daughter, and were prepa-
" ring to reſtore her to his Arms.

" Struck with Aſtoniſhment at this In-
" telligence, it was happy for him that he
" did not abſolutely believe it, the Bliſs
" appeared ſo exceſſive that he could not
" give credit to the Account, it was too
" much to be conceived true, a State which
" Minds often experience in Situations of
" exceſſive good News; this withheld his
" Soul in part from that Agitation, which
" it would otherwiſe have undergone, and
" prepared him in a great Degree for the Re-
" ception of the promiſed Bleſſing, which
" without this Circumſtance might have
" been fatal. But when ſhe returned, how
" inexpreſſible was their mutual Tranſport!

" He preſt her to his Boſom, and ſhe
" mutually exerted her Arms to the ſame

" Purpoſe; their Lips clung together; they " gazed on each other for a Moment, then " ran with Tears of Joy into each other's " Arms again; that very Senſibility of " Soul, which had made their former Mi- " ſery, was now the Cauſe which exalted " every Joy into Rapture. My Wife! he " cried; my Huſband! ſhe replied; mutu- " ally embracing; Names at that Moment, " after all Thoughts of that Nature had " been given over, more tender and em- " phatic than the whole Liſt of fond love- " ſick Phraſes of *Arcadian* Nymphs and " Swains.

" He then fetched his little Girl, which " ſeemed conſcious of returning Happineſs " by the Smiles ſhe wore upon her Face at " this Moment, when placing it again into " the Arms of that dear Woman which " bore her, he ſaid, his Eyes ſhining with " Tears of Joy, Return again to that " Boſom from which I have long feared " thou muſt have been for ever divided; " learn of the beſt of Parents to become the " beſt of Women: Then kiſſing the weep- " ing Mother, their Hearts felt a Serenity " and Joy which they had long deſpaired " of ever taſting."

" This

"THIS, Ladies, is the Story which I "then heard; I wrote it whilſt a Priſoner "at *St. Malos*, to amuſe my Mind in that "Situation; particularly as the Event was "a Conſolation to me, by ſhewing that the "cloudy Skies of Diſtreſs are frequently "blown away by the riſing Gales of Pro-"ſperity."

MISS *Lydia* ſpoke much in Favour of this Story, ſo did the Captain, and even Mrs. *Rachael* approved of it; ſhe ſaid there was a Moral in it, and compared it with that in the Scriptures of *Suſanna* and the two Elders, and which we dare to aſſert, it reſembles as much as the *Royal Exchange* does the old *Roman* Temple of Virtue, tho' not quite ſo like as the ——— is to a Den of Thieves; and yet *Weſtminſter-Bridge* is not more like a Nutmeg-Grater, nor the Duke of * * * * * leſs reſembling the Cherubims and flaming Sword which turned every way to guard the Tree of Life in the Garden of *Eden*; and here, with theſe Similes, and no Similes, we conclude this Chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

Miſs Fairchild *feels a ſort of ſomething about her Heart, like the firſt Shiverings of an Ague-fit. A melancholy Accident befals a* China *Bowl and the Captain's Breeches.* Macpherſon's *great Sagacity makes its firſt Appearance in this Chapter. A general Laugh.*

DURING the Relation of this Hiſtory, the attentive Ear of Miſs *Fairchild* had given Entrance to ſomething more than what it contained; the Breath of Love, mixt with the Narration, had reached her Heart; the Strings of which, being in Uniſon with Mr. *Probit*'s, re-echo'd with reciprocal Sound and Senſation, and all this without knowing the Cauſe.

SHE therefore began to be leſs pleaſed in Company when he was not preſent, and often talked of him to Mrs. *Rachael* as a very agreeable Perſon, without once perceiving from what Motive this Deſire took its Riſe; Mrs. *Rachael* herſelf agreeing that he was in truth a young Man of much ſober Converſation.

THE

The next Day, the Captain having kill'd a Sheep, ordered his Cook to make him a Soup; which being ready, a Sailor, who was a handy Fellow on moſt Occaſions, undertook to ſteer a Bowl of it into the Captain's Cabin; but as it happens to many a bold Undertaker, ſo it happened to him alſo, for as he was carrying the Bowl with much Circumſpection, the Captain ſitting facing the Cabin-door with an open Boſom, either by a ſudden Sett of the Sea, or failing by too much Precaution, *Jack* tumbled forward, and threw the whole Bowl of Soup, Bowl and all, into the Captain's Boſom; the Bowl was broken by the Fall, but ſtill the Sailor cried out, "Well ſaved, Captain, "by —." "What is ſaved, you Dog," ſays the Captain, tho' not much ſcalded, yet not a little frighted, "The Soup," replied the Sailor.

It ſeems that Fluid had found its way into the Captain's Galligaſkins, and did not yet appear upon the Floor, which made the Sailor conclude it was yet recoverable.

This Accident was concluded by Mrs. *Rachael* to be owing to the Captain's never demanding a Bleſſing on his Victuals; it was a Warning, ſhe ſaid, for his Sins; and tho'

it was the Cauſe of much Laughter to ſome of the Company, it did not pleaſe the Captain at all; and the reverend Parſon *Pugh* did cry out, "Shame upon you, ſhame upon "you, you whas pretty Felow inteed to "ſcald your Captin; faith, hur whas pe-"lief the Captin whas not more whounded "in all hur Whars, than by this Accidence, "look you."

However Doctor *Macpherſon* examining the Parts, agreed there was no great Danger of Mortality. "For, ſays he, I ken "there's na mare than what Anatomiſts "call the *Epidermis Cuticula*, Scarf-ſkin, or "the like of that, which has been impreg-"nated with the igneous or firey Particles "in the hot Soup; theſe may poſſibly "riſe it into ſome ſma Veſicles of Water by "the Morn; but, ſays he, neither I or "the College of *Edinburgh* ſhall take upon "us to deceede that thing, with too much "Precipitation."

And indeed, no College of Phyſicians could have poſitively determined that the Bladders of Water would have ſucceeded this Accident; if they could, they muſt have foreſeen what never did happen, which indeed has been not unfrequently the Caſe with

with many Prognoſticators in their Pretenſions.

THINGS being as well ſet to Rights as poſſible, the Captain pretended to laugh off the Affair, and Lieutenant *Macvalor* ſaid, "Upon my Shoul, ſays he, Captain, let "him win that laughs; and you have it all "in your Breeches." Which Speech producing a Laugh from the whole Company, we therefore conclude with a Laugh, to prove at leaſt that we have written one merry Chapter.

CHAP. XIV.

The Journal of a Saint on Earth introduced with much Piety, and concluded with the true Reaſon of its being inſerted.

MRS. *Rachael Stiffrump*, during the Voyage, had moſt regularly kept a Diary; and as it has been univerſally allow'd that the Accounts of what paſſes in the human Mind, written by thoſe Perſons in whoſe Boſoms the Thoughts took riſe, are extremely edifying, we ſhall, to pleaſe thoſe whoſe Converſation is in Heaven, ſet down

what Mrs. *Rachael Stiffrump* had written on the Ocean.

However, in this we ſhall only give one Week's Account, becauſe a Saint's Journal of a whole Life, like the Life of a *Bath* Lady, is all included in a Week; it reſembles that of a Mill-horſe treading eternally the ſame Round, or a Turn-ſpit Dog which whirls about the ſame Wheel during Life.

However, as many a profane Eye may perchance turn the following Lines into Ridicule, we deſire thoſe Readers, who trifle with their Salvation, to ſkip the Leaves which contain this Diary; and we hope that the Readers of pious Breathings, devout Thoughts, Meditations, Ejaculations, and other Writings of that heavenly Nature, will find much Conſolation in this Part, which ſhews ſo perfectly the Workings and Senſations of a Soul glorified in Saintſhip and true Piety, and it may be of great Uſe in reclaiming Sinners to Repentance, which we propoſe as the End of all our Works.

The Journal of Mrs. *Rachael Stiffrump* from *New York* to *London*, on board the * * * * * * * Man of War, the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* Commander.

" *Sunday, Sept.* 4. Very fervent in Prayer
" this Morning—called much on the Lord
" —with ſome Thoughts of Mr. *Maultext*
" in and out between,— hope he remem-
" bers me, as I do him.—Made a good
" Breakfaſt.—Read ſeveral of the Reverend
" Mr. *Watts*'s Hymns, about the Love of
" God—much like the Love for Mr. *Maul-*
" *text*, as that pious Divine has expreſt it.
" —Sailors ſwear abominably on the Lord's
" Day—Oh Lord! how merciful art thou in
" thy Wrath.—Diſcourſe with the Chaplain
" upon the Nature of Sin—little better than
" the reſt I fear,— not like Mr. *Maultext*
" all Godlineſs and Comfort.— Dine well,
" praiſed be the Name of the Lord.—De-
" ſire the Chaplain to read one of the Re-
" verend Mr. *Mather*'s Sermons— anſwers
" in Anger againſt that pious Man, becauſe
" he is a Preſbyterian— when will the Ri-
" teous be juſtified?—The *Iriſh* Lieutenant
" ſwears a Storm will be the Conſequence
" of a Diſſenter's Sermon read on board
" Ship— read it myſelf— the Spirit very
" powerful.— Oh that Mr. *Maultext* was
" here to join Converſation with mine.—
" Drink Tea— much refreſhed, thank the
" Lord for all things.— Much ungodly
" Converſation between the Captain and

" the Company.—Sup well.—Seek the " Lord in Prayer.—Go to Bed.

" *Monday* the 5th. Wake with Pain in " my Bowels.—In great Apprehenſion.— " Very fervent in Prayer that the Lord " would not bring his Servant into Diſ- " grace before the Ungodly.—The Pain " paſſes downwards in Wind—Oh how " wonderful are all thy Works, O Lord! " —Much eaſed in Body and Mind.— " Riſe.—Make a good Breakfaſt.—Read " more Hymns of Mr. *Watts* on the Love " of God.—Can't keep Mr. *Maultext* from " my Mind.—Pious Man, cloſe join'd with " Heaven, in my Thoughts.—Boatſwain " ſwears very profanely—Lord look down " upon us—how are the Righteous and " Ungodly mixt together in this World. " —Dine well on Fowls and Bacon—Oh, " how bounteous art thou, O Lord, in the " great Deep!—The Captain propoſes to " offend the Lord by playing Cards—how " may the Righteous ſuffer with the Wick- " ed?—Think much of the Red-ſea—the " *Iſraelites* paſſing free, and *Pharoah*'s Hoſt " drown'd—will the Lord ſave theſe wicked " People for my Sake?—Miſs *Lydia Fair- " child* begins to be too much taken notice " of by the Captain—the Ways of young " Women very ſlippery.—Drink Tea.—

" Sing

" Sing a devout Hymn, becauſe the Com-
" pany ſings profane Songs.—*Cannaſſatego*
" laughs at me—the *Pagans* Enemies to
" Chriſt and his Flock.—Sup well.—Drink
" a Bottle of *Madeira* in the State-room
" privately, to refreſh my poor Soul, worn
" down with the Company of the Ungodly.
" —Go to Bed.

" *Tueſday* the 6th. Slept well.—Much
" viſited in Dreams of pious Converſation
" with Mr. *Maultext*—Oh when will the
" Time of cloſe and godly Conference ar-
" rive with that dear Man.—The Boatſwain
" ſwears abominably becauſe the Wind is
" not fair—will the Lord hearken to the
" Prayers of his Servant?—Very fervent in
" Devotion.—Water ſmokey—Tea not
" good—nothing can go well amidſt ſuch
" profane Swearers.—The Chaplain does
" not like me, nor I him.—A ſmall Curſe
" on Preſbyterians by the Captain.—Boat-
" ſwain ſwears I am the Cauſe of a con-
" trary Wind—Oh *Jonah!* will thy Lot be
" mine?—Lord help thy Servant.—Dinner
" badly dreſt—Captain ſwears at the Cook.
" —The *Scotch* Surgeon and I diſcover each
" other to be Preſbyterians—a Man of great
" Knowledge—wants to conſult with me
" and examine my Dropſy—propoſes Tap-
" ping—don't like that Converſation—un-

" happy

" happy Malady!—Tea bad—Supper worſe
" —take another Bottle of *Madeira* in ſpi-
" ritual Comfort.—Go to Bed in great Diſ-
" content.—In no great Humour to ſeek
" the Lord.

" *Wedneſday* the 7th. Waked at one
" o'Clock in a Storm.—Very ſick in Body
" —afraid leſt this Sickneſs ſhould diſcover
" my Diſeaſe.—Very powerful in Prayer to
" no Purpoſe—the Wind blows dreadfully
" —cry out with the Prophet *Nahum, who*
" *can abide the Fierceneſs of his Anger? his*
" *Fury is poured out like Fire, and the Rocks*
" *are thrown down before him*—Lord wilt
" thou now deſert thy Servant, and make
" her a laughing Stock and a Scorn to the
" Wicked?—No Breakfaſt.—In dreadful
" Apprehenſions on account of my Dropſy
" —Oh Mr. *Maultext*, oh!—The Captain,
" Lieutenants, Chaplain, Boatſwain, Gun-
" ner, and the whole Crew, damn me for
" this Storm—does the Wrath of Man work
" the Righteouſneſs of God?—No Friend
" on board but the Doctor—O Lord! how
" is thy Servant fallen?—No Dinner.—
" Wind abates—bleſſed be the Name of the
" Lord.—Moderate Weather.—Drink Tea.
" —Wind fair—all is quiet.—Expoſtulate
" with the Captain, he damns me ſoftly to
" himſelf—Bleſſed be the Name of the Lord

" for

" for ever and ever. —Sing one of Mr.
" *Watts*'s Hymns in ſecret.—Great Joy at
" this Delivery.—Sup well.—Go to Bed.

" *Thurſday* the 8th. Frighten'd at a Cat
" in the Cabin—curs'd Vermin which a-
" wakened me from dreaming of Mr. *Maul-*
" *text*.—A fair Wind—Heaven continue it.
" —I fear for my Dropſy.—Riſe.—Very
" powerful in Prayer, loud and long—the
" Company laughs—pray the longer—in-
" ſert a ſmall Petition for them alſo—pleas'd
" with calling them the Out-caſt of the
" Lord.—A good Breakfaſt—and much
" Converſation with the Doctor, who wants
" to feel the Water in my Belly—can't
" grant that—Ah! Mr. *Maultext*, what
" have I ſuffered on your account—no re-
" pining.—Dinner good.—Miſs *Fairchild*
" converſes much with the *Pagan Indian*—
" perhaps no better than he—how is the
" Vanity of out-ſide Comelineſs polluted
" with a filthy Soul?—bleſſed be the Lord
" for that Grace which he has ſhower'd on
" his poor unworthy Servant.—Read one
" of *Mather*'s Sermons—a pious Man, yet
" not like Mr. *Maultext*.—Delight much in
" Dr. *Watts*'s Hymns on the Love of Chriſt,
" brings Mr. *Maultext* to my Mind.—
" Drink Tea.—The Captain loud and pro-
" fane—aſks me if I have my Maidenhead
" —does

" —does he ſuſpect thy Servant, Oh Lord
" —do thou conceal the Sins of thy Ser-
" vant for thy Mercy's ſake—very uneaſy
" in Mind—ſup little—go to Bed.

" *Friday* the 9th. Miſs *Lydia* up.—
" Doctor *Macpherſon* comes to the Bed-
" ſide—deſires to feel the Waters in my
" Belly—ſuſpect the Captain ſent him—
" the Doctor reaſons much on the Nature
" of a Dropſy—tell him that is not my
" Caſe—he is prevailed to go away—eat
" my Breakfaſt with no Appetite—afraid
" of being diſcovered—look too well for
" a Perſon in a Dropſy—ſeek the Lord in
" Prayer—ſtill uneaſy; fear they intend to
" expoſe me; but wherefore ſhould I fear
" when Wickedneſs compaſſeth me about
" at my Heels—walk a little on Deck—
" ſtoop more forward than uſual—oh that
" the Voyage was paſt in the Lord's Name
" —eat but little—the Doctor aſks me if I
" am worſe than ordinary—no Smile on
" the Faces of the Company—hope all is
" well—read a Sermon—ſing a Hymn
" whilſt the Company paſſes their ungodly
" Time in ſerving Satan at Cards—Miſs
" *Lydia* laughs, as if Cards were not the
" Devil's Books—oh Satan how powerful
" is thy Hold in frail Hearts—drink Tea
" —ſup well—go to Bed.

" *Sa-*

"*Saturday* 10th. Waked by a Dream "that my Dropsy was discovered—some- "time in recovering—glad to find it a "Dream—thank the Lord most power- "fully in Prayer for this Goodness—sigh "at the Thoughts of Mr. *Maultext*—find "great Comfort in Mr. *Watt*'s Hymns— "repeat one softly on the Love of Christ— "rise—breakfast well—read Mr. *Mather*'s "Sermons—move little thro' Fear—dine "well—retire to the State-room whilst the "Wickedness of Card-playing goes on— "very fervent in Prayer—the *Irish* Lieu- "tenant desires me to give one Stroke "more for him,—these are his Words— "Oh how blasphemous is the Tongue of "Man—drink Tea—sup well— go to Bed "after a very long and very powerful seek- "ing the Lord in Prayer."

In this manner the whole Diary was written, filled with the true Ideas of a Saint on Earth amongst the Presbyterians, and we have placed it here, lest in a Voyage of this Length, it might appear as it does in that of a great Commander round the World, whose Historian was so attentive to praise his Hero, that he has forgotten his God; and thro' the whole Account as- cribed the Effects of that which his Creator

could only perform, to the Praiſe of him that had not been at all the Author of it.

WHICH Thing, leſt it might appear as impious in us as in him, we have here inſerted the Journal of Mrs. *Rachel Stiffrump*, to prove that the Lord was not forgotten in this Voyage by thoſe who performed, or thoſe who have written it; and here we cloſe this Chapter.

CHAP. XV.

Introduced by a moſt magnificent Simile, which is followed by a very learned Debate, which drives two different Stories out of two very indifferent Heads.

HAVING thus given to our pious Readers the edifying Journal of Mrs. *Rachel Stiffrump*, we now proceed to entertain thoſe of a leſs ſpiritual Taſte in writing, and introduce a Story from the remaining Part of the Company; and here we confeſs it gives us much Affliction, that the Nature of Man appears to be ſo depraved, that we almoſt fear this pious Epiſode may be looked upon as ſomething needing an

Apology for its Inſertion, in theſe Days of Iniquity.

WE left off, if we remember right, with the Story of Lieutenant *Probit*; and here, tho' things ſeemed going on with the utmoſt Harmony and Good-nature, every one having coughed and hem'd, blowed their Noſes, and ſettled themſelves to liſten to the next Story, a ſudden Stop was put to the Proceeding.

SO have we ſeen at ſome celebrated Concert in *Dean-ſtreet*, when all was huſhed as Death, attending ſome ſweet Solo from the ſkilful Hand of *Digardino*, or other great Maſter on the Violin; a ſudden Snap of one String has inſtantly ſuſpended the Performance, the Audience was diſappointed, and the Fiddler, frightened by the Flirt in his Face, was obliged to reinſtate his Courage and his maimed Violin with a new Catgut; when with ſtring-ſtring—ſtrang-ſtrang—ſtrong ſtrong—ſtrung-ſtrung, three or four times over, having again put his Inſtrument in Tune, he ſeized the Multitude as *Engliſh* Maſtiffs do wild Boars, by the Ears, and proceeded.

IN like manner, at the Moment Parſon *Pugh* the Chaplain was going to begin his Story,

Story, Surgeon *Macpherſon*, by a ſudden riſing up, interrupted him in his Narration.

" Captain," ſays the Surgeon, " in a the " Authors I have read upon this Subject, " I ne'er ken'd that the Kirk has taken " Precedence of Medicine; and I ca' to " Meend Sir, that Mr. *Maclaurin* on his " Treatiſe on Fluxions in a Chapter pur- " poſely upon that Heed, has deceeded the " Caſe in Preference of Medicine; beſides " Sir, I ken that in a' Companies ye have " never heard, the three Profeſſions, other- " wiſe pronounced then in this Manner, " Law, Phyſic, and Divinity; therefore, " as I ſhall anſwer Sir, I can na' gie up " my Right of Preference as a Phyſician, " to a Student in Divinity, and therefore, " Sir, I ſhall take the Liberty of beginning " my Story." At theſe Words, the Parſon *Pugh* who was a little choleric by Nature and from the Leek-diet of his Youth, roſe up, and began, " Faith, Captain, this " whas prave toings inteed, look you, " what is a Surchon that his no more than " a Curer of Podies, to tell his Story " lhook you pefore a Curer of Souls? his " not the Soul petter has the Pody, and his " not the Soul-Tocter petter has the Pody- " Tocter? Gotamoche'e hur tid nefer hear " ſuch Takings in hur Life.

" If

"If you whas a Cabtain or a Liftenant, "Mr. *Macpherſon*, who toes not mind Soul "or Pody, hur would nock hunder, but "as the Soul whas petter as the pody, ſo "the Soul-Tocter whas pefore the Pody-"Tocter. Oh fy for Shame upon you "Mr. *Macpherſon*, whas not the Church "petter has a Polus, and Piple petter as "the Tiſpenſatory? Inteed hur whas not "huſed to pe ferfed ſo, inteed hur will "take her Preheminence."

THIS the Divine pronounced with a Tone of Voice, which ſavored much leſs of Non-reſiſtance, than the Words of a Quaker whoſe Conſcience is uprovoked; and probably the Arm of Fleſh would have ſupported that of the Spirit, the Parſon being fully as well qualified to enforce his Arguments by his Hands, as by his Eloquence and Underſtanding; indeed he was of the Church-militant, which never leaves the Deck in the Day of Battle to paſs away the Time in Prayer below; in fact, in all Engagements the Parſon, being bred to killing Game as well as Preaching, and probably a much better Markſman in the firſt than the laſt, had never quitted the Deck but exerciſed his Talent of ſhooting by killing his Enemies, to keep his Hand in on

the

the Ocean, againſt the Time of his landing to kill Growſe and Woodcocks.

THIS Diſpute however, would probably have ran very high, the Captain tho' no lover of Fighting himſelf, being very deſirous of looking on in Battles by other People; had not Lieutenant *Probit* decided the Affair, by obſerving, that he apprehended this Difference of Opinion in theſe two Gentlemen, aroſe from their different Education; that the Doctor being bred in *Scotland* where the Church had preſerved no Dignities belonging to it, muſt naturally conclude that the Profeſſion of Phyſic ought to precede Divinity; but that an *Engliſhman* or *Welchman*, being educated where Honors are ſtill belonging to the Church, the Biſhops ſitting in the Houſe of Lords, muſt of Conſequence conceive Divinity above Phyſic, as it really was in *England*, and therefore the Chaplain ought to have the Preference in this Caſe.

THE Doctor notwithſtanding this, did not readily give up; he talked much upon the Nature of the Union, with Quotations of many Authors Names who never wrote on the Subject, inſiſting that each Part of *Britain* had an equal Right to their Cuſtoms, not forgetting ſome ſarcaſtic Strokes

Strokes on the *Welch* and St. *David*, which the Parſon returned with equal Wrath on *Scotland* and St. *Andrew*; neither of them however, daring to mention the Itch as an Opprobrium to the other in the whole Diſpute. In this imitating Rivals in a conteſted Return of an Election, who agree to leave out all mention of Bribery, becauſe it belongs equally to each Side.

At length it was decided in favour of the Divine, and the Captain deſiring Parſon *Pugh* to begin his Story, the Chaplain had ſo warmed his *Welch* Blood, that he could not recollect one Word of what he intended to relate, when being in great Wrath, he cried out to the Surgeon, "Cotdamochée "you have ſpoilt hur Story, tell hur hown "in the Naame of Cod and pe hanged, "look you." But alas! ſuch is the Fate of Things, what had diſſipated one had diſſipated the other Story, ſo that neither of them being able to proceed, we are obliged to conclude this Chapter for want of Materials, with ſaying only that all the other Company laughed exceſſively at the Accident.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

The melancholy Story of Parſon Pugh *moſt melancholily related, with a melancholy Song ſung with no leſs melancholy a Tune.*

THE next Evening the Company being ſeated, the Chaplain was deſired to relate his Story; which he did in the following Manner.

"IN *South Wales*, hur will not tell you "the County, pecauſe hur whill not pring "Diſgrace upon the Families of the Shen- "tilmen, nor pe guilty of Indiſcreſhons "look you; there whas two Families as "anſhent as any in all *South Wales*, which "whas a creat teal to ſay let me tell you; "whan whas Squire Price of *Llanvhangel*, "and the other Squire *Lewis* of *Llantriſhent*, "whan whas a tamn'd Whig, and the other "whas creat Tory.

"YOU whill believe there was no cood "Plood between this two Shentilmen, faith "they did maak creat Oppoſiſhons; whan "tid ſay whan whas a Rogue, and the "other tid ſay the other whas a Rogue, "ſo that no one did know which to believe "look you, nor which was Rogue, nor "which whas not; put there whas creat "Cholers, and creat Heart-purnings, and

"creat

" creat Indignaſhons and Quarrels too,
" againſt whan another.

" SQUIRE *Price* who whas a Tory I
" tid ſay, notwithſtanding all this hat
" one Son, who whas as prafe a young
" Shentilman as Heart ſhall wiſh to ſee; he
" whas a prafe Scholar and fery comely in
" his Perſon; he hat fery coot Looks, and
" whas whell mate, and has pold has a Lyon.

" SQUIRE *Lewis* who whas a Whig,
" nefertheleſs faith hat a prafe Tater has
" ever heyes dit pehold; ſhe whas as hant-
" ſomes as *Venus*, her Heyes dit ſhine like
" —like—I cannot thell what, they dit
" ſhine like, oh 'thwas Timonds, faith hur
" Heyes dit ſhine like Timonds; hur
" Cheeks whas has ret has the Roſe—
" not the White-roſe but the Ret-roſe, and
" hur Skin has white has the Heat of a
" Leek; her Cheeks too whas full of
" Timples like the Whirlpools in the Ri-
" ver *Tivy*, ant ſhe tid ſmile ant ſmile like
" —like—Cotdamochée, ſhe dit ſmile like
" a Meadow full with Primroſes, ant Tai-
" ſies, and Cowſlips to poot, ant ſhe tid
" ſmell has ſweet look you.

" Now faith, young Squire *Tavy Price*,
" tho' his Father was a Tefil of a Tory,
" did fall in Love with Miſs *Winnifred*
" *Lewis*,

" *Lewis*, tho' hur Father whas the Tefil
" of a Whig; Lof is of no Party I to
" peliefe ſo, hur cannot ſay, I to think ſo,
" hur will not ſware to hit inteed, put I
" peliefe that Lof whas of no Party.

" THIS young Shentilman, as I tid
" ſay, tid caſt his Affecſhons upon Miſs
" *Whinny Lewis*, and whas tredfully ſmit-
" ten inteed with Lof of her fair Perſon,
" and Miſs *Whinny* whas has creatly in
" Lof with Squire *Tavy Price*; cot pleſs
" hur there whas ſat toings inteed, and the
" two Fathers, tho' they whas two Neigh-
" bours not two Miles aſunter, (inteed it
" whas *Whelch* Miles, pretty long Miles,
" but not more as two *Whelch* Miles) tid
" hate one tother has two Tifles, has much
" has hif they hat peen twenty Miles aſun-
" ter look you.

FAITH I tid pitty the poor young Shen-
" tilman, he tid thell me his Woes and
" his Misfortunes, ant his Criefs, ant his
" Calamities, and his Lofes, ant he tid ſay,
" Parſon *Pugh* I ſhall preak my Heart,
" I ſhall preak my Heart for the Lofe of
" Miſs *Whinny Lewis*; and faith I tid give
" him Conſolaſhons and tid preach Pa-
" ſhence, and repeat the Scriptures, and
" thell him of *Jope*, ant all whas one, he

" tid ſtill teclare he ſhould tie for Miſs " *Whinny Lewis.*

" THEN I tid learn, that the poor young " Laty whas in creat Tiſtreſs for Squire " *Tavy Price*, and the Ret-roſe whas con, " ant her Cheeks whas has pale has the " Leek, ant ſhe tid pine py the Prook ant " ſing Madrigals and Melancholies, ant " pine ant pine, and whas in fery ſat tak- " ings look you, inteed.

" AH, ſays I, Squire *Tavy Price*, this " Lof is the Tefil, for hur whas whilling " to comfort him; hur whas atviſe you " to trafel to *Lonton* and to ſee Tiverſhons, " and Shows, ant Stage-plays, to cure your " Melancholies and Fagaries; put it whas " all whan, wherever he tid co Lof tid co " with him, and Miſs *Whinny Lewis* whas " efer preſent py Night ant py Tay, alone " ant in Company, in Sickneſs ant in " Health, ſo he tid come pack has he " whent out, moſt tredfully in Lof.

" PUT I hat forcot to tell you, that " turing this Time they tid write Lof-let- " ters to one another; young Squire *Tavy* " *Price* to Miſs *Whinny Lewis*, ant Miſs " *Whinny Lewis* to young *Tavy*.

" ANT when young *Tavy Price* tid re-
" ceive a Letter, O Cotdamochée how he
" tid kiſs her ſweet Naame, ant there he
" tid reat it, ant reat it, ant reat it all the
" Day long, a cod hur whas nefer ſatis-
" fied in reating it, and then he woult kiſs
" it acain; faith hur tid nefer ſee the like,
" ant I tid ſay fy for Shame Squire *Tavy*,
" aye faith you play Poys Tricks in Cot's
" Name, what the Tefel is in you; but
" he tid play the ſame Tricks and write
" Lof-letters to her all the tay long.

" BUT Letters was ſlender tiet for two
" Lofers, there whas Kiſſes and preſſes,
" ant empraces, and Conferſations, ant
" ſqueezes, which was more ſubſtantial
" Tiet".

AT theſe Words Mrs. *Rachael* deſired the Parſon to remember the Scriptures, and have a Watch upon his Lips.

" A WHATCH upon hur Lips and re-
" memper the Scripters! whas fine tak-
" ings inteed; who ſhall teach hur the
" Scripters? E cot hur whill tefy the beſt
" Teachers of them all to teach her the
" Scripters, and hur whill teach them, ay
" faith, to the Bargain".

THIS Diſpute was ſtopt by Miſs *Lydia* and the Captain, and the Parſon deſired to proceed.

"AYE, ſays the Divine, where whas "hur, oh at Kiſſes ant Preſſes, ant Empra- "ces, ant Converſations, ant Squeezes, "which whas more ſubſtantial Tiet." At theſe Words Mrs. *Rachael* retired to the State-room repeating ſeveral Scripture phraſes, and calling loudly on the Name of the Lord.

"THEY tid therefore," ſays Parſon *Pugh*, "feel Creat cravings to pe in each "others Company; there whas luckily "or unluckily, I cannot ſay which to call "it, lucky at that Time, ant unlucky "ſince I think, a Woot in the Neigh- "pourhoot; I hat forcot to tell you they "whas both very young, he whas Eigh- "teen and ſhe whas Seventeen, ſo they "could not marry; whell then in this "Woot they tid meet together, their Pa- "rents tid know nothing of it, it whas "at a poor *Welchman*'s Houſe, Cot knows "he tid think no Harm of the matter.

"OH dammochee, Name o Cot if you "tid pehold how tenter they tid look, "ant kiſs, ant hug; Squire *Tavy* tid call "her his dear *Whinny*, his lovely Shewell,

" his ſweet Sharmer, ant he did ſwear
" he ſhould tie if he did not marry her,
" ant ſhe poor Soul tid look as if ſhe
" woult ſay the ſame Thing and tie too,
" put her Pluſhes ant her Modeſties woult
" not let her ſpeak; faith it tid my Heart
" cood to pehold ſuch faithful Lofers, it
" whas a bleſſed Sight look you, ant I
" tid ſay, whell Cot pleſs you, Cot pleſs
" you, whas make a happy Couple; ant
" Cot forgive me I did whiſh in ſecret,
" I tid not ſay it inteed, that their Parents
" whas tead that they might come toge-
" ther they tid lof ſo heartily, for hur whas
" preſent at the Meeting.

" AH Parſon *Pugh*, ſays Squire *Tavy*
" ſighing, ſighing, ant looking ſo wiſhfully
" upon Miſs *Whinny*, I whiſh you could
" marry hus two; ant faith ſhe tid look as
" if ſhe did wiſh ſo too. Faith Squire hur
" whiſh ſo too, ſays I, put it is the Tefil
" to pe tranſported as a wicked Felon,
" for marrying two honeſt lofing People;
" in the Name of the Lort hur cannot do
" that look you, there is hur Wife and hur
" Shildrens, faith hur cannot do that.

" WHELL then it tid ſignify nothing for
" young Squire *Price* to ſpeak to old Squire
" *Price* apout the Marrich; the Elecſhons
" whas coming hon, ant the two Fathers

" tid oppoſe whan tother hall the Tay long
" like two Tefils; and Squire *Price* tid ſware
" that Squire *Lewis* whas a tamn'd whig
" Rogue, and woult ruin his Country; and
" Squire *Lewis* tid ſware that Squire *Price*
" whas a tamn'd Jacopite Rogue and woult
" ruin his Country; for the Whigs to call
" all Tories Jacopites to make them otious
" in the Worlt, which is a creat Lie, that
" I to know myſelf, look you.

" At laſt as the Tefil would have hit,
" their Meeting whas tiſcofered, oh cha vee
" what tam'd Tiſturpances this tid maak;
" old Squire *Lewis* tid ſware that he woult
" kill his Taughter, if ſhe tid keep com-
" pany with young Squire *Price*; ant old
" Squire *Price* tid ſware that if young
" Squire *Price* tid marry *Whinny Lewis*
" when he whas of Age, he woult kill him
" if there whas nefer a Rogue more in
" the Worlt; but he tid perſwate him to
" tepauch her if he coud, for ſays he, that
" whill pring the Family into Tiſgrace,
" ant I ſhoult pe glad to ſee the olt Rogue
" in Tiſgrace; oh it whas Shame upon him,
" Shame upon him, inteed it whas whicket
" Atvice from a Father to his Son.

" This Conferſation tid pierce the very
" Heart of the young Squire, he coud

" not apide his Father for thinking ſo
" fillainouſly of him, and that Miſs *Whinny*
" was capable of being tepauched, for Lof
" is a fertuous Paſſion; ant he that woult
" trife Lofe out of the Worlt, woult trife
" Firtue out of the Worlt, let me tell you.

" O CHA vee, nothing whas ſo wretchet
" has theſe two Lofers; young Squire
" *Price* tid wheep and whail and peat his
" poor Preaſt and lament, and cried, oh
" Parſon *Pugh*, Parſon *Pugh*, hur whas
" untone, hur whas untone; I tid ſay,
" Name o' Cot 'twas no ſuch matter, taak
" Courage Man, taak Courage; put all
" whas ſtill the ſame, he cried hur whas
" untone.

" To maak ſhort Story of it, Miſs
" *Whinny* too whas tredfully tiſtreſſed; ſhe
" tid lament in priſate, and the Ret-roſe
" in her Sheek whas has pale has the Leek,
" ant her Heyes whas has heavy as Leat,
" ant ſhe tid pine, pine, pine, like a ſick
" Turkey; ant ſhe tid frequent the Croves
" ant purling Streams, and whas has ſoli-
" tary and has melancholy, has an olt Cat
" on a rainy tay; ant ſhe tid ſigh, ant
" ſigh like the hollow Whind, has hif her
" poor Heart woult preak poor Tamſel,
" inteed hur whas ſorely tiſtreſt.

" WHELL

" WHELL now it whas Ten times worſe
" has efer; Squire *Lewis* tid tetermine to
" marry his Taughter to young Squire
" *Morgan*, and he tid pid her to receive
" the young Shentilman with great Cifili-
" ties; o cha vee this tid co to her Heart.

" So when young Squire *Morgan* tid
" come to maak Lofe, ſhe tid tell him
" that ſhe whas tetermined nefer to marry
" as long has ſhe tid live; this Squire
" *Morgan* tid tell her Father, and Cot-
" dammochee her Father tid ſware like a
" Matman, ant curſe ſo pitterly that ſhe
" ſhoult marry Squire *Morgan*, that the
" poor young Shentilwoman whas opliged
" to ſent a Letter to young Squire *Price*,
" and tell him ſhe whas to be married to
" young Squire *Morgan*, and tid tell him
" that ſhe woult fly all ofer the Worlt with
" him to prefent the Marrich; inteed Squire
" *Morgan* whas no more compared to
" Squire *Price*, than an Owl in the Ify Puſh
" is to the Royal-oak; inteed Squire *Morgan*
" whas not hantſome Man, he tid lof Mo-
" ney, put he tid not lof Miſs *Whinny*,
" therefore ſhe was tetermined not to hafe
" him: Whell to maak ſhort Story of it,
" young Squire *Price* tid ket a Horſe with
" a Site-ſattle, ant come to *Llantrifhent* at
" Midnight, when young Squire *Morgan*

" whas in the Houſe, inteed it was pold
" toings, put Lof is a pold Fellow, ant
" then Miſs *Whinny* tid ſteal to the Place
" appointet, ant getting on Horſeback ſhe
" ant young Squire *Price* tid rite towarts
" *Precon* with all Speet.

" THE next Morning when it whas
" Preakfaſt time, the two Squires whas
" whonter what whas pecome of Miſs
" *Whinny*, ſhe did not come down, put
" faith when they dit fint ſhe whas not
" there, they were more ſurprized ſhe tid
" not come town, put what whas pecome
" of hur whas the Whonter; Squire *Lewis*
" tid look upon Squire *Morgan*, and Squire
" *Morgan* tid look upon Squire *Lewis*,
" put neither of them coud ſay what was
" pecome of her; Squire *Morgan* tid ſay,
" perhaps ſhe has trown'd herſelf for Lof
" of *Price*, and Squire *Lewis* tid ſay, that
" whas impoſſible, to pe ſure ſhe woult
" haf left a Letter pehind to tell where to
" find hur, as it whas always the Cuſtom
" in *Wales* in theſe matters. Put whilſt
" theſe two Squires whas tepating upon
" the Matter, there whas whan *Morgan*
" *Rice* who hat met Miſs *Whinny* upon
's the Roat to *Precon*, ant he tid come ant
" kive Account of hit.

" THIS

"THIS whas maak a Tefil of a Larum, "ant Swearing, ant Noiſe, till the two "Squires tid put on their two Poots.

"TWo Boots for two Squires, ſays Lieutenant *Mac Valor*, "the Devil burn me in "*Ireland* every Squire wears two Boots himſhelf. My Dear, that ſeems a little ſtrange.

"WHELL, whell," ſays the Parſon, it "his four Poots for two Squires; hur whill "not tiffer apout a pair of Poots, look you.

"WHELL then the Squires tid mount "their Horſes, ant their Serfants with Piſtols, and Kuns, ant Hangers, to purſue "young Squire *Price* and Miſs *Whinny*; "and they tid fow Fengeance, ant Teath, "ant Teſtruction, upon young Squire *Price* "when they tid catch hur tead or alife; and "e cot they tid callop and callop till, has "Cot woult hafe it Squire *Lewis* tid looſe "a Shoe from his Horſe, two Miles from "*Llandofery*; oh cha vee how the Squire "tid ſware, it woult to your Heart good "to hear him, ſo he tid ſent his Serfant "pefore to maak Preparaſhons for a Shoe, "when the Squire tid come to *Llandofery*.

"NOw whilſt the Serfant whas ſtaying "with the Smith, like a true Serfant he "tid tell the Smith, whoſe Name whas

" *Price*, ant a near Relaſhon of the young " Squire, peing his Father's firſt Coſin fif- " teen times remofed, ant as honeſt a Tory " has efer whas porn, look you, the Cauſe " of this Shourney; e cot Maſter *Price* " whas tetermined in this Caſe, to ſerfe his " Coſin who whas con off with the Laty.

" For that Reaſon, when he whas put- " ing on the Shoe he tid trive the Nails " ſo fery near, that he whas prety ſhure " the Horſe woult pe fery lame pefore he " whas con three Miles; ant in looking " ofer Squire *Morgan*'s Horſes Shoes, he " tid traw out three Nails from each Shoe " pefore, py means of which hur whas " ſhure that this Horſe woult looſe his " Shoe in a fery little Time, alſo,

" So you ſee py this how Profitence " toes help true Lofers, and that Honeſty " is always on Lofe's Site, as you may pe- " holt in this Inſtance; put has there whas " a tam'd place calt *Trecaſtle* on the Moun- " tains where Shoes coult pe put on, ant " has the Smith at *Llandofery* coult not " write, e cot he tid run to Mr. *Morgan* " the Attorney at *Llandofery*, as honeſt a " Man has efer whas porn, ant teſire him " to write a Letter to his Coſin *Price* the " Smith at *Trecaſtle*, ant inform him of the " Matter;

" Matter; this Mr. *Morgan* was clad to
" do; and the Smith tefired the Serfant
" after kifing him a Mug of Ale, to te-
" liver the Letter at *Trecaſtle* which he
" promiſed to do.

" The Horſes peing reaty, ant the two
" Squires having trank a Pottle of Whine
" at the new plack Pear, they tid mount
" again, put has Mr. *Price* hintented ſo
" it came to paſs; whan Horſe whas lame,
" and one Horſe loſt hur two Shoes in
" leſs than two Miles. Cot dammochee
" how the two Squires tid ſware acain,
" and curſe poor honeſt *Price* to the Tefil;
" To make ſhort Story of hit, the Letter
" peing kifen py the Serfant who whas
" ſent pefore, Mr. *Price* of *Trecaſtle* whas
" tetermined to pehave like Mr. *Price* of
" *Llandofery*, and not ſhame hur Relaſhon-
" ſhip for filthy Lucre, look you. The
" Squires peing arrifed, the firſt thing they
" whas to, whas to curſe Mr. *Price* of
" *Llandofery* for a tamn'd Rogue, upon
" which Mr. *Price* of *Trecaſtle* tid ſay,
" py Cot *Price* of *Llandofery* his my
" near Relaſhon, look you, ant has ho-
" neſt a Man has efer whas porn in South
" *Wales*, ant I to ſay efery Whig in
" *Englant* ought to pe hangt who tid ſay
" hur whas a Rogue; ant faith ſays he,
" I to not care who toes hear me, ant py

" Cot

" Cot ſays he, hur wont ſhoe the Horſes of " any Man who tid apuſe hur Coſin *Price*. " This whas a moſt terriple Stroke inteed " upon the two Squires, look you, ant " he woult not ſhoe their Horſes for all " they coult ſay; *Price* whas rich and tid " not falue any Squire of them all. He " hat cood Ten pounds a Year in cood " Lant, ſo faith the two Squires whas " opliged to co on fery lamely to *Precon*, " ant has they went on put ſlowly hur " whill leafe them to ſtep pefore, and tell " you what has pecome of Miſs *Whinny* " and young Squire *Price*.

" THIS loſing Couple whas meet no " Accident from *Llantriſhent* to *Precon*, " Lof to maak all Things has heaſy has " poſſible. hat triven Miſchief out of the " Road, but coult not prefent Miſs *Whinny* " from peing terribly tired when ſhe ar- " rifed at *Precon*; ſo they tid alight at the " Sign of the colten Lyon, which whas kept " py as honeſt, civil Man has his in all *Wales*.

" SO Squire *Price* tid teclare the whole " Story to *Jack Harper*, ant *Harper* tid " ſay, I whas ſerf you with my whole " Life, to pe ſure Squire *Lewis* whill pur- " ſue you; ay ſays Squire *Price* that his " my Fear; ſo *Harper* tid ſay, I whill ſerf

" you,

" you, mint what I ſay, I whill ſerf you;
" ant Miſs *Whinny* tid lie town a little on
" the Ped. Now this whas the very Tay
" they tid chuſe Knights of the Share for
" *Precon*, and Squire *Lewis* hat a little
" Eſtate in *Preconſhare*, ant hat teſigned to
" pe there to fote for Squire * * * * put
" he tid not think to come on this Occaſhon.

" NOW *Jack Harper* whas whilling to
" ſerf young Squire *Tavy Price*, ant his
" Frient who whas put up for Knight
" of the Share at the ſame time, look you,
" ſo he tid co to whan of the oppoſite
" Party in the Market-plaace, ant tid tell
" him, laughing at the Party, that young
" Squire *Price* whas run away with Miſs
" *Whinny Lewis*, ant hat left his Houſe
" two Hours a co for the *Hay* to co the
" Roat to *Lonton*; ant to pe ſure the old
" Squire whas follow them, and e cot ſays
" he, you cannot keep hur to fote for you,
" hur whill follow hur Taughter to pe ſure.

" THIS the Man who whas tolt this
" News tid peliefe, ſo he tid co upon the
" Pridge to ſtop Squire *Lewis*, ant to maak
" hur ſtay to fote for Squire * * * * *.
" In a little Time the two Squires and their
" lame Horſes tid arrife at the Pridge, ant
" ſo *Tavy Shones* (that whas the Naame of
" the

" the Man) tid tell what *Harper* tid ſay " to hur, which inſteat of ſtopping Squire " *Lewis* to fote, he ant Squire *Morgan* " tid taak *Welch* Poſt-horſes, and callop " like the Tefel to the *Hay*; ſo *Harper* " tid ſafe a Fote againſt Squire * * * * * " ant ſerſe his Frient young Squire *Price* at " the ſame time; ant hur whill pe pold to " ſay, that there is no petter Houſe, nor " cifiler Uſage, in all *England*, than at the " Colten-lion at *Precon*.

" Miss *Whinny* peing refreſh'd, ſhe tid " mount acain, and they tid proceed toke- " ther, young Squire *Price* and his Serfant " for *Abergavenny*, not thinking themſelves " ſafe till they whas cot into *Englant*; at " *Abergavenny* they tid ſtop fery little while " at the Sign of the *Anchel*, where *Samuel* " *Saunders* whas the Lantlort; ant while " theſe two faithful Lofers tid ket to *Aber-* " *gavenny*, Squire *Price* and Squire *Morgan* " had callapt to the *Hay* and pack acain, " the Elecſhon whas finiſht, ant *Harper* tid " laugh like the Tefil at the Joke of ſent- " ing two Squires a Fool's Arrant out of " the Way, ant looſe hur Votes ant hur " Taughter too: However, they whas ſtill " tetermined to purſue Miſs *Whinny Lewis* " and young Squire *Price*, and catch them " at the *Sefern* tead or alife, and this whas " what theſe two Lofers tid fear.

" When

" When the Squires tid arrife at *Aber-*
" *gavenny*, *Samuel Saunders*, who knows has
" whell has any Man in *Englant*, that a
" Traveller that does not tarry in a Houſe
" to eat or to drink, may as well have nefer
" come to Town, tid tell theſe Shentilmen,
" that the Shentilman and Laty whas to pe
" ſure on tother Site *Sefern* ſafe in *Englant*
" pefore this Time, put he tid not know
" the Occaſhions of the Foyage or the
" Shourney, or, ſays he, they cannot co
" theſe ſix Hours for the Tite, therefore
" you may ſtay ant tine; I have ſome cood
" freſh Trout, or Pit of Mutton, or a
" Fowl, or whatefer you pleaſe, Shentil-
" men, and cood Pottle of Whine. Now
" the two Squires whas teſliſhly tired, and
" teſliſhly hungry to poot, ſo they tid te-
" termine to leaſe a while the Care of the
" Taughter for the Care of themſelves, ant
" taak a Pit of Meat, ant a Pottle of
" Whine.

" This peing tone, they tid intend pro-
" ceeding to the *Sefern* Site, put has there
" his two Paſſages and two Roats to them,
" there whas a tam'd Tepate petween the
" two Squires which Roat to taak, look
" you, till *Samuel Saunders* tid tell them,
" that they where cone to the new Paſ-
" ſage,

" ſage, ant pelieved they would do whell
" to maak haſte, if they intended ofertaking
" them pefore they where paſt.

" Now Miſs *Whinny* and young Squire
" *Price* peing arrived at *Sefern* Site, they
" whas hin creat Trepitations, and the
" Whind whas moſt tredfully high, which
" tid maak Miſs *Whinny* tredfully afraid,
" put ſhe was reſolfed to paſs over, what-
" efer whas the Conſequence.

" Howefer, the Whint whas what they
" tid call apove: Now in that Country
" there whas no Eaſt Whint, or Wheſt
" Whint, or North Whint, or South Whint,
" there whas put two Whints out of the
" Heafen, the Whint apove, and the Whint
" pelow, ſo that they whas opliged to ſtay
" till it whas Haf-tite pefore they coult ſet
" out; now juſt has they tid ſet ſail with
" a tredful Whint, the two Squires tid ar-
" rive, and tid learn that the Poat, which
" whas the only Poat on that Site, hat
" young Squire *Price* and Miſs *Whinny*
" *Lewis* a-poard; it whas a Pig-herd who
" tid maak this Tiſcovery, who tid pie
" Pigs of Squire *Lewis*, and whas trife
" them from *Whales*, look you, into *Eng-*
" *lant*.

" Lort

" Lort pleſs me, how the two Squires " tid ſware and tam *Samuel Saunders* who " tid keep them to tine; and faith hur " tid whiſh the two Squires whas cone " ſooner, for the poor Lofers Sake.

" To maak ſhort Story of it, the Whint, " has I tid tell you, whas tredful ſtormy, " hit tid plow ant plow, and the Poatman " tid ſay they ſhould pe oferſet; Miſs " *Whinny* then tid tremple and ſcream, " young Squire *Price* tid ſay, claſping her " to his Preaſt, My tear *Whinny*, petter " for Lofers to tie together, than to life " ant ſee each other miſeraple in this Worlt; " ant with theſe Worts the Poat whas ofer- " ſet: Young Squire *Tavy* whas taak holt " of an Hoar, and whot have ſafed hurſelf " fery whell, put when he ſee his lofely " *Whinny* whas triving with the Tite, Life " whas not worth preſerfing withhout his " tear Shewel, he therefore tid leafe his " Hoar, and ſwim like a Duck to hur Aſ- " ſiſtance; he tid take her in whan Arm, " and ſay, My teareſt *Whinny*, we will lif " or tie tokether; all this the poor tiſtract- " ed Father tid pehold from the Shore: " At laſt ſwimming long while, and peing " tired with ſupporting his tear *Whinny*, " ant finding hur ſinking, he ſait, Heafen

" hafe

" hafe Mercy ant receife two faithful Lo-
" fers into thy pleſſed Manſhons; then
" claſping hur in his Arms, they tid poth
" ſink tokether, and Cot, I doubt not,
" will hafe Mercy on their poor Soals at
" the Reſurreſhons. This whan of the
" Poatmen, who whas ſwimming on the
" other Hoar, put coult not aſſiſt them,
" tid relate to me at the Paſſage-houſe.

" HUR ſhall not tell you how the two
" Fathers tid curſe Whigs and Tories all
" the Tays of their Lifes, put hur whill
" repeat a little Pallad hur tid maak on the
" mournful Occaſhon."

" No, ſing it, Parſon," ſays the Captain.

" FAITH, ſays the Parſon, it toes maak
" me melancholis, put hur whill ſing it to
" plaiſe you;" which he accordingly did. It is entitled,

TAVY

TAVY and WHINNY;

OR,

The Lofers Lamentation.

1.

COME and liſten to my Titty
All ye Maits of Tivy *Site;*
Lent a lof-ſick Mait your Pitty,
That whas long to be a Prite.
Young Squire Tavy Price *tid lof hur*
Petter has his Soal ant Life;
Put hur Father woult not ſuffer
That ſhe ſhoot pecome his Wife.

2.

Oh what Pains and creat Afflicſhons
This young Tamſel ſhe tid know,
When hur Father cave Tireckſhons
To the Woot ſhe ſhout not co,
For to meet her lofely Shewel,
And to kiſs the Time away;
Put, alas! it whas too cruel,
Yet the Maiten muſt opey.

3.

All peſite the falling Fountin
Whinny *fair tid maak her moan;*
The Coats tid liſten on the Mountin,
The Fiſh whas tumb to hear hur crone.

She

She tid waſte py Lof with weeping,
Like a Cantle py its Wick;
This tid keep hur Eyes from ſleeping,
And tid maak hur Pody ſick.

4.

Then to ſave her Health and Peauty,
And the Man ſhe lofed to have,
She tid leaf her Friends and Tuty,
And tid ſeek a watery Crave.
In the Sefern's *ſtormy Water,*
There theſe faithful Lofers tied;
There Squire Lewis *loſt his Taughter,*
And Squire Price *his Son peſide.*

5.

Parents then, poth Whig and Tory,
Mint what Parſon Pugh *relates,*
Learn, alas! from this ſat Story,
Whig ant Tory maketh Hates.
Hat no Party e'er ſupſiſted,
Lofely Whinny *hat peen pleſt;*
Ant Squire Tavy Price *hat reſted,*
Oh cha vee on her peauteous Preaſt.

PARSON *Pugh* having finiſh'd his Song, the whole Company applauded the Manner and the Compoſition, Mrs. *Rachael* excepted; who ſaid, "ſhe was convinced Mr. "*Maultext*, a Preſbyterian Divine, would "not have made or ſung a Heathen Song "for the World, but that he made the beſt "ſpiritual

" ſpiritual Songs, and ſung them the beſt " of all ſhe had ever heard;" this ſhe ſpoke from the State-room, beginning a Prayer for the Company, when Parſon *Pugh* not being able to bear this Rebuke, cried out, " Tam your Preſbyterian Teacher ant your " ſpirital Songs to poot; hur whill ſing " with hur for hur peſt Coat, py Cot, and " play the Harp peſites, look you."

THEN turning to the Company, he ſaid, " This whas the Ferſes hur tid maak, ant " there whas many Shentilmen tid ſay, " there whas coot Expreſhons, ant poetic " Thoughts, ant fine Tiſcripſhons; hur " cannot ſay, Cot knows, put hur tid pe- " lieve there whas ſomething of theſe Mat- " ters in the Ferſes;" which all agreeing to, *Macpherſon* excepted, the Chaplain was extremely pleaſed, and as gay as a Bird all the Evening after. This Account being pretty long, the Story of the Surgeon was deferred till the next Day; for which Reaſon alſo we ſhall defer the Account, and conclude this Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Indian *and* European *Sentiments on the foregoing Story. One ſmart Obſervation of Lieutenant* Macvalor. *A Compariſon between Wind and Wind. An unlucky Diſcovery for a Saint, ſet to rights by the Art of Canting.*

OF all thoſe who were preſent at this Story, none was ſo much affected with it as *Cannaſſatego*; he applauded with ſilent Tears the Reſolution of young *Price* giving up Life to die with her he loved. Lieutenant *Probit* looking tenderly on Miſs *Lydia*, who regarded him with equal Sweetneſs, agreed, that their Death was to be lamented; and that every Law muſt be cruel, which tends to ſeparate Hearts ſo truly made for one another.

THE Captain ſwore he would have enjoyed her at *Brecon*, and then given her back again to her Father, to make the moſt of her; at which Words all expreſt their Deteſtation of the Expreſſion; and Lieutenant *Macvalor* cried out, "By *Jaſus*, and "there's more Couſin *Phelims* than one in "the World." Miſs *Lydia* in particular looked on him with great Contempt, which perceiving,

perceiving, he doubled his Careſſes and fond Expreſſions, proteſting he adored her, and left no Art untried to win her Affections, and ſeduce her to Ruin; this however he found impoſſible, her own original Virtue, fortified with the Paſſion which ſhe had conceived for Lieutenant *Probit*, was an inſurmountable Obſtruction.

NOTWITHSTANDING this, tho' he deſpaired of obtaining his Deſires by fair Means, he was determined to obtain them by Force; but in the Execution of this Deſign, he ſaw it was neceſſary to prevail on Mrs. *Rachael* to be an Aſſiſtant, or as they ſlept in one Bed, it was impoſſible to be perfected.

HOWEVER, being miſled by the external Holineſs of Mrs. *Rachael*, he was much embarraſſed in what manner to open the Affair to her; this Pain he was ſoon eaſed of by the following Circumſtance. It ſeems the Captain had obſerved, that Mrs. *Rachael* anſwered exactly the Idea which Dean *Swift* has given us, in his *Tale of a Tub*, of the Saints of *Jack Calvin*, in being extremely windy; beſides which, he had made this farther Remark, that Mrs. *Rachael*, in conſequence of this Affinity between herſelf and the Wind, was always loudeſt in Prayer, when the Storm was loudeſt in blowing; and

and thus as it increaſed or decreaſed, ſhe kept it gradually company with her Prayers and Ejaculations; by means of which, ſhe never deſiſted from reminding the Lord of her Goodneſs when the Wind blew high, and relaxed into a dead Calm of Prayer when the Weather was free from Storms, the cuſtomary Times excepted.

At this Time, the Weather being extremely moderate, the Captain and Mrs. *Rachael* being together in the Cabin, the others all upon Deck, he caſt his Eye undiſcovered on the Book which ſhe was reading, and there he ſaw a Title of a Poem, which he had remembred to have ſtudied with ſome Attention, when he was ſomewhat younger; in fact, he perceived that tho' *Watts*'s Hymns might be Mrs. *Rachael*'s Study during a Storm, and thoſe which ſhe ſung aloud at that Time, that the Earl of *Rocheſter*'s Poems were her ſecret Amuſement and Delight, when there was no Danger.

This Diſcovery gave him as much Pleaſure for the preſent, as a Prize of twenty thouſand Pounds.

He therefore ſlily ſnatched the Book from her Hands, and found that what he had ſug-

ſuggeſted was true, that theſe Poems, which Mrs. *Rachael* had called divine, were of no leſs a Hand than of that great Divine, the Earl of *Rocheſter*.

HAVING thus ſecured the Book, he threatened immediately to diſcover the Affair to the Company, to all of which ſhe was become moſt extremely diſagreeable: She, with the ſtubborn Air of true Preſbyterian Saintſhip, replied, "he might, if "he pleaſed; that ſhe had been reading "a Poem on the Day of Judgment, which "is bound up in this Volume, and preparing "her Soul for another World; ſhe called "God to witneſs ſhe did not know another "Poem in the Book."

THIS however, the Captain putting the Book on its Back on the Table, had great Reaſon to believe was not ſtrictly true, for it open'd, upon repeated Trials, at two Poems of quite a different and leſs ſpiritual Nature than that of the Laſt-day; and it ſeemed likely to continue proceeding in that way till the Day arrived, which Mrs. *Rachael* averred ſhe had been reading the Deſcription of.

"WHAT think you of this, Mrs. *Ra-*
"*chael*, ſays the Captain; ſee how the

"Book opens at quite another Place than "what you mention; and how dirty the "Leaves are in this Poem, whereas the "Leaves in the Poem on the Day of Judg-"ment are clean and untouched?"

Mrs. *Rachael* replied, "That she never "defiled any thing she read; and I do not "wonder at all, that the Devil is always "ready to assist the Wicked, and over-"power the Righteous; and I do not "doubt but he has often blackened the "Leaves, and opened other Books in wick-"ed Places, on purpose to vilify Saints on "Earth, before now; but thank the Lord, "I have never seen the Righteous forsaken, "nor their Seed begging Bread; I have "fought the good Fight, and shall put "my Trust in the Lord, and not fear what "Man can do unto me."

"Mrs. *Rachael*, says the Captain, you "cannot any longer deceive me by this "Manner of Canting; but as you may "serve me, and not injure yourself, I will "keep the Secret, if you incline so to "do."

At these Words, Mrs. *Rachael* said, "She thanked the Lord, that no body "could say she was of an ungrateful Mind;

"that she would certainly do any thing in "her Power to please Captain *Bounce*, from "whom she had received such Civilities; "but at the same time begged he would not "imagine any thing of this proceeded from "Fear of Discovery, for she thanked the "Lord, her Heart was innocent, and her "Eyes were guiltless of all profane Read-"ing; however, that she was willing to "oblige him in all honest Endeavours." At which Time the Captain, in return for this civil Speech, gave her the Book again.

The Company coming into the Cabin, put an End to the Conversation; and the Tea being ready, they all sat down to it; which having finished that Regale, the Captain desired Surgeon *Macpherson* to entertain the Company with a Story.

Which Story shall be found in the next Chapter.

CHAP. XVIII.

Surgeon Macpherſon's *Story, with an Introduction of the excellent School of Phyſic at* Edinburgh; *with Mrs.* Rachael's *Remark at the End of it.*

SURGEON *Macpherſon* being now in turn to ſpeak, roſe up, and began thus: "During the Time, Sirs, I was at my Stu- "dies at the College at *Edinburgh*, there "was a ſengular Accedent that happen'd "i' the Country, which I ſhall relate i' the "following Manner; but I muſt furſt tak "Nottice in this place, that *Edenburgh* is the "furſt School for Medcine i' the Woorld. "The Lactures, Sirs, are a' gi'en in a vary "maſterly Manner; which maks me oob- "ſarve to yee, that unleſs a Pheſician be "bred at that College, I wou'd na gee yee a "Bawbee for a' he knows i' the Woorld."

"BUT to your Story, Doctor, ſays "Lieutenant *Probit*, and ſing the Praiſes "of *Edinburgh* Phyſicians when you come "into a Country where there are Doctors "of more than one Nation; you are ſure "of all the Practice here."

"FAITH,

" FAITH, Sir, ſays the Doctor, yee are " i' the Right of that; and ſo I proceed: " Well then, i' the North o' *Scotland*, Sir, " the Hay does na grow as it does in *Eng-* " *land*; the Meadows are a' covert weth " Water; and when the Mowers have cut " it doown, the Laſſies, with their little " Coaties kelted up about their Medles, " gang into th' Water with their Rakes, to " draw the Hay a-ſhore, and ſa dry it on " the upper Groounds.

" Now, Sir, it hapen'd that there was " ane Laſſie amongſt the reſt, that was as " faitly foorm'd as Een of Man e'er ken'd; " and as the De'el oordain'd, the yang " Laird *Sandy Macpherſon*, for he was of " oour Clan, as bony a Lad as e'er the Sun " ſhone upon, ganging to ſee them at " woork, caſt his Een upon the twa bony " Legs of this Laſſie; and as I ſhall an- " ſwer, a bonnier Laſſie was na in a' the " Highlands; her Complaxion was as good " as Heart coud wiſh to ſee; her twa paw- " ky Een blink'd like the Sun o' the *May* " Morning; her winſome Moouth was as " inviting as the ripen'd Bogberry; e god, " Sirs, ſhe was a' over Charms.

" THIS Laſſie was na mair than the Chiel " of a poor Highlander; but ſicken an- " oother was na to be ſeen amongſt a' the " *Scotch* Ladies at that time.

" WEEL, Sirs, I ken ye wo na woon- " der, that young *Sandy*, who was blithe " and braw, ſhould na reſiſt the Tempta- " tion of this bony Laſſie, with the twa " wheet Legs.

" E GOD, Sirs, he taks an Ooccaſion to " begen ſome flattering Speeches, and gangs " to her Father's Hoóſie, and gi'es her the " De'el and a' fond oWoords and brave Pro- " miſes, and the lick o' that; and as *Allan* " *Ramſay* ſweatly ſings,

" *He claſp'd her faſt, and ga'e her many* " *a Tug,*
" *And kiſs'd my Laſſie there from Lug to* " *Lug*;

" ſa that in a Month's Time, the Laſſie " was wrapt i' the ſame Plaidy with *Sandy* " *Macpherſon* on the Heath, and Love ſtood " laughing at the Spoort they were about.

" SONE after this, as I ſhall anſwer, " *Jenny* was touch'd a little with Remorſe " about what ſhe had been doing, and tells

" her

" her Mother the hail Story; the Mother " quite daft at the thing, conſults Meſs " *John* the Parſon upon the Affair: Now " Meſs *John* did na forget to tell her the " Sin ſhe had been gelty of, and charge " her to repent o' the heinous Crime of " looſing her Maidenheed; but he let her " know, that there was yet open to her a " ſaving Grace, if that ſhe ſhould deſart " the ſame *Sandy Macpherſon.*

" However, the poor Laſſie was re- " ſoolved to upbraid young *Sandy* with " having ſtalen her Maidenheed; ſa ane " Day ſhe mets him on the Hills, and up- " braids him with great Wrath, and told " him, Ah *Sandy*, ye are a pimpin Loon " to have ſtalen a poor Laſſie's Maidenheed " at this Maner. Ah, quoth he, my dear " *Jenny*, na Man upon the Earth is leſs " likely to commet a Theft the lick o' that, " than I am; an ye ſha' na ſay that *Sandy* " has rob'd ye of your Maidenheed, Laſſie, " I'ſe gee it ye again wi a' my Heart, ſo " the Laſſie conſented to take it again; he " then wrapt her up in the ſame tartan " Plaidy, and laying her in it on the Hea- " thie, as I ſhall anſwer it, he gaave her " her Maidenheed again, in the Maner he " took it awa; when the Laſſie making a " Curteſie, gang'd awa contented.

" But, Sirs, let me tell ye, the thing " did na end here: Meſs *John* the Parſon " had twa likeriſk Een, and his Heed was " as ruddy as Carrot; ſa when this Laſſie " had tauld the Parſon that *Sandy Mac-* " *pherſon* had ge'en her her Maidenheed " again, he told poor *Jenny*, that the Sin " was now greeter than befoore, and that " unleſs ſhe would conſent to be ſet to " Rights by his ſaving Grace, her Saul was " in a State o' Damnation; but, ſays he, " *Jenny*, da na ſay any thing o' this to your " Mother, for I ſhall have the auld Wo- " man's Saul to ſave i' the lick way, and " I da na care for the ſaving auld Womens " Sauls i' ſicken a Faſhion.

" Sa, Sirs, Meſs *John* ſet about ſaving " *Jenny*'s Saul i' the Maner that *Sandy Mac-* " *pherſon* had deſtroy'd it; and e god, Sirs, " betwixt theſe twain, the Laſſie was with " Bairn: Now the Action of ſaving her " Saul being oftener repeated by Meſs *John*, " than the damming it was by young *Sandy*, " the Parſon was acuſed by the Laſſie as " the Father of the Bairn, and was obliged " to mount the Stool o' Repentance in the " Kirk.

" After

"AFTER this, Sirs, he left *Scotland*, and "came into *England*, where he would have "began as an Apoothecary; but not know- "ing one Drug from another, which is ne- "ceſſary for an Apoothecary, he turn'd "Doctor, learnt to preſcribe, practiſes Phe- "ſick with greet Succeſs, and an honeſter "prettier Fellow, and better Pheſician, is "na to be foound this Day in a' *Britain*. "And thus ends my Storry."

THIS Story the Captain liked the beſt of all, and ſwore *Sandy* was a damn'd clever Fellow; Miſs *Lydia* and Lieutenant *Probit* diſapproved of it entirely; *Macvalor* laugh- ed very innocently at it; Parſon *Pugh* ſaid, "It whas the Tefil of a Teacher; and in- "teet, Miſtriſs *Rachael*, ſays he, tho' the "Preſbyterian Parſons will not tell ſuch "Stories as hur tid, they whill to them, "I to ſee;" Mrs. *Rachael* privately aſk- ed *Macpherſon*, how he came to betray his Fellow-brethren in the Lord; ſays ſhe, "The wicked Church-people will expoſe "us Saints faſt enough; we make it a Rule "never to betray each other, whenever we "are overtaken by the wicked Spirit."

IT was now the Captain's Turn to enter- tain his Company, being the Maſter of the

whole, and therefore Manners had withheld him till the laſt; which Idea of Manners alſo, ſhall oblige us to give the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, Commander of the * * * * * *, a ſeparate Chapter; this, as it cannot be done otherwiſe, we here conclude what we have in Hand.

CHAP XIX.

A Scene of Altercation between the Captain and Mrs. Rachael Stiffrump. *The Author makes a ſhrewder Remark than* Machiavel. *Mrs.* Rachael's *pious Diſpoſition appears in a true Light. The Captain begins and ends his Story in a very ſhort Space, and ſhews his Courage, his Cunning, and another thing beginning with a C, to the End of the Chapter. Surgeon* Macpherſon *appears like Honour in* Falſtaff's *Opinion, with no great Skill in Surgery.*

THE Evening being paſt in the common way, next Morning the Captain put Mrs. *Rachael* in mind of her Promiſe, "Or damme, ſays he, but I will blow "you." "Blow me, ſays ſhe; pray Cap- "tain have a little Care of your poor im-

"mortal

" mortal Soul, and don't ſwear ſo; don't
" you know that there will be a Day of
" Reckoning, when you will be brought
" to an Account for every idle Expreſ-
" ſion?"

" DAMME, ſays the Captain, no canting,
" Madam; did not I catch you with *Ro-*
" *cheſter*'s bawdy Poems Yeſterday in your
" Hand, thumb'd all over." " Me with
" that Heathen's Poems in my Hand, ſays
" Mrs. *Rachael*; I am ſure I never ſaw any
" ſuch profane Books in my Life, and I
" defy you to prove it; I never read any
" but the divine Hymns of the Reverend
" Mr. *Watts*; I read ſuch Books which
" lead to Damnation! I call the Lord to
" witneſs I never ſaw them in my Life,
" and I defy you to prove it."

AND here the Captain firſt perceived his Error in having given up the Prize which he had ſeized the Day before. It ſeems Mrs. *Rachael*, though ſhe loved a luſcious Tale, had yet a greater Love for her Reputation, and had therefore given the Cauſe of this Storm of the Captain's, as *Jonah* was given of Old, to the Waves and the Whales Belly, if Whales delight in eating Poetry as well as Prophets; thus there being no Proof but the Captain's Word againſt

Mrs.

Mrs. *Rachael*'s, the firſt of which ſhe found that all the Ship's Crew had no great Opinion of, ſhe reſted ſafely on her Lye cover'd by Hypocriſy, yet undiſcovered, againſt the Captain's true Story, who was ſuſpected of ſometimes deviating from the ſtrait Line; and this ſhews ſomething more than *Machiavel* has advanced in his Prince, that private People as well as Potentates, if they intend to gain Credit and Character amongſt Men, muſt pretend at leaſt to believe in the Objects of Religion.

"HOWEVER, ſays Mrs. *Rachael*, if you "will tell me what I am to do for you, "Captain, if there be nothing ſinful in the "Affair, I ſhall not refuſe to ſerve you, "where I can."

THE Captain then told her he wanted her Aſſiſtance in accompliſhing his Deſign on Miſs *Lydia*; "and without it, ſays he, "damme, it cannot be done."

"LORD look down upon me," ſays Mrs. *Rachael*, turning up her Eyes, and lifting up her Hands, "can Men be ſo "wicked: Shall I damn my precious Soul "to ſatisfy your wicked Will? O Captain! "Captain! I wonder the Sea does not ſwal-"low us up!"

"WELL,

"WELL, ſays the Captain, here is this "Diamond-ring, which coſt me two hun-"dred Guineas, I will give you this; and "damme, ſays he, but I will throw my-"ſelf over-board, or ſhoot myſelf thro' "the Head, if you do not aſſiſt me."

"OH Captain! Captain! let not the De-"vil take Poſſeſſion of you ſo; call upon "the Name of the Lord, he will be your "Friend in the Day of Temptation."

"WELL, ſays the Captain, damme, but "I will ſhoot myſelf; and thus you will "be anſwerable for my Death, and the Sin "lie at your Door."

MRS. *Rachael* then aſked him what was to be done; ſays ſhe, "I would not have you "kill yourſelf, all covered with Sin and "Wickedneſs, and go directly into Hell-"Fire: I think all good Chriſtians ſhould "endeavour to ſave a Soul alive for Re-"pentance, therefore give me the Ring, "and if I can ſave your poor precious Soul, "I ſhall do my beſt Endeavours; the Lord "forbid I ſhould not do my beſt Endea-"vours to prevent the eternal Deſtruction "of an immortal Soul, even of my Ene-"mies, much more of my Friends."

THE Captain then gave her the Ring, and the Converſation being interrupted, Mrs. *Rachael* agreed to aſſiſt in ſaving the Captain's Soul, by ruining Miſs *Lydia Fairchild*'s.

Now, tho' many People may conceive that a Preſent of two hundred Guineas in a Diamond-ring, is a ſufficient Temptation, and thorough Juſtification, to ruin an innocent Beauty, yet Mrs. *Rachael* had another Incentive, which frequently operates very ſtrongly in ſome Female Boſoms, this was the different Reſpect and Attention that Miſs *Lydia*'s Beauty, Innocence, Truth, and good Nature, had drawn from the Company, in Preference to the Uglineſs, Affectation, Hypocriſy, and Ill-nature, in herſelf, and the Thoughts of her being yet chaſte, which Mrs. *Rachael* was not; this had determined her to exert every Effort in favour of the Captain's Deſigns.

THE Afternoon advancing on, the Company was ſummoned to attend the Captain's Story, which was begun and ended in the following Manner.

"WHEN I was a Boy, ſays he, damme, "if I believe there ever was ſuch an un-

"lucky

"lucky Dog in the World; I loſt my "Maidenhead before I was ſixteen, and I'll "tell you how."

At which Words, Lieutenant *Probit* deſired the Captain to conſider there were Ladies in Company; his Heart, which knew the Captain's *Gothic* Taſte, trembled for the Inſult which this Story might make on the chaſte Ears of Miſs *Lydia*; ſo delicate and refined true Paſſion makes every Heart.

Parson *Pugh* ſaid, "I teſire you, Cap-"tin, look you, that you whill conſiter "that my Gown whill not permit ſuch "Conferſations, Name o' Cot;" and Mrs. *Rachael* declared, ſhe would leave the Cabin and the Company.

At theſe Words, the Captain ſwore that he would not utter an indecent Word, and continued, "well then, at ſixteen Years old, "my Mother, Lady *Bounce*'s Maid be-"ing handſome enough, I had a deviliſh "Mind to."

Here *Probit* trembled like the Needle in a Compaſs when 'tis ſhaken, pointing ſtill to Miſs *Lydia*; when ſhe deſired the Captain to deſiſt from his Account, for that ſhe had heard Love-ſtories enough: At the ſame time,

time, a Sailor cried, "a Sail;" and as it came nearer, they ſaw a *French* Enſign, this ſtopt the Converſation effectually.

Upon this, the Captain hoiſted the *Engliſh* Enſign, and expected the *French* would pay them the Compliment of the Flag, as is uſual in Times of Peace; each Ship was of the ſame Size, carrying ſixty Guns.

Being diſappointed in this Expectation, the Captain was for continuing his Courſe; when *Macvalor* ſwore by God he would die, or ſupport the Honour of *England*; *Probit* ſaid the ſame, forgetting one Minute his lovely *Lydia*'s Affright and Danger.

"Bear down upon her, ſays *Macvalor*, "my Lads, what ſay you for the Honour "of old *England*?" which was anſwered chearfully in a Huzza, "for the Honour of "old *England*," by the Crew. Parſon *Pugh* cried, "Aye faith, for the Honour of "old *Englant*, including *Wales*, look you;" and Surgeon *Macpherſon* acquieſced, not a little pleaſed by the Hopes of ſeeing the Nature of Gun-ſhot Wounds, "Now, ſays "he, I ſhall begen collacting Hiſtories for "a Treatiſe on that Subject, which is much "wanted in *Scotland*."

THE Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, ſeeing Things proceed in this Manner, pretended to laugh at the Words, "the Ho-"nour of old *England*," as if there is any Honour in hindering another Ship from carrying an Enſign; ſays he, "Is not the Sea "as much belonging to the *French* as to us? "and have not they an equal Right to carry "a Flag, if they pleaſe?" "No, ſays "*Macvalor*, they have not, nor ſhall they "whilſt I have the Honour of the King's "Commiſſion."

"A WISE thing indeed, ſays the Honour-"able Captain *Bounce*, to murder three or "four hundred human Creatures in a Diſ-"pute, whether a *French* Ship ſhall carry "a white Enſign, a Piece of white Linnen, "in the Preſence of an *Engliſh!* this is "Honour! this is a reaſonable thing! If it "were a Prize of ten or twenty thouſand "Pounds, ſomething might be ſaid for it; "but to kill each other for the Word *Ho-"nour*, and a white Flag, a reaſonable "thing truly."

"DAMME, ſays *Macvalor*, but in my "Opinion the Honour of a Nation is the "only Reaſon which can be given for a "War at all; and he that does not feel and

"fight

" fight for that, will not ſerve his Country,
" upon my Shalvaſhon. By *Jaſus*, I love
" Money as much as another, and more
" too, and yet I would ſee my Children
" ſtarve alive, before I would refuſe to do
" Juſtice to the Honour of the Nation that
" gives them Bread. My Lads, ſtand by
" me, and I'll fetch down her Flag, or fall
" myſelf." Which Words the Sailors received with a Huzza of Approbation.

And here it may not be amiſs to ſay, the World is generally miſtaken in their Opinions of the Underſtanding of common Men. In all Regiments, the Officers true Characters are ſoon underſtood in the Field; the Contempt or Regard is viſible in every common Soldier, according to the true Deſert of every one of them; and the Execution of each Regiment in the Day of Battle, is in Proportion to the Opinions which they entertain of their Officers: The ſame happens on board Ships of War; and not a Sailor on board the * * * * * * believed, but that the Honourable Captain *Bounce* was a Coward, and therefore deſpiſed him; and that the Lieutenants were Men of Courage, and therefore loved them.

Mat Valor, *Probit*, and other Officers, being all preparing to attack this *French* Ship,

Ship, the Captain tried another Expedient, he took *Mac Valor* aſide, ſays he, "*Mac Valor* you know not what a damned Scrape "you are going to run into, hark'ye you'll "be broke by —— I have private Orders "from the Duke of * * * * * not to "offend the *French* on any Account; we "are in no Condition to go to War; pſhaw "damme do you imagine that I would not "have been Yard-arm and Yard-arm before "now with her? What a damned Scrape "the brave Colonel *Waſh—ton* the Attor-"ney formerly at *Whitehaven*, who was ſo "delighted with the whiſtling of Bullets, "has brought upon the M——y, he has "ſigned a Paper in which I am told it is "ſaid, that he has been guilty of an Aſ-"ſaſſination of the *French* in *Virginia*; and "ſhould we kill any of them we ſhall be "conſidered in the ſame Light: Do you "imagine the M——y would ſay that we "are the Aggreſſors, if they did not in-"tend to yield to the *French*, or that we "were in a Condition to go to War.

"THAT may be," ſays *Mac Valor*, "but by Jaſus I will have my Reputation "to keep, and will ſink this Ship and go "after her myſhelf, but I will be after "having that white Flag down: How-ever, Night coming on, and the Captain diſſuading

diſſuading *Mac Valor* from irritating the M——y, (who certainly knew their Reaſons for giving ſuch Orders, he ſaid) by his mad Behaviour: the Ships loſt Sight of each other during the Night.

THIS was a deviliſh Diſappointment to *Macpherſon*, who had been in high Spirits about beginning his Treatiſe on the Nature of Gun-ſhot Wounds, from the Hopes of an Engagement.

HOWEVER during this Preparation for a Battle, a Sailor had fallen from the Maſthead and broke his Thigh, which the Surgeon's Mate (a Perſon we have not yet ſpoken of, bred in the Country, and had finiſhed his Studies by a Year's Attendance at one of the Hoſpitals in *London*) had declared muſt be amputated. This being the Caſe, the Doctor whoſe great Skill lay all in his two Years pounding at *Edinburgh*, ſaid he was of the ſame Opinion; but here alas, for the firſt Time it came into his Head, that he did not well underſtand what was to be done in this Caſe; he therefore ſaid, "Mate, prepare the Dreſſings, and "as I love to encourage young Men un-"der my Diraction, and there's na mare "Operations to be done, I 'll e'en let you "amputate this Limb your ſel, and tell "you

" you when you're reight; I can but tak " the Knife out of your Haund, Sir, if I " ſee you do na perform as you ought:" The Mate knew the Bottom of all this Kindneſs perfectly well; but as Surgery and Phyſic are only underſtood by Phyſicians and Surgeons, it is not the true Merit of any one, but that which the World entertains of him, that gives a Man Buſineſs and Reputation; and as Nonſenſe and medicinal Knowledge are equally intelligible to moſt People, he of theſe Profeſſions who talks the firſt fluently, is as much careſſed, as he who knows the ſecond, and talks with leſs Eaſe; for this Reaſon it was that the Surgeon was ſuppoſed a more expert Man than his Mate.

Surgeon *Macpherſon* being well learnt in Northern Knowledge, and having thus ſpliced the Fox's Tail to the little Skill he had in Surgery, ſaw the Mate perform the Operation of amputating the Thigh extremely well, which was the firſt *Macpherſon* had ever ſeen, and which he proteſted he believed he would not have done better himſelf, " and the De'el tak me," quoth he, " but *Jammy Engliſh* is the " prattieſt Surgeon I have ever ſeen, that " had not his Education at the College of " *Edinburgh*; and if my good Word can " get

" get him a Ship, he ſha na want ane long." This Operation ſucceeding, the Surgeon got a great Character by the Good-nature of permitting his Mate to perform it, and the Mate in having finiſhed it ſo well. And here we finiſh this Chapter, which perhaps from being already too long, and one other Reaſon, Surgeon *Macpherſon* would be glad to amputate without the Aſſiſtance of his Mate.

CHAP.

CHAP XX.

A Diſſertation upon the Honour of old England *to the Honour of Miſs* Fanny M***.

IN all the Difficulties which attend an Hiſtorian, there ſeems to be none, as it is agreed by all authors, which is greater than that of ſteering free from Offence; People in general are extremely apt to conceive every thing to be Satire, which is only ſimple Advice, and apply that Character which fits many Hundreds, to ſome ſingle Perſon whom they do not like: Hence Authors are condemned in a thouſand Places, and for a thouſand Things which never entered their Heads. In the ſame manner, I doubt not but there would have been many Men who in the preceding Chapter, perceiving that I ſeemed to have painted the Idea of Old *England*, as a viſionary and vague Notion in the Head of the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, that would imagine I included in it that Honour which Titles impart to Blood alſo, than which, nothing is farther from my Intention.

INDEED we ſhall venture to affirm, that we ourſelves have known many an honourable Peer, deſcended from a long Train of equally honourable Anceſtors, who for ſome Generations, as Hiſtory delivers, have not entertained one Thought of the Honour of Old *England* in their Heads.

THIS I hope will ſecure us from that Imputation, of having debaſed the noble Blood of *Britain* with Imaginations ſo depreciating and vulgar, as that it muſt always be united with the Honour of its Country.

WHEN we here ſpeak of the Honour of *England*, we would be underſtood to mean that warm, enthuſiaſtic, and auguſt Senſation, which every Man feels for the Welfare of that Country which gave him Breath, mixt with the Idea of Probity in its Proceeding, and Valour in its Inhabitants.

AND when we ſpeak of Honour as relative to Nobility, we mean Titles, Ribbands, Poſts, and ſuch Things which Kings can give; that the Honour of Old *England* is not neceſſarily united with this Honour: How many Titles, Ribbands, Stars, Garters and *George*'s, in former Times, can be named

named where it was never ſuſpected to reſide; and tho' all that wear Titles and Strings at preſent, add Honour to, and not receive any from, them; yet a ſingle Reign is not to be quoted as an univerſal Proof.

THE Fountain of Honour then is twofold; one which Kings can give, and another which they cannot.

THAT which they can impart is confined to Blood, and if we ſuppoſe it beſtowed in the time of *Edward* the Confeſſor, it can never be effaced in any ſucceeding Generations, provided there be no Breach of the ſeventh Commandment which intervenes; and as Chaſtity is a Virtue that never was known to deſert the Heart of a Lady of *Great Britain* in one Inſtance, this Objection may be looked upon as nothing.

LET us imagine that the Perſon who is created a Peer of this Kingdom, has one Drop of his Blood changed from Plebeian to Noble, by Virtue of that great Vicegerent of Heaven, a King, who generally reſembles his Original in all his high Attributes too much to admit any Doubt relating to the poſſeſſing ſuch a Power.

THIS being granted, there remains to all Posterity a certain Quantity of noble Blood in every Descendant of every noble Family; and thus we prove it. Matter is divisible *in infinitum*, and every Son is contained in the Loins of his Father; wherefore notwithstanding the minute and disproportionate Size of the Animalcule to the Man, perhaps Ten million to one, we do insist that, from this infinite Divisibility which there exists in Matter, this Son must contain one ten millionth Part of that one Drop of noble Blood, which was contained in his Sire, and so on for ever, the Son containing the ten millionth Part of the ten millionth Part of that Drop of original truly noble Blood; and thus in Pursuit of this Argument *in infinitum*, every Lord must contain a certain Portion of noble Blood which nothing can efface; or Matter is not endowed with infinite Divisibility: and upon this we rest our Argument.

THIS however, is not that kind of Honour which is visible in the Face, in a Character of superior Sense, in the Heart, in noble and generous Actions, but sticks in the Blood, and is ever rambling about the Body, sometimes in the Heels dancing a Minuet, or kicking a Race-horse at *Newmarket*,

market, ſometimes in the Fingers laying Wagers, packing Cards, palming Dice, and other honourable Employments.

THIS then is not the Honour of Old *England*.

BESIDES this Source of Honour, there is yet another which, as far as we have taken Notice, has never yet been conſidered by any Antiquarian.

THIS is what is beſtowed on Gentlemen by Chairmen, "a Chair your Honour", by Coachmen, "a Coach your Honour", by Black-ſhoe-boys, "black your Honour", by Beggars, "God bleſs your Honour", by Duns ſoftly, "damn your Honour," and laſtly by Tavern-boys, Poſt-boys, Coffee-boys, and many others, who have all the Power of communicating Honour, to Gentlemen, tho' not Nobility.

WHENCE this Power was derived we cannot well aſſert, unleſs that from the Times of the immortal King *William*, to the laſt Day of the laſt Reign, a few Years excepted, the Power of Adminiſtration and Government being bequeathed to the moſt corrupted Hearts and pernicious Heads of the Kingdom; the Potentates who then ruled, thought it would be right to give the Power of com-

municating Honours to the meaneſt and baſeſt born of the Nation; that the Care of public Welfare and diſpoſal of Honours, might be equally in the Hands of Men of the ſame laudable Diſpoſitions.

THIS however at preſent is not the Caſe, Honours and Adminiſtration being in equally honourable Hands, and equally well diſtributed and conducted; notwithſtanding this, we conceive that neither of theſe is truly the Honour of Old *England*, therefore, as every thing is very difficult to explain by Definition, and as without much Circumſpection one or more Circumſtances may be omitted, we chuſe to ſhew what it is by an Exhibition of it as it appeared in the Behaviour of a certain Lady, not a little renowned in the great City of *London*; and here we cannot help obſerving, that tho' Chaſtity has been imagined the Characteriſtic Virtue of Women, and Honour of Men, in this Inſtance that Remark is not verified.

IN the Year 17—, the Date is loſt, Miſs Fanny ——— having a great Deſire to complete her Education by a Trip to *France*, did really viſit the City of *Paris*.

BEAUTY is never long concealed, and ſuch as this Female poſſeſſed was ſoon inquired

quired after; to this Qualification was added, in her Boſom, almoſt infinite Mercy united with Honour.

THIS humane Attribute being publicly known by the Nobility of *France*, Monſieur the Duke of * * * * requeſted that ſhe would condeſcend to grant him that Favour, which ſhe had before granted to the Nobility of her own Nation.

TO this indeed ſhe prudently and miniſterially ſuſpended her Anſwer, till ſhe had inquired what had been the Cuſtom in former Precedents; ſhe knew her illuſtrious Predeceſſor *Con Phillips* had been before in theſe Circumſtances, ſhe therefore ſearched the Records and Treaties upon this Subject, and having found the Terms, agreed to yield on the ſame.

THESE being thought too high, this Prince declined, and would have entered into farther Treaty; on which this honourable Female anſwered with the true Spirit of a *Briton*, that ſhe ſcorned to treat with a *Frenchman* tho' a Prince of the Blood, and that unleſs he acceded to her Demands he ſhould never approach her Perſon, or enter into an Alliance with her, "for to the laſt "Drop of Blood in my Veins, ſays ſhe, I

"am determined to support the Honour of "my Country, and never relax from the "Terms which my Predeceſſors have had "granted them; and I doubt not, ſays ſhe, "to bring down the Pride of the grand "Monarch himſelf, if he dares to meet me "in open Arms."

THIS is true *Engliſh* Spirit, and from this Story and from this Lady, let Miniſters, Generals, Admirals, Sailors, Soldiers, and *Engliſhmen*, learn to defy the *French*, and nobly ſuſtain the Honour of Old *England*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

A moſt pious Agreement between Mrs. Rachael *and the Captain. Mr.* Probit *grows more in Love with Miſs* Lydia. *The Effects of good Diſpoſition in a Woman, on* Indian *and* Chriſtian. *A wicked Attempt on Miſs* Lydia Fairchild, *with a ſhort Obſervation of the Boatſwain's Mate. The Chapter ended with a Curſe.*

IT was now agreed between the pious Mrs. *Rachael Stiffrump*, and the honourable Captain *Charles Bounce*, in what manner this lovely and innocent Maid *Lydia Fairchild* ſhould be given a Prey to the Deſigns of this more than Brute, in the Shape of Man.

Miss *Lydia* was become Ten times dearer to Lieutenant *Probit*, by the ſweet Diſpoſition, Senſe, and Innocence, which appeared in all her Converſation; he loved her to Diſtraction, tho' his Lips had never uttered a Word which might declare it, beyond the Complaiſance with which Love graces and ſweetens every Expreſſion that his Votaries pronounce.

Cannaſſatego the *Indian* Chief entertained the moſt exalted Friendſhip for her, from that pathetic Indulgence with which ſhe liſtened to, and pitied his Diſtreſs on account of his amiable *Yarico*.

LIEUTENANT *Mac Valor* eſteemed her much, and often gave her ſome of his Good-natured Jokes; *Macpherſon* ſtuck to the Preſbyterian Intereſt, which always prefers the Devil on their Side to an Angel on the other, and from this Principle he adhered to Mrs. *Rachael*.

MRS. *Rachael*, as her Dropſy was of the Self-curing kind, and might probably take a turn towards it before the Ship arrived in *England*, was much pleaſed with the Thoughts of debauching *Lydia*, that ſhe might not be upbraided with the Idea and Sight of perfect Chaſtity, when her Blot was diſcovered; which is of all Things the moſt deteſtable to a fallen Saint.

THIS Night then the Affair was conducted in the following manner. It ſeems it was Lieutenant *Probit*'s turn to watch, the Captain after Supper puſhed about the Bottle briſkly, this being done, *Cannaſſa-*

tego,

tego, who drank nothing but Water, and the Company withdrew; Miſs *Lydia* went to ſleep with Mrs. *Rachael* in the State-room, but as Mrs. *Rachael* always ſtaid ſome time after the other was in Bed, to ſerve (as ſhe called it) the Lord; therefore as ſhe was now determined to ſerve him in a very particular manner, ſhe was longer in Prayer than uſual, during which time Miſs *Lydia* fell into a ſweet ſleep.

LIEUTENANT *Probit*, in walking the Deck, felt a Diſquietude about his Heart which he could not account for, a certain Anxiety he had never known till then; and as his Mind was infinitely more engaged about Miſs *Lydia* than himſelf, he could not perſwade himſelf but that ſome Miſchief was befalling that lovely Creature; this made him frequently liſten to the Cabin-door to hear if ſhe made any Noiſe, being in eternal Suſpicion of the Captain.

MISS *Lydia Fairchild* being now in that Sleep which only attends Innocence and Truth, Mrs. *Rachael* undreſt herſelf to her Under-petticoat, and then opening the State-room Door very ſoftly, gave the Captain

notice of Miſs *Lydia Fairchild*'s being aſleep.

He therefore left his Hammock inſtantly, came ſoftly to the State-room Bed, and went into it with as little Diſturbance as poſſible; Mrs. *Rachael* conceiving that this Attempt would not be perfected without ſome Noiſe, began to ſerve the Lord extremely loud, to drown the Cries which ſhe expected Miſs *Lydia* would make; ſhe had undreſt herſelf, that if the Deſign was diſcovered, ſhe might pretend to be innocent and ſleeping in Bed with Miſs *Lydia* at the firſt Attempt.

Mrs. *Rachael* then beginning to praiſe the Lord extremely loud, awakened Miſs *Lydia* before the Captain had been guilty of any Indecency; affrighted then at finding a Perſon in her Bed whoſe Hand at that Moment had juſt touched her Boſom, and hearing Mrs. *Rachael* at the ſame time praying in the State-room, ſhe ſcreeched out with great Vehemence; this the Captain endeavoured to ſtop with his Hand upon her Mouth, crying, my dear *Lydia*, my lovely Girl, I will marry you To-morrow, my heavenly Creature be ſilent; at the the ſame time ſtopping her Mouth and her Strug-

Struggling as much as poſſible, yet not in ſuch a manner (tho' Mrs. *Rachael* continued her Prayers very fervently) but that *Cannaſſatego* the Head of whoſe Cabin joined the State-room, heard the lovely Maid cry "Villain! help me Heaven!— Lieutenant "*Probit*"—as ſhe found a Moment's power Expreſſion.

At this the brave *Indian*, ſuggeſting the true Cauſe, flew from his own Cabin, and running with Violence to the Great-Cabin Door, entered it by burſting it open, and by a Light which was burning, ſaw the poor young Lady juſt worn out in ſtruggling with this deteſted Raviſher.

As the Lion ſeizes the inferior Animals, the brave *Onnondagan* ſeized the Captain by the Neck, crying, "deteſted Villain!" and immediately dragged him from the Bed into the great Cabin on the Floor, at which Moment Mrs. *Rachael* dropping her under Petticoat, whipt into the Place in Bed which he had left, and fell into a voluntary Swoon; the lovely *Lydia* was to Appearance dead and breathleſs.

The Captain being a Coward at Heart, the Moment he found that *Cannaſſatego* had ſeized

ſeized him and would probably put him to death, cried, "Murder, Murder," which Sound being heard above, Lieutenant *Probit* ruſhed down followed by the Maſter and ſome other Officers, who found the *Indian* ſeized of the Throat of the Captain, determined to ſacrifice him on the Floor.

HAVING inſtantly parted them, they aſked the reaſon of this Quarrel? When *Cannaſſatego* ſaid, "I have found this Villain in Bed with Intent to raviſh the "lovely *Lydia*, who perhaps is now "dead, and therefore I have thus treated "him."

AT which Words, Lieutenant *Probit* ran to the State-room to aſſiſt this lovely Maid; and the Captain recovering, cried, "this *In*"*dian* Dog was attempting to raviſh the "Girl, and has thus treated me becauſe I "prohibited him; throw the Villain over"board".

UPON which the Sailors who were entered into the Cabin took out *Cannaſſatego*, the Captain putting on his Night-gown and Slippers followed; Lieutenant *Mac Valor* and the other Officers, the Parſon and Surgeon, being at this time all preſent.

Can-

Cannaſſatego being brought upon Deck, the Sailors, cried, "over with him, damn "him the *Indian* Dog, over with him;" "ſtop a little," ſays *Mac Valor*, "by "*Jaſus* I will be after hearing the Story "firſht, my dear;" "aye faith," ſays Parſon *Pugh*, "if the poor Man was trowned, "hur will not be aple to tell hur Stories, "look you;" "as I ſhall anſwer, Parſon," ſays the Surgeon, "I ken that is a reight "Obſervation."

"WELL," ſays *Mac Valor*, "Cap-"tain the Devil burn me, what's after "being the Reaſon of this Diſturbance "now?"

TO this Queſtion, the Captain in anſwer ſwore that *Cannaſſatego* had ſtolen ſecretly to-bed to Miſs *Lydia* and Mrs. *Rachael*, with an Intent to raviſh Miſs *Lydia*; and that on their ſcreaming out he was waked, and had ſaved her from Violation, but being overpowered he was obliged to cry Murder.

DURING theſe Words *Cannaſſatego* looked on the Captain, with that Contempt and Steadineſs which Truth only can impart to Human Nature under falſe Accuſation; this

this was visible to all, the Moon being at the Full.

"VILLAIN," says the *Indian* Chief, "the Man who dares to violate a Virgin's "Chastity, will never hesitate to swear the "greatest Falsehood against her Defender; "look in this Face, which the Captain did with a kind of Self-Condemnation; did "not that infernal Hag, that *Rachael*, co-"ver your Designs by her loud Prayers? "Did not I hear the violated Victim "imploring Aid and rush to her Assist-"ance? if she recovers, she will tell the "Truth".

THE Captain denied, the *Indian* continued to assert, and the Company, particularly *Mac Valor*, leaned to believe the *Onondagan*.

"BRING me Coals of Fire," says *Cannassatego*, "let me prove the Truth of "what I here utter;" on which one of the Sailors brought a Pan of Coals from the Cook-room, "here," cries the *Onondagan*, "detested Liar, put here your "Hand, and see from whom the Truth "can be first extorted", holding his Right-hand steadily, unflinching, in the Fire till *Mac Valor* pulled him away;" this convinced

vinced the Sailors of the Truth of what *Cannaſſatego* had ſaid.

DURING this time, *Probit* had been endeavouring to recover Miſs *Lydia*, whom he found as pale and cold as *Parian* Marble, "my lovely *Lydia*, my dear Maid!" he cried, "muſt theſe Eyes never be-"hold thee more in Life?" the Tears ſtreaming from them at the ſame time. "Oh wake to tell me who has dared "to injure all my Soul holds dear, wake "but to tell me, my Hands ſhall execute "due Vengeance on the Villain; then "Life has no longer Charms for me, I'll "follow thee, my lovely Maid."

AFTER ſome time ſhe recovered and ſeeing Lieutenant *Probit*, ſaid with a Sigh, "is it you my dear Mr. *Probit?* Is it to "you I owe this Reſcue from this Villain-"ous Captain *Bounce*, I thought it was the "*Indian* Chief?" At which Words *Probit* forgetting all Diſtinction between Commanders and inferior Officers, ruſhed on Deck like a Lion, and ſeizing the Captain, cried, "Villain, give me Satisfaction;" the Company were aſtoniſhed at the Suddenneſs of this Action, as they ſtood round him and the *Indian* Chief. "Coward as you "are, deteſted Violator of Innocence and

"Youth, give me Satisfaction for the In-
"jury you have offered to all my Soul
"holds dear."

"It is not I, it is this *Indian* which has
"done what you tax me with," says the Captain.

"Villain you lye," says *Probit* in Rage, "the Lips of her my Soul adores,
"which never yet have pronounced one
"Falsehood, has said 'twas you;" then quitting the Captain he rushed into *Canassatego*'s Arms, and cried, "thou dear Deliverer
"of all my Soul holds dear, take all the
"Thanks an honest Heart can give, thou
"brave and generous Prince."

"Upon my Shoul," says *Mac Valor*,
"but I whas after thinking so myshelf:
"Ah Cosin *Phelim* are you there?"

"Oh Dammochée," says Parson *Pugh*,
"this whas prave toings inteed. Shame up-
"on you, Shame upon you inteed."

At this the Captain said, "let Mrs.
"*Rachael* decide the Affair, I am in-
"nocent by —— a Word we shall not
"name."

"Now

Now we had either forgotten, or could not find a Place to tell our Readers, that Mrs. *Rachael* had continued in a Swoon from the Moment ſhe went into Bed, till after Miſs *Lydia* was recovered.

Only it may be neceſſary to remark, that as Miſs *Lydia* was as pale and cold as Death during her fainting, Mrs. *Rachael* was as warm and as red as a Brick-kiln; and that as Miſs *Lydia* was under the Influence of her Fright, and obliged to recover with returning Life; ſo Mrs. *Rachael*, not being actuated by much Terror, and her Fit in ſubjection to her Will, was determined to continue her Swoon longer than Miſs *Lydia*'s; during the time Lieutenant *Probit* had been attempting to recover Miſs *Fairchild*, Surgeon *Macpherſon* had been applying his Smelling-bottle to Mrs. *Rachael*, who wanted no Sign of Life but that of opening her Eyes, continually turning her Head from the volatile Spirits; upon which *Macpherſon*, cried, "as I ſhall anſwer, I "ſhall take Minutes of this Caſe for the "medical Eſſays at *Edinburgh*; the Pulſe "beats as well as mine, the Breeth is as "regular, the Heat as moderate, and a' "the Symptoms of Life as weell as at any "other time, only ſhe can na open her "Eyes;

" Eyes; the De'el tak me if ever I ken'd " ſicken a Caſe in a my Practice, or a the " College of *Edinburgh*, I believe".

HOWEVER, Miſs *Lydia* recovering, Mrs. *Rachael* opened her Eyes with a " Where am " I?" " Deteſted Woman, baſe Hypocrite, " leave me this Moment," ſays *Lydia*, with her Eyes ſtreaming with Tears, " 'tis to " you I owe my Ruin. Am I ruined?" ſays ſhe to poor *Probit* who ſupported her. " No, " my Soul, my *Lydia*," cries the Lieutenant, " thou art Virtue and Innocence itſelf." However ſhe could not be reſtrained from Tears, which ſhe ſaid gave Eaſe to her oppreſt Heart.

MRS. *Rachael* dreſt herſelf, and being ſent for by the Captain, proteſted " ſhe " believed that it was the Pagan *Indian* " which came firſt to their Bed; ſhe was " ſure that it was him ſhe ſaw firſt; that " the Captain ſhe believed came to their " Reſcue, God knows I ſoon fainted away, " yet this if ſhe was called upon ſhe would " ſwear, and that ſhe would not damn " her Soul for the World:" However Miſs *Fairchild* continuing to declare the contrary, and telling the Story in all its Circumſtances, with that pathetic Perſwaſion which ever attends Truth, the Captain was con-

condemned, and Mrs. *Rachael* damned for a B—— by the whole Ship's Company.

"DAMME *Jack*," ſays the Boatſwain's Mate to the next Sailor, "if ever I knew a "Preſbyterian that was not a B—— and "a Coward that was not a Rogue, and I'll "rather cry Brooms in *London*, than ſail "with ſuch a Spoon-metal Son of a Whore; "he has no more Heart than my Grand-"mother's Gander, all Hiſſing and no "Blows; he a Captain, he be damn'd.

AND with this Curſe, like *Teague* in the *Committee*, tho' without paying for ſwearing, we conclude this Chapter and retire from our Readers.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

A Quarrel between the Captain and ſecond Lieutenant, which ends to the Honour of the latter. *Miſs* Lydia's *Tenderneſs.* Mac Valor's *Honeſty.* *The Sailors Contempt of a Coward.* Probit's *Friendſhip for the* Indian *Chief.* *Mrs.* Rachael *and the Captain's Deſigns; with a Remark of deep Penetration; all in one Chapter.*

MISS *Lydia* having juſt Reaſon to deteſt Mrs. *Rachael*, determined never to ſleep in the ſame Bed with her again. *Probit* offered her his Cabin and to watch her ſafe from Injury; the *Indian* Chief ſaid ſhe ſhould have his, that to ſleep on Deck was no Hardſhip to him, to pleaſe her who was all Virtue and Goodneſs: However, *Probit* ſaid to the Captain, "you "don't intend turning her out of the "State-room to-night as ſhe is ſo extreme-"ly ill? let that Hypocrite turn into what "Place ſhe can find, meaning Mrs. *Ra-"chael:*" She may ſleep there to-night, ſays the honourable Captain *Bounce*, "if "ſhe will; but if ſhe does not retract to-"morrow Morning, ſhe ſhall turn in with "the common Men.

RE-

"RETRACT! and amongſt the common "Men!" ſays *Probit*, "*Lydia Fairchild* "amongſt the common Men, who dares "pronounce that?"

"I DO," ſays the Captain.

"YOU do, you paultry Coward," ſays "*Probit*, Diſgrace to your Country". "Holloe, upon Deck there", ſays the Captain, for they were in the Cabin; at which Words *Mac Valor* and ſome other inferior Officers entered the Cabin.

"TAKE this Fellow (meaning Lieute-"nant *Probit*) and put him in Irons, he "intends breeding a Mutiny."

AT which Words Miſs *Lydia* ſlipping on a Night-gown, her Heart all trembling for the Man ſhe loved, leaped from her Bed, and ruſhing from the State-room fell on her Knees to *Mac Valor*, crying, "if "ever Virtue was dear to Man, do not "liſten to that inhuman Monſter: Oh Mr. "*Mac Valor*, ſhall my Defender, ſhall the "Protector of Innocence be confined in "ignominious Irons? Take me, let the "galling Chains ſurround theſe Limbs, let "me that have been the Cauſe, if there

"be

" be any Cauſe, ſuffer; let him be free,
" who has only erred by aſſiſting Innocence
" in Diſtreſs."

At which Words *Probit* catching *Lydia* in his Arms, and lifting her from her Knees, " thee in Chains, who dares that Sacrilege? " that very Villain," pointing to the Captain, " dares not think of it; there is but " one way which leads to that, which is thro' " this Heart."

" Faith, my Dear," ſays Lieutenant *Mac Valor*, " you're after being miſtaken; " there is another way thro' mine too, and " he that ſhall put either you or ſhe in " Irons, ſhall go there himſelf in your Place. " What ſay you, my Lads?" to ſome of the Sailors, " will you be after putting " Lieutenant *Probit* and Miſs *Lydia* in Irons, " or the Captain?"

" Here, hand him forward," ſaid the Sailors, " we'll put Captain *Coward* in " Irons; what let a *French* Ship paſs by with " Colours flying; he a Captain; he com- " mand the * * * * * *; let's keel-hawl " him; hand him forward, Lieutenant."

The Captain at theſe Words found his Intereſt on board quite loſt; he therefore ſaid,

ſaid, that To-morrow the thing ſhould be heard over from all Parties, till when Miſs *Lydia* might ſleep in the State-room, and Mrs. *Rachael* in his Hammock, for himſelf he did not chuſe to go to Bed any more that Night.

THIS, Miſs *Fairchild* at firſt refuſed; but *Probit* ſaying he would watch her till the Morning, ſhe retired.

THINGS being thus ſettled, Lieutenant *Probit* ſtaid all Night juſt without the Cabin-door, *Cannaſſatego* never cloſing his Eyes. Indeed he tarried with Lieutenant *Probit*, who loved him with moſt ſincere Affection for his generous Behaviour to Miſs *Lydia*: "My deareſt Friend," he often repeated, "to thee I owe the Protection of my lovely "*Lydia*," taking the *Indian* in his Arms.

DURING the Night, the Captain and Mrs. *Rachael* agreed to ſwear poſitively, that *Cannaſſatego* was the Perſon who had committed this Outrage on Miſs *Lydia*.

THE Day-light being come, the Captain appeared with that kind of Humour, which I have more than once ſeen miſtaken for Gaiety and Courage, and which indeed was put on to give that Air to his Actions; he ſung

ſung to himſelf as he walked the Quarter-Deck, as if he feared nothing; which being remarked, ſays Lieutenant *Probit* to *Mac Valor*, "the Captain puts me in mind of "my being a Boy, when I ſung thro' the "Church-yard, to tell the Ghoſts which I "fear'd, that I was not afraid of them."

"FAITH, my dear *Probit*, and you are "right there," ſays *Mac Valor*.

MISS *Lydia* being dreſt, Lieutenant *Probit* entered the Cabin, and with all poſſible Sweetneſs aſked his lovely *Lydia* how ſhe did? ſhe anſwered, better than ſhe expected; "how are you, Mr. *Probit*?" "Well, "Madam; ſince you are: but, ſays he, "will you pardon me? You took no No-"tice of the generous *Cannaſſatego*, when "you came from your Cabin to reſcue me "from Irons; it was he that ſaved you laſt "Night from Violation."

"I DID not ſee him," ſays the lovely Maid.

"I AM amazed at that," ſays Lieutenant *Probit*, "where were your Eyes."

"I COULD not take them," ſays ſhe, "from the Man, who ſaid the only Road

"which

" which led to my Priſon was thro' his " Heart."

" Lovely Maid," replied *Probit*; and then with Tears of Joy, he for the firſt Moment claſpt her to his Boſom, and took no unwilling Kiſs from her dewy roſey Lip.

Mr. *Probit* then led her upon Deck, where the Captain ſeeing her unexpectedly, turn'd away; he could not bear the Sight of her, from infeſt conſcious Guilt: She ran into *Cannaſſatego*'s Arms, and thanked her dear Deliverer, whilſt *Probit* ſtood by, looking on with Pleaſure; *Mac Valor* whiſpering aloud, " The Devil burn me, *Probit*, " but I am afraid you'll be after being in " Love with that Girl, one Day or an- " other." " Faith," ſays Parſon *Pugh*, " I to pelieve he is alreaty, look you."

It was now that the Captain inſiſted on the hearing over the Story again; in which, Mrs. *Rachael* offered to ſwear, that *Cannaſſatego* was the Violater: At theſe Words, the gallant *Indian* taking his Mother of Pearl Shell that hung on his Boſom, on which the Face of *Yarico* was graven by her own Hands, " Perfidious Woman! know " the *Onnondagan* Race is incapable of ſuch " Actions; theſe alone become your faith-

"less Nation in *America*. Can *Cannassa-*
"*tego* dare to violate a Virgin's Bed, the
"Image of his lovely *Yarico* beating on his
"Bosom? it is impossible: Know, I detest
"thy Race and thee." Then turning to Miss *Fairchild*, he drew his Poinard from his Side, and presenting it to her Hand, "Take this, lovely Maid, if you believe "me the Perpetrator of this horrid Deed; "strike it deep into my Bosom, and take "an ample Vengeance on my Guilt."

"To you, to you, I owe my whole "Deliverance," replied Miss *Lydia*; "de-"tested, perjured Woman, you know it."

The Affair then ended with Mrs. *Rachael* and the Captain; he swearing, she offering to swear, that *Cannassatego* was criminal, and with no one on board believing one Word of what they uttered; and with this ended the Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

A Dissertation on Chastity, in which, after a candid Examination, that Virtue is decided in favour of the Male Sex; and then fixt, to the Honour of England, *on a* British *Hero.*

THERE is nothing more frequent amongst Readers, than to carry on the Sarcasm of a single Character, to all those of the same Nation; this, in my Opinion, appears extremely absurd. If one *Irishman* be a Rogue, does it follow, that he that has spoken or written in that Manner of him, means a Reflection on the whole Nation; or because one *Scotchman* is an Impostor, is it thence a Consequence that all *Scotchmen* are of that Stamp? This I am convinced every Individual will agree is absurd; he then who condemns an Author as having satyrized a whole Nation, for touching one single Character, stands self-convicted of an Error, and finds in himself that which is delineated in another, and concludes all alike.

In like manner, Captains of Men of War may fansy themselves ill-treated, in being thus drawn as Violaters of Female Chastity;

this however, ſhould it happen, would be vaſtly unjuſt; we ſhall therefore, in delivering a few Words about Chaſtity, endeavour to ſhew that our Intent is by no means of that kind.

Chastity then has been always repreſented as a Female Figure by Painters and Statuaries; by that meaning we preſume, that that Virtue was more natural to the Feminine Part of our Sex, than to the Male; this, with all humble Submiſſion, we beg leave to diſſent from; we preſume alſo, that we ſhall find ſome Reaſon on our Side for thus diſſenting in our Opinion; however, we ſhall examine it with all that Candour which Hiſtorians ever profeſs in their Writings, and keep to it as ſteadily as the beſt of them.

In this Caſe, we are determined alſo to introduce no ſpeculative or metaphyſical Reſearch on the Nature of the mental Attributes and Virtues; we pretend firſt, like the natural Philoſopher, to give the Experiment, and then draw the Inferences fairly from the Fact; yet with all due Politeneſs, as Gentlemen, giving the Ladies the Preference.

In

In all Antiquity, (for Chaſtity has not reached down on the Female Side to modern Times, at leaſt any Hiſtories of it, except in Romances) there are but three celebrated Stories which do Honour to the Female Sex, theſe are the Stories of *Suſanna*, *Penelope*, and *Lucretia*; let us ſee if ſome other Motives might not club to produce theſe Phænomena of Female Chaſtity.

And here we ſhall lay it down as an abſolute Rule, that the Virtue of reſiſting Temptation, in Man or Woman, is always in Proportion to the Strength and Invitingneſs of the Object.

Suſanna then being young and beautiful, could never be much tempted by two old Fellows, with Beards like the Stuffing of an old Arm-chair, as ſhaggy as *Abaſuerus* in the Tapiſtry, or *Liotard* in Life.

This Piece of Continence then, might ariſe from Averſion, and not from Virtue; and as it might ſo ariſe, it takes off very much from the ſelf-denying Spirit in this Inſtance, or it throws a moſt unjuſt Sarcaſm on the Ladies, by ſuppoſing that their Conſtitutions are ſo formed, that a Self-denial

of that Nature is always a rare Phænomenon in that Sex, even when it refuſes old Age; which Inſinuation, as we know it to be falſe, we ſhall adhere to the firſt, that the Temptation was of no Force.

The next to this is the Account of the famous *Penelope*, who unravelled the Stocking by Night, which ſhe knit by Day, to keep herſelf from being married; but here again it muſt be remember'd, that a Mind divided by many Objects is determined on taking one, with great Difficulty.

To inſtance; ſuppoſe ſome Lady deſires a Mercer on *Ludgate-hill* to wait upon her with his Patterns to chuſe a Suit of Cloaths, and he comes with them.

How will her pretty little Heart flutter and heſitate, and then like this, and then like that, and then fanſy a third, and then reject them all three, and fall in Love with a fourth; which fourth is rivalled by a fifth, and that by a ſixth, till having liked all, ſhe likes none; when inſtantly ſhe deſires Mr. *Taſta* to leave his Patterns, for poſitively ſhe is ſo diſtracted by ſo many pretty Things, that ſhe knows not which to chuſe.

This Diſpoſition in Woman, it may be imagined, might poſſibly be a Motive to *Penelope* to unravel by Night her former Day's Work, till, from the Multitude of Suitors, her unſettled Mind, now liking this, now that, might decide of one, and make him her Huſband; this, it is poſſible, we ſay, might have been partly the Cauſe of that eminent Self-denying, which was ſo much celebrated in that Widow bewitch'd.

The third is the chaſte *Lucretia*; this Lady indeed ſtabbed herſelf, after ſhe had been raviſhed; this, as Sir *John Falſtaff* tells Prince *Hall*, was no Boys Play; yet we only hint, that the Murder being committed after the Rape, it might be Pride rather than Chaſtity; but however, we will allow this to be Chaſtity in full Perfection, and for this Reaſon, becauſe we humbly conceive that we have a Male Story to match this Female.

So much for the Ladies.

We now proceed to examine the three Heroes who have been moſtly celebrated in Story; and here we beg leave, as an Hiſtorian of ſtrict Truth, impartially to obſerve,

that tho' neither of theſe Relations of Female Chaſtity has happened within theſe two thouſand and almoſt five hundred Years, that two of theſe on our Side of the Queſtion have happened within that Time, and the moſt celebrated within theſe ten or fifteen Years laſt paſt; this ſhews how much Men were at that Time nearer the original Simplicity of human Virtue than Women; and that as the firſt Revolt from Heaven began in the Female Line, it ſtill kept a-head, and exhauſted that Virtue two thouſand Years before the Male.

However, if the Chaſtity of the Female Sex was firſt worn out, it is a Pleaſure to us to remark with equal Impartiality, that like Lands which have been too frequently till'd, and become barren, which recover Fertility again by lying fallow, ſo that in this Manner we preſume Chaſtity, in Miſs *Lydia Fairchild*, has recovered the Reputation of the Sex, by being the moſt remarkable chaſte Lady for theſe two thouſand five hundred Years paſt. And from this Inſtance, and our Writings, ſo manifeſtly calculated for the public Good, Propagation of Virtue and Religion, we dare pronounce, that a hundred Incidents of the like Nature will arrive, as ſoon as my Lady * * * * *,

Miſs

Miſs * * * * *, and Mrs. * * * *, ſhall ſupport the Faſhion.

But to return to our Narrative; the Heroes the moſt celebrated for Chaſtity, are theſe, *Cyrus*, *Scipio*, and a certain ———, whoſe Voyage is written with ſuch remarkable Modeſty and unaſſuming Air, that we are convinced from that very Circumſtance, that even the mentioning his Name would be an Offence to him, for which Reaſon we avoid it; but of theſe in their Order, as the Divines expreſs it in their three Diviſions of a Sermon.

Cyrus then with all his Greatneſs, in this Part of it however, was more indebted to his Fears than his Courage; he knew his Heart too well to truſt it with a beautiful Female, and therefore refuſed ſeeing her; his Knowledge of human Nature was ſuch, that he was intimidated, leſt the Power of Beauty might prevail over his Principle of Honour, and therefore he refuſed to behold ſo many Charms in one Woman, trembling from internal Conſciouſneſs, that his Chaſtity would not be Proof againſt ſuch Attacks. Here we admire the Diſcretion of the Conqueror, more than the Chaſtity of the Prince, tho' both are very remarkable and great.

Scipio, we are acquainted from Hiſtory, made *Xenophon* on the Education of *Cyrus*, in which this Story is told, his chief Study, and ſet him as the living Example of his Manners.

In the Story of the *Spaniſh* Princeſs, whoſe Beauty and Charms he gave back unviolated to her Lover, it was the Vanity of doing ſomething more than *Cyrus*, which aſſiſted him much in this generous Action; this Behaviour however, heightened by the Circumſtance of beholding the Object, is leſſened alſo by the interfering of the Paſſion of Pride, and in a great meaſure diminiſhes the Glory which is to be attributed to Chaſtity.

The laſt Inſtance, to our immortal Honour, is a Native of this Iſland, a Circumſtance which has been too much neglected in the Life of that illuſtrious Hero, who performed it; and notwithſtanding which, we are bold to aſſert, gives him as much true Glory, tho' it did not give him as much Riches, as burning of Towns, or any Part of the Voyage.

But before we proceed to the Story, we cannot avoid ſhewing how much this Hero

was esteemed by this Nation, since a Fleet of five Men of War, and three other Ships, was fitted out at a great Expence by a Nation up to the Shoulders in Debt, (since up to the Eyes) which had at that Time no other Prospect than that of enriching the Commander, and increasing the national Expence; an Honour and Profit not easily parallelled in ancient or modern Story.

This Gentleman then, in the Year which we shall decline mentioning, for the same Reason which we did his Name, after having been withheld by Winds, Seas, and other Accidents, a whole Year from the Sight of a Woman, did take a young Lady, with her Mother, Sister, and three Female Blackamoors, all Prisoners.

And here we observe, and must observe, how superior this Behaviour in the *British* Commander was to that of *Cyrus* the *Persian*, and *Scipio* the *Roman*; who knows what either of the two last had been doing the Night before either of the Ladies happened to be taken Prisoners? their Appetites might be damp'd, at least a Female was no new Sight, they had each Numbers of Women to visit and enjoy; whereas the

British

Britiſh Hero had been withheld from the delicious Sight of Woman for a whole Year, and muſt be on Fire with Deſire, and yet, tho' he had now Variety of Females, white and black, Bondſwomen and free, Maids and Widows, he never violated his Chaſtity, either with black or white, or indeed once beheld either of them, tho' 'tis more than probable the old Lady would not have taken it amiſs, and was diſappointed as it paſt.

AND here I know that a certain noble Lady, as much celebrated for Wit as Grace, would annihilate all this Merit, by aſcribing his Behaviour to a Coldneſs of Conſtitution in him, which ſhe aſſerts he ſtills preſerves; but we beg leave with all due Submiſſion to differ from this noble Perſon in her Opinion, for tho' the Face of this Hero may indicate ſomething of that Nature, yet let her remember *Socrates* was aſſerted to be very libidinouſly inclined by a Phyſiognomiſt, notwithſtanding he looked to common Eyes ſo different from it; and even in this Inſtance we preſume, the ſame Judgment would follow the Examination of a perfect Sagacity in the Science of Phyſiognomy.

We therefore pronounce, that this Behaviour aroſe from two the moſt noble Motives that exalt the Heart of Man; a true Regard and Attention to the Author of all Things, and a generous Behaviour to his Fellow-creatures, which carries a great Soul above all paultry Attachment to mere legal Juſtice.

The firſt of theſe two Attributes we boldly ſay is undoubtedly to be allowed him, from that marvellous Modeſty, and Spirit of Piety, with which all his Actions and Succeſs are attributed to that Great Being which directs and governs all Things, in the Hiſtory of his Voyage, written by his own Direction, and under his Inſpection, by one who was not of the Company.

And the ſecond, to that generous Behaviour which he ſhewed to the Officers, who, ſtrictly ſpeaking, were not of the Ship, when the Prize was taken, and to whom, notwithſtanding this, and that his Share was but little more than half a Million Sterling, he generouſly waved the Law, which was in his Favour, and gave them the full Share of all they were intitled to, as common Men.

THUS then, all Things being ſtated, we preſume that Chaſtity was a Male Virtue, till Miſs *Lydia Fairchild* had reclaimed that Honour to her Sex, and that the Proof of it is fairly infer'd from a Compariſon of theſe ſix recited Stories, and at laſt ends, to our immortal Honour, in a *Britiſh* Commander.

AND here we cannot avoid obſerving, that it may poſſibly be ſaid by Foreigners, that we have gone out of our way, to lug in this Story to the Honour of Captains of *Engliſh* Men of War, and our Country; but Juſtice is our Motto, Honour to whom Honour is due, our Country above all Things; and with that Reſolution we conclude this Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

Mac Valor, *the Parſon, and Lieutenant* Probit, *differ from* Macpherſon *in Opinion, with reſpect to their Behaviour to the Captain. A very ſubtle Debate on the Nature of a Rape, which ends with a gentle Rebuke to the* Scotch *Nation.*

WE now return to Affairs on board the * * * * * *, the Honourable Captain *Charles Bounce* Commander. *Mac Valor* it ſeems, with *Probit*, the Chaplain, and other Officers, were determined to impeach the Captain with Cowardice, as ſoon as he got home; and all agreed that his Behaviour was infamous.

SURGEON *Macpherſon*, who was accuſtomed to a certain Caſt of Thinking, peculiar to the North, did not behold Things in the ſame Light with theſe Gentlemen: It ſeems *Mac Valor*, and the reſt of his Party, only conſidered the Right and Wrong in the Captain's Behaviour, as it really exiſted in Fact, without Reference to themſelves, or his great Intereſt; and *Macpherſon* ſurveyed the Affair, only as it might influence him.

THE

THE Surgeon therefore, knowing that Earl *Braggard* had ſeveral Burroughs under his Command, concluded that the Honourable *Charles Bounce* would ſurely be diſcharged with Honour, if he was tried by a Court Martial; and that *Mac Valor*, and the reſt, would certainly be diſcarded, for attempting to impeach his Behaviour; on this he formed his Conduct.

THIS however he kept to himſelf, becauſe he ſaw no *Scotchman* to whom it would be ſerviceable; and defended the Captain and Mrs. *Rachael* in all his Converſation.

MISS *Lydia* then, not chuſing to ſit in Company with the Captain, *Mac Valor* gave her his Cabin; and he, *Probit*, and *Cannaſſatego*, were no longer Favourites of the Captain; Parſon *Pugh*, from the old Cuſtom of being of both Sides with the Juſtice and Exciſeman, was looked upon a little more favourably by him: The great Cabin, and Captain's Company, were chiefly given to Mrs. *Rachael* and the Surgeon.

ONE Day however, *Macpherſon*, who was not ſo vehemently attached to the Captain, but that he ſometimes ſat with the other Company, declared, he did not ſee how this

this Affair could be poſitively decided againſt the Captain; the *Indian* Chief was then walking upon Deck. "Are ye certain, Meſs," ſays *Macpherſon* to Miſs *Fairchild*, "that "it was the Captain who was i' the Bed "with you; as I ſhall anſwer, Mrs. *Ra-* "*chael*, who's a very godly Boody, ſoo- "lemnly declares, it was th' *Indian* who "offer'd th' Inſult; now, as I ſhall anſwer, "there ſeems to be mare Liklihood that a "Pagan would be guelty of a theng the "lik o' that, than a Chreſtian; and the "De'el fi my Wemb fu o' ſma Stanes, "but Mrs. *Rachael* and I believe the ſame "theng."

"Sir," ſays Miſs *Lydia*, "will you and "Mrs. *Rachael* perſuade me, that the Man "who offered to ſtop my Breath, who ſpoke "to me during that Time, was not that de- "ſpicable Creature the Captain. Sir, per- "mit me to ſay, you ſlander the beſt of Crea- "tures, the *Indian* Chief, who reſcued me "from Violation. Pray, ſay no more in "Defence of what no Words can palli- "ate; I am convinced of Mrs. *Rachael*'s "Perfidy, and have no good Opinion of "thoſe who defend her."

"Nay, Meſs," ſays *Macpherſon*, "I "did na ken that what I ooffer'd would be "taken

" taken as an Offence; I ſhall ſay na mare " o' that."

At this Time in came Parſon *Pugh*, who was by no means a Friend of *Macpherſon*'s; he had over-heard the Diſcourſe, and then cried, " O fy for ſhame, fy for ſhame, " Toctor, look you; what whas the Tefil " in you, to tiſcourſe in Tefence of a Rape? " by Cot, it whas a Rape, I to tell you " that; and there was creat Laws for a " Rape, look you, ant hur whill proof it " to her Face inteed."

Matters therefore ſeeming to incline to Altercation on a Subject ſhe did not chuſe to hear, Miſs *Lydia* deſired that ſhe might walk on Deck to talk with the *Indian* Chief, *Mac Valor* at that Time coming into the Cabin.

Now, tho' *Macpherſon* was determined to take the Captain's Side in this Affair, there was yet another Motive to which ſome Part of the preſent Vehemence might be attributed; he had not forgot the Preference which was given to the Parſon in telling their Stories; and Parſon *Pugh* had never been cordially united with the Surgeon, becauſe he did not teſtify the leaſt Approbation of the Story which he told.

Miss

Miss *Lydia* being gone, and Lieutenant *Mac Valor* added to the Company, the Diſpute was to be decided by him, whether it was a Rape or not, which the Captain had committed on Miſs *Lydia*.

"Now, faith," ſays Parſon *Pugh* to the Doctor, "hur whill whage you a Powl of "Punch, you tid not know what the Whord "*Rape* tid ſicnify, look you, there is for "you; anſwer hur, if hur tare; I do ſay "the Whord *Rape*."

"What i' the De'el's Name, d'ye ema-"gine that a *Scotchman*, educated at *Edin-"burgh*, Sir, does na ken the Langages as "weel as the braweſt Chiel in a' *England*? "What, Sirs, d'ye ken I'll be catechiſed "lick a School-boy, by a *Welch* Parſon?" ſays *Macpherſon*.

"A *Welch* Parſon, Cotdamochée, a "*Welch* Parſon is as coot a Scholar as a "*Scotch* Surgeon, and petter too, I to tell "you ſo; what is the Meaning of the "Whord *Rape?* tell me that, tell me, I "do ſay."

Says *Mac Valor*, "Doctor, if you are "after knowing what it means, by my

"Shoul

" Shoul you will do well to tell directly,
" leſt when you tell by and by, no Body
" will believe you know, becauſe you are
" ſo long about it."

" THE De'el ha my Saul, Sir," ſays the Doctor, " I ſh' na anſwer ſicken a Quaſtion " to a Chiel, the lick o' that."

" AYE, faith," ſays the Parſon, " you " tid not know I'll tell you, that is the " Reaſons, and the Cauſes, and the Telays, " which you tid maak; put hur whill tell " you, it whas terifed from *Rapio*, the " *Latin* Whord, which being interpreted, " is *Llwtbwrr* in *Welch*, and *to take by* " *Force* in *Engliſh*; and there whas the Te- " rifation in three Languiſhes for you, ant " hur whill tiſpute in all three for a Powl " of Punch tirectly, look you."

" ARRAH," ſays *Mac Valor*, " Doctor, " now you can't tell it at all, becauſe the " Parſon has told you before."

UPON this *Macpherſon* ſlily dropping the learned Part of the Subject, ſaid to the Parſon, " and wha the De'el tauld you thes " was a Raap, was Meſs *Leddy* taken by " Force at a' by the Captain."

" ARRAH,

"ARRAH," ſays *Mac Valor*, "ſhe was "not taken by Force by my Shoul, be- "cauſe ſhe ſtruggled and ſaved herſhelf; "yet the Devil burn me but ſhe would "have been taken by Force, if ſhe had lain "ſtill; therefore it was a Rap, as the Par- "ſon ſays."

"AYE, Faith," ſays *Pugh*, "what "whas hur ſay to that; anſwer that if you "can, look you."

"THERE needs na mare be ſaid on the "Subject; if ſhe ſaved herſelf from a Raap "by ſtruggling, then the Captain did na "commet it; wha the De'el can commet a "theng that is na commetted at a', Sirs? "and therefore I ken there was na Raap at "a' commetted on Meſs *Leddy*."

AT this Anſwer the Parſon and Lieute- nant being a little diſconcerted, and looking with a kind of Phiz which expreſt that Diſ- pleaſure, the Chaplain ſaid, "You whas a- "prave Tiſputant inteed; you tiſpute a- "pout what is a Rape, ant not to under- "ſtand the Terifation; how can that pe, "look you? how can a Man tiſpute 'pout "what he toes not unterſtand?"

"BY

"By *Jasus*", says *Mac Valor*, "Parson "you are after giving him a Broadside "there now, my Dear.

"Aye faith", says Parson *Pugh*, "taak "of a Raap, look you, ant not to know "the Terifation, that was prave toings "inteed.

"As I shall answer", says *Macpherson*, "I ken the Thing as well as any of you "a' Sirs, it is from *rapio* to take by force".

"And the Devil burn me, but I was "after believing that he did not understand "one Word of *Latin*," says *Mac Valor*.

"Faith", says Parson *Pugh*, "hur "tid rememper what hur tid say, and whas "not understand a Woord of *Latin*; tell "me Mr. *Macpherson* what is the *English* "of this.

"*As in præsenti format perfectum in avi*, "*as amo amas amavi*. What is the *En-* "*glish* of that, look you?"

This being a Piece of Learning not to be answered, the Doctor slipt off very discreetly, by asserting, that the Scotch Nation had pro-

produced more Men of Genius than *England Ireland* and *Wales*.

Just as these Words were uttered, Lieutenant *Probit* entered the Cabin with saying, "I believe you are mistaken there Doctor." Now this Gentleman was the only Man in the Ship, who knew that the Surgeon's Mate was a more intelligent Man than the Surgeon, and the Force of all the Disputants. "Well pray Doctor," says he, "who are the Men of Genius of your "Country?"

"Why, Sir, there's *Buchannan*, as pretty "a Fellow as ever writ in any Langage," says the Doctor.

"Pray what Language did he write "in?" says the Lieutenant.

"In *Scotch*, what the De'el d'ye imagine "I do na ken in what Language he wrote, "Sirs?"

"And there is the Ficar of *Llandofery* "tid write in *Welch*, look you; e cot hur "will put her acainst the pest *Scotchman* "of them all, for Ferses, and Tiscriptions, "and Poetries, and Madrigals.

"Arrah

"ARRAH by my Shoul", ſays *MacValor*, "and there's the little Dean of St. *Patrick*'s; "is he not a Devil for Shenſe too, my "Dear? and he was after playing the De- "vil with the Hapence of old *Ireland* that "were made of *Wood*, and by my Shoul "by his Writings they are as good Cop- "per as any in *England* now, and better "too."

IN this manner each of theſe three Gentlemen, was very ready to defend his Country in Things which neither of them underſtood, when Lieutenant *Probit*, ſaid,

"GENTLEMEN, there is nothing ſo rea- "ſonable amongſt Men, nor ſo valuable, "as a Love of our Country; but then it "ſhould be conſidered, that other Nations "produce great Men as well as thoſe we "are born in: and give me leave to tell "you, Doctor, that nothing is more fre- "quent in the Speech and Behaviour of "your Countrymen, than a Contempt for "all other People".

"BECAUSE ſome Men in *Scotland* have "been Men of Senſe and Learning, does "it follow that every one of that Nation "muſt be ſo? You have given an Inſtance "that you do not know in what Language

"your

" your own Countryman wrote, and yet " you have aſſerted, that *England*, *Ire-* " *land* and *Wales*, have produced leſs Ge- " nius all together than *Scotland*; as to " the Vicar of *Llandovery*, whatever may " be his Merit, it is concealed from me in " a Language which I do not underſtand, " ſo I cannot vindicate him.

" Oh cha vee! that whas great Pities in- " teed, he whas petter as *Homer* ant *Fergil* " to poot; I'll tell you that inteed," ſays the Chaplain.

" But as Mr. *Mac Valor* has ſaid, there " is Dean *Swift*, and let me add the Bi- " ſhop of *Cloyne*, who have poſſeſſed as " much Genius as any Men, perhaps, of " any Nation, and many others of leſs " Eminence whom I could name; and " probably you will be greatly puzzled " to find any Man of equal Genius in polite " Literature, of all the Writers you have " produced, at leaſt I remember none.

" To put *Scotland* on a level with *Eng-* " *land*, as productive of Men of Learn- " ing or Genius, in Arts, Sciences, polite " Literature, or any other Part of Know- " ledge, would be to know nothing of " what you are ſaying.

"THEREFORE Doctor, permit me to "give a gentle Hint to you and your "Countrymen, that assuming always too "much, has diminished the Value of "what you possess; and preferring your-"selves to all *Englishmen*, even in *En-"gland* itself, is the Reason why we have "taken some little Care to examine and "expose in many Cases, the singular Me-"thods by which you have attempted to "advance yourselves in the Opinion of "the World, with no greater Founda-"tion for it, than is to be seen in other "Men."

THIS Speech putting an end to the Dis-pute, puts an end to the Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

Parſon Pugh *appears in his true Light, as well as Surgeon* Macpherſon, *the Captain, and Mrs.* Rachael. *The Parſon quits the Company in ſome Wrath.*

MACPHERSON being by no means pleaſed with this Rebuke, and looking on Parſon *Pugh* as the Cauſe of it, was determined to recount the Converſation to the Captain, in which he conceived all the Merit of the Defence conſiſted.

THIS Evening the Chaplain was invited to paſs with the Captain, and the Surgeon, who by this time had acquainted the Captain with the Converſation.

AS they were then over a Glaſs in the Evening——But firſt we will juſt recollect that the Parſon, from his former manner of living, divided in Sentiment between the Juſtice of Peace and Exciſeman, had always continued an habitual Inclination to be of that Side in a Queſtion, which was eſpouſed by the moſt leading Perſon, unleſs greatly ſtimulated to declare his real

Sentiments by any imaginary or real Oppoſition, from a Quarter he did not like.

As they were then together, (the Commander, Mrs. *Rachael*, the Surgeon, and the Divine) the honourable Captain *Bounce* aſked Parſon *Pugh* how he came to ſay, that he had committed a Rape on Miſs *Lydia Fairchild*.

"DAMOCHEE, Captain", ſays the Parſon, "you whas miſtaken, hur did not ſay you "whas commit a Raap, I can tell you that."

"WHAT", ſays the Surgeon, "did "na you deſpute wi me for an oor, that "the Captain had commetted a Raap on "Meſs *Leddy*".

"NO ſays the Parſon, hur tid not ſay that "the Captain hat committed a Raap on "the young Tamſel, hur tid ſay, that if "what Miſs *Lytty* tid ſay was true, that "the Captain hat mate a Raap upon her, "that is what her did tid ſay, look you."

THIS Anſwer putting the Queſtion upon quite another Point, Mrs. *Rachael*, who had entertained a moſt vehement and inveterate Hate againſt the Chaplain, ſaid, "ſhe was "amazed how a Man who miniſtred in "holy

"holy Things, could take the Word of a "young Girl, who ſhe believed was no bet-"ter than ſhe ſhould be; and of a heathen-"iſh *Indian*, who had never heard the Name "of the Lord; in Oppoſition to one, tho' "ſhe muſt ſay it, who reverenced his holy "Name, and had walked ſtedfaſtly in his "Ways all the Days of her Life, and the "Commander of his own Ship, a Noble-"man's Son;" "for my Part I am convinced, ſays ſhe, "that Mr. *Maultext* would "not have been of that Opinion.

"A YOUNG Girl no petter than hur "ſhoult be, py Cot her was petter as all "the Preſpyterians in the Worlt, look you, "ant hur whill pelieve her too.

"WHY then I ken," ſays *Macpherſon*, "if you pelieve the Laſſie tells the Truth, "it is au the ſame Thing as if ye ſaid the "Captain commetted the Raap".

"TO be ſure", ſays the Captain.

"WHAT think you o' that Doctor"? ſays *Macpherſon*.

"YES ſays Mrs. *Rachael*, if ſhe ſpeaks "true, and I falſe, is not that the ſame as "to ſay that the Captain (who ſays as I

" do) tells a Lye, who I am ſure abhors " the Thought of a Lye as much as " I do."

HERE the poor Parſon was dreadfully beſet, when recollecting, he replied, " hur " tid not ſay that hur woult not pelieve " the Captain, look you, put that her woult " pelieve Miſs *Lytty*; to peliefe Miſs *Lytty* " is not the ſame thing as to tiſpeliefe the " Captain: Peliefe and tiſpeliefe cannot be " the ſame thing, name o' Cot, therefore hur " tid not contradict the Captain, I ſay."

" AS I ſhall anſwer Parſon that wunna " do; as Mrs. *Rachael* and the Captain " have agreed i the ſame Story, and as ye " declare that ye believe Miſs *Leddy* and " not Mrs. *Rachael*, it follows, Sir, that " ye ſay the Captain commetted the " Raap."

IT was now the Parſon had gone to the end of his Tether, when Habit and Nature, began to prevail; he therefore declared, " that he tid peliefe that the Captain was " guilty, and looking *Macpherſon* full in " the Face", cried.

" A' PY St. *Tavid* hur tid peliefe the Cap- " tain whas kilty, and py Cot hur whill " ſay

"ſay it in hall Companies; for the young "Tamſel was ſoper, has virtuous young "Oman, as Heart ſhall wiſh to pehold; "and this hur whill teclare to the whole "look you".

"AND I declare that you leave the "Company and the Cabin immediately," Worlt, ſays the Captain.

"ANT I to ſay, that a Captain who is "'frait of a *French* Enſign, is not fit to "commant a *Britiſh* Man of War, ant toes "petray his Majeſty's Honour and Glory, "and Renown, and his Naſhon to poot, "look you, ant ſo the Tefil and hur Tam "keep you Company, for Parſon *Pugh*; "or which is the ſame thing, look you, "your two Preſpyterians": Saying this he left the Cabin in great Wrath, and we cloſe the Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP XXVI.

Mrs. Rachel *cured of her Dropsy, by an Operation more common, more certain, more safe, and more natural, than Tapping.* Macpherson's *Advice followed, and Miss* Lydia's *Humanity exhibited.*

MRS. *Rachael*, at his leaving the Place, expatiated much upon the Wickedness of the Clergy of the Church of *England*; extolling at the same time the pious Lives of the dissenting Teachers in *America*, whose Conversation was in Heaven.

THE Evening being past, Mrs. *Rachael* retired to the State-room, in great hopes that her Dropsy which had manifestly increased during the Voyage, would hold out till she came to *England*; to this Intent she prayed most sincerely to the Lord, hoping, she said, "that if the Ship should not arrive, "that the Lord would delay the Hour of "her Delivery beyond the usual Time on "her Account, and not stand out for a "Week or a Fortnight, to save the Repu-"tation of so pious a Soul": Yet alas! such is the Effect of Nature, or the Abhorrence of Hypocrisy in the Eyes of the Creator,

that this very Night Mrs. *Rachael* was ſeized with Pains unknown before.

WHEREFORE fearing for her Life more than her Reputation, ſhe ſpoke aloud to the Captain who was in the great Cabin, and deſired him to call the Doctor becauſe ſhe was very ill; this indeed ſhe deferred till it was too late for one Purpoſe. The Dropſy was come to Town in the Shape of a Boy, who was ſquawling to declare his Arrival, like a Poſt winding his Horn to tell People that he was arrived.

THIS Voice Mr. *Macpherſon* from much natural Sagacity ſoon found to be that of a Child; he therefore took it, and with his beſt Care did what was neceſſary, Mrs. *Rachael* aſking him if he could not convey it to Miſs *Lydia*'s Bed in ſecrecy, by which means it might paſs for hers, and the Righteous be unblamed? "Do Doctor", ſays the Captain, "to humble the little ——."

"No," ſays the Doctor, "as I ſhall anſwer I have done mare than my Conſcience will anſwer reeght well for ye bath a' ready, and I ſha certainly be taken in the Fact; I can na do a thing the lik a' that".

MRS. *Rachael* then began wondering how ſhe came pregnant; ſhe vowed that ſhe

" ſhe had never known Man, and that ſhe " was ſtill a ſpotleſs Virgin". Haud your Tongue, ſays the Doctor, " na mare o' " that, ſay you are married, the De'el wun- " na believe the firſt, and wha ſhall deny " the ſecond"? this Advice ſhe followed.

THIS Affair was ſoon diſcovered when the Parſon *Pugh* exulted much, and ſaid abundance of ſarcaſtic Things on the Preſbyterians, and triumphed over the Doctor, who anſwered by affirming the Marriage; he had determined to take his Revenge on Mrs. *Rachael*, but Miſs *Lydia*, forgetting all the cruel Treatment of Mrs. *Rachael*, prevented him; ſhe could not avoid aſking how ſhe did, and with all the Tenderneſs of true Humanity, performed the part of a Nurſe to the Child; " poor Babe," ſays ſhe, " thee art innocent whatever may be " the Caſe of thy Mother; whilſt I am with " you, my little Care ſhall not be wanting " to give thee Eaſe and Conveniency."

5 JA 59

AND indeed ſhe behaved with ſingular Humanity, during the remaining Days of the Voyage; when the Captain making *Milford* Harbour, and the Wind blowing contrary to come up the Channel, he entered that *Haven*; and here we leave him and conclude this Chapter.

End of the Firſt Volume.